HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST

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HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST

A CHOICE SELECTION OF BEAUTIFUL GOSPEL SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHURCH, THE HOME, AND EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

COMPILED BY

Gipsy Smith and William McEwan

MUSIC EDITORS

Wm. McEwan and E. E. Young

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FOREWORD

I have carefully examined the manuscripts of HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST, and consider this book a collection of the most beautiful songs of the Gospel in print to-day.

I have always wanted the solos that I have been identified with brought together in one book, and now I am seeing my desire gratified. The solos of Mr. McEwan are also included.

These songs are full of inspiration and the worshipful spirit, and if people will sing them with grace in their hearts unto the Lord, good must result.

I do not think any preacher can help the congregation that will not sing the praises of God. I question if the Holy Spirit can.

Mr. McEwan and myself have used the greatest care in compiling the book, and have aimed not to include unnecessary material.

I cannot help but commend the Editors of HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST, who have done everything possible to make the book musically correct.

Now then, let all the people sing.

GIPSY SMITH.

WE APPRECIATE

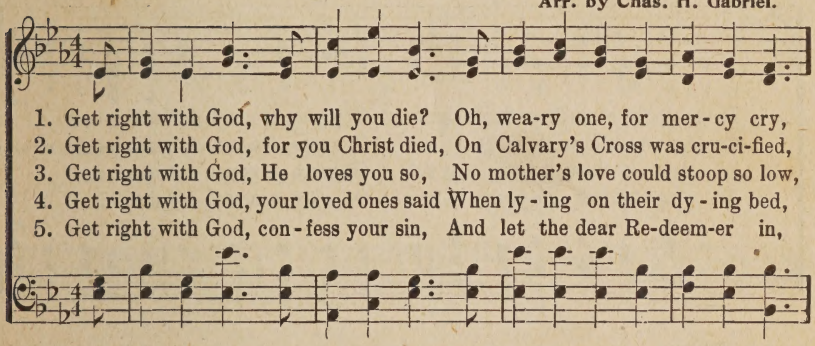
the kindness of the several owners of copyrights who have allowed us to use their songs. It is only fair to them and to ourselves to say that no copyright in this book can be used without permission of the owners of copyrights.

GIPSY SMITH.
WM. McEWAN.
E. E. YOUNG.

Hosanna in the Highest

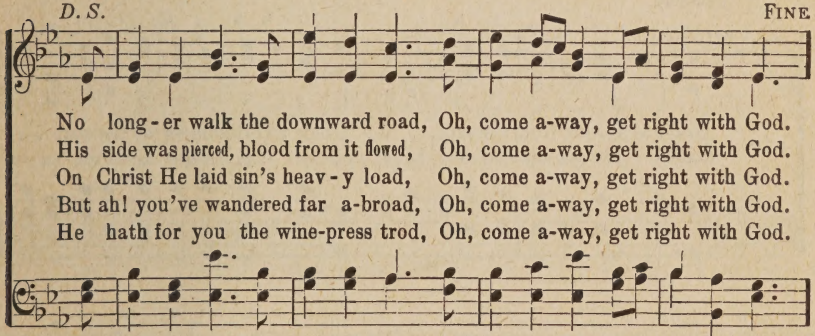
No. 1. Get Right With God.

J. E. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. James Fitch.
Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Get right with God, why will you die? Oh, wea-ry one, for mer-cy cry,
2. Get right with God, for you Christ died, On Calvary's Cross was cru-ci-fied,
3. Get right with God, He loves you so, No mother's love could stoop so low,
4. Get right with God, your loved ones said When ly-ing on their dy-ing bed,
5. Get right with God, con-fess your sin, And let the dear Re-deem-er in,

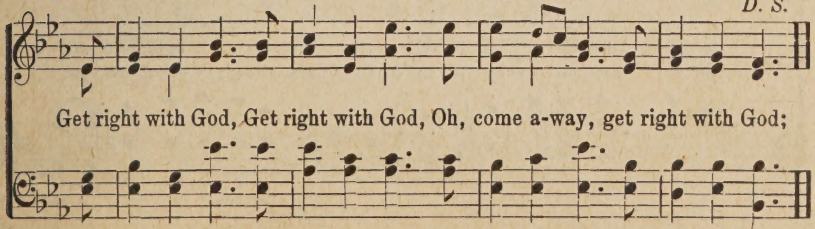
D. S. FINE.



No long-er walk the downward road, Oh, come a-way, get right with God.
His side was pierced, blood from it flowed, Oh, come a-way, get right with God.
On Christ He laid sin's heav-y load, Oh, come a-way, get right with God.
But ah! you've wandered far a-broad, Oh, come a-way, get right with God.
He hath for you the wine-press trod, Oh, come a-way, get right with God.

D.S.–*No long-er walk the downward road, Oh, come a-way, get right with God.*

D. S.



Get right with God, Get right with God, Oh, come a-way, get right with God;

No. 2. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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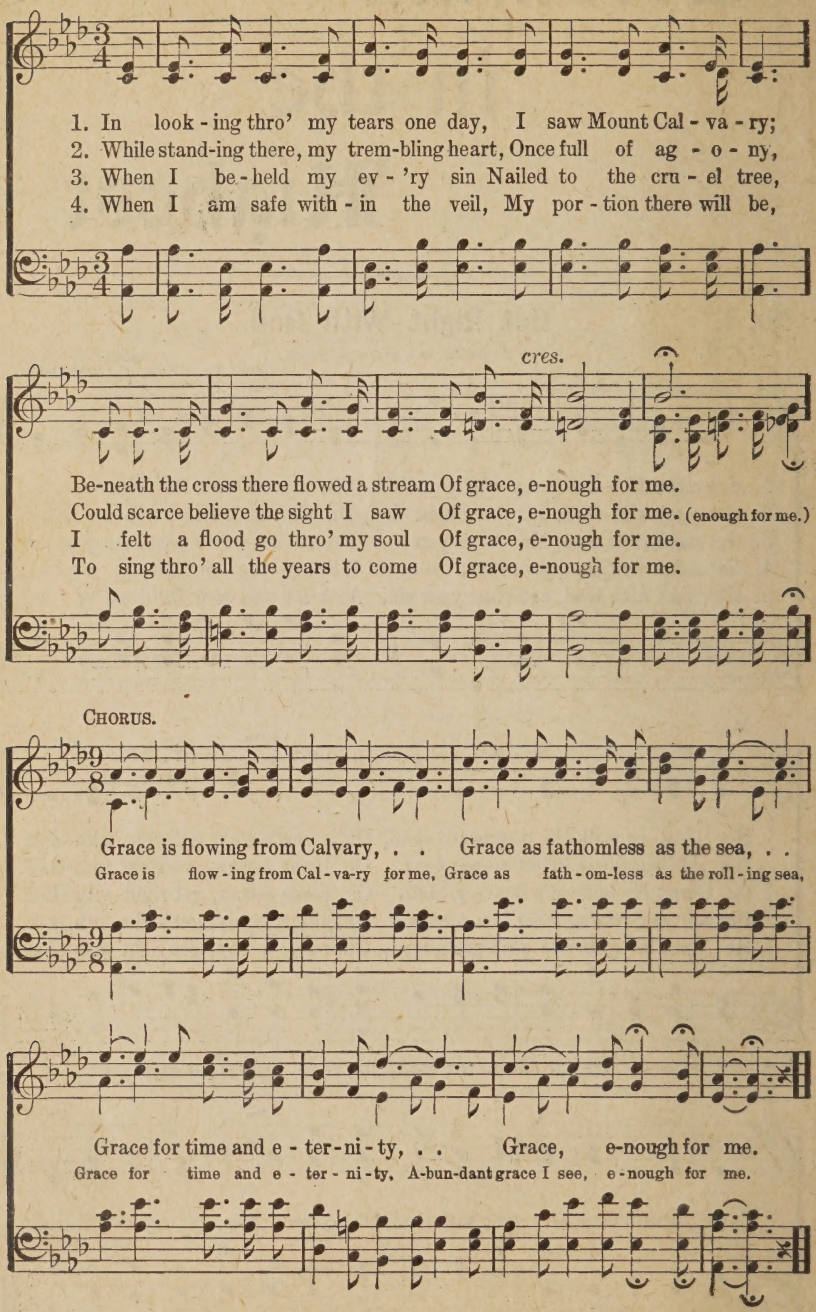
E. O. Excell.

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,
cres.
Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.
CHORUS.
Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va-ry for me, Grace as fath - om-less as the roll - ing sea,
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 3. Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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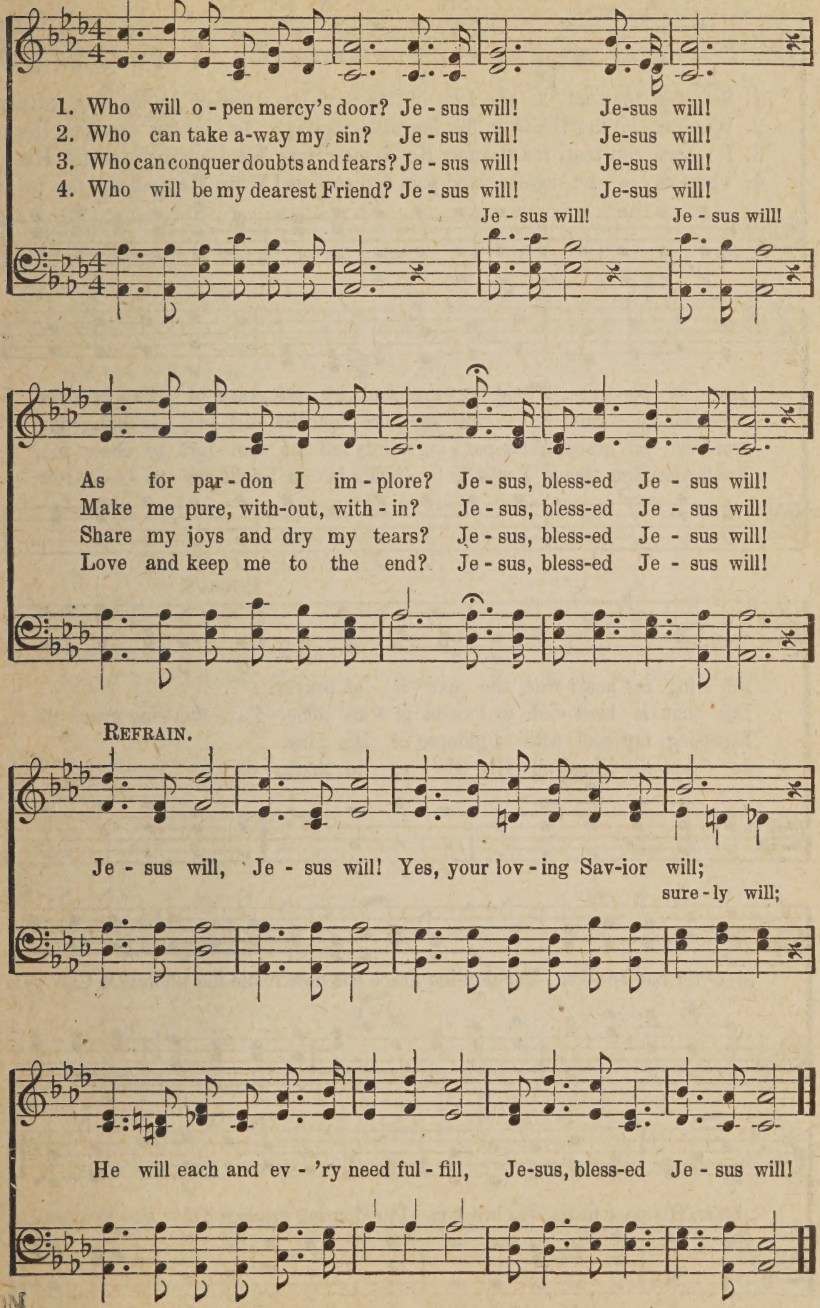
B. D. Ackley.

1. Who will o - pen mercy's door? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a-way my sin? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
As for par-don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav-ior will;
sure - ly will;
He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

No. 4. Pardoning Grace.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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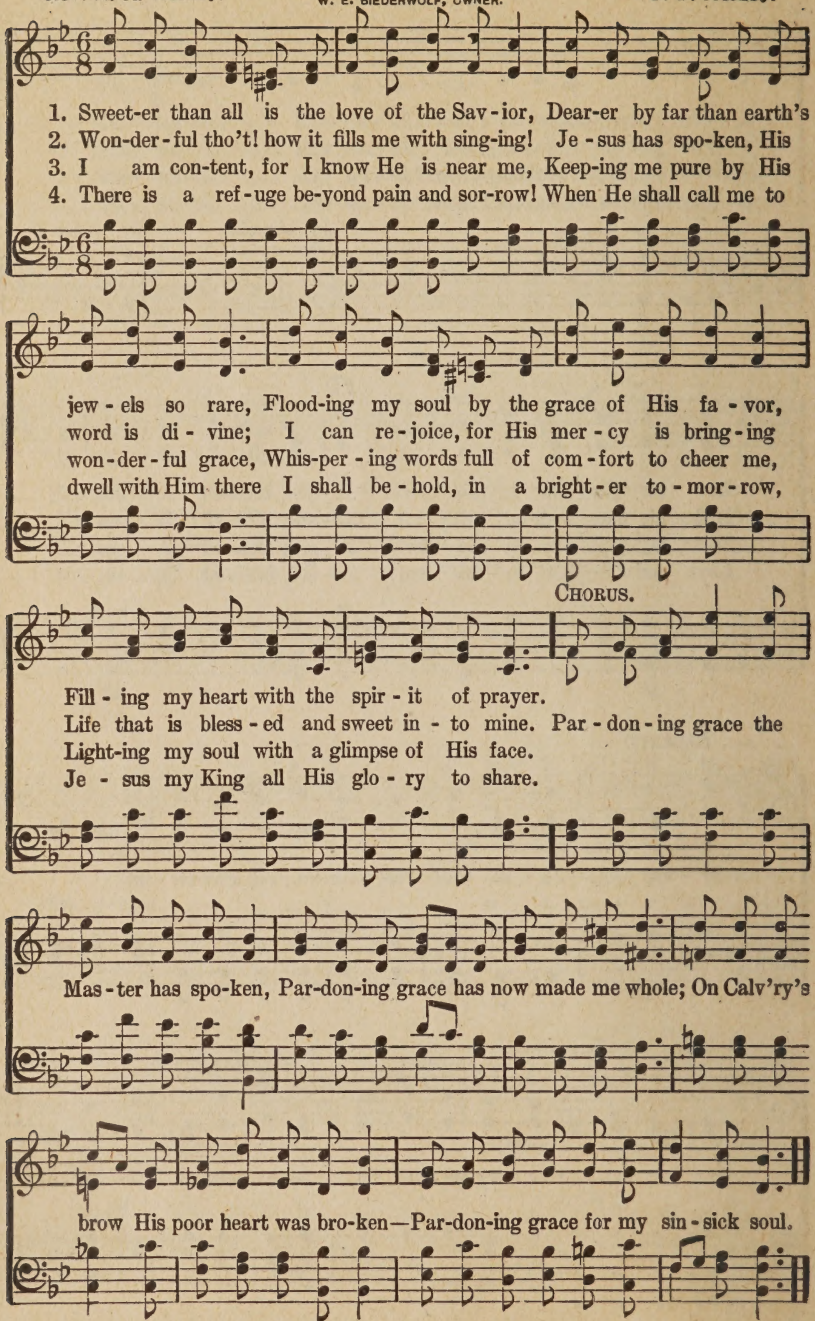
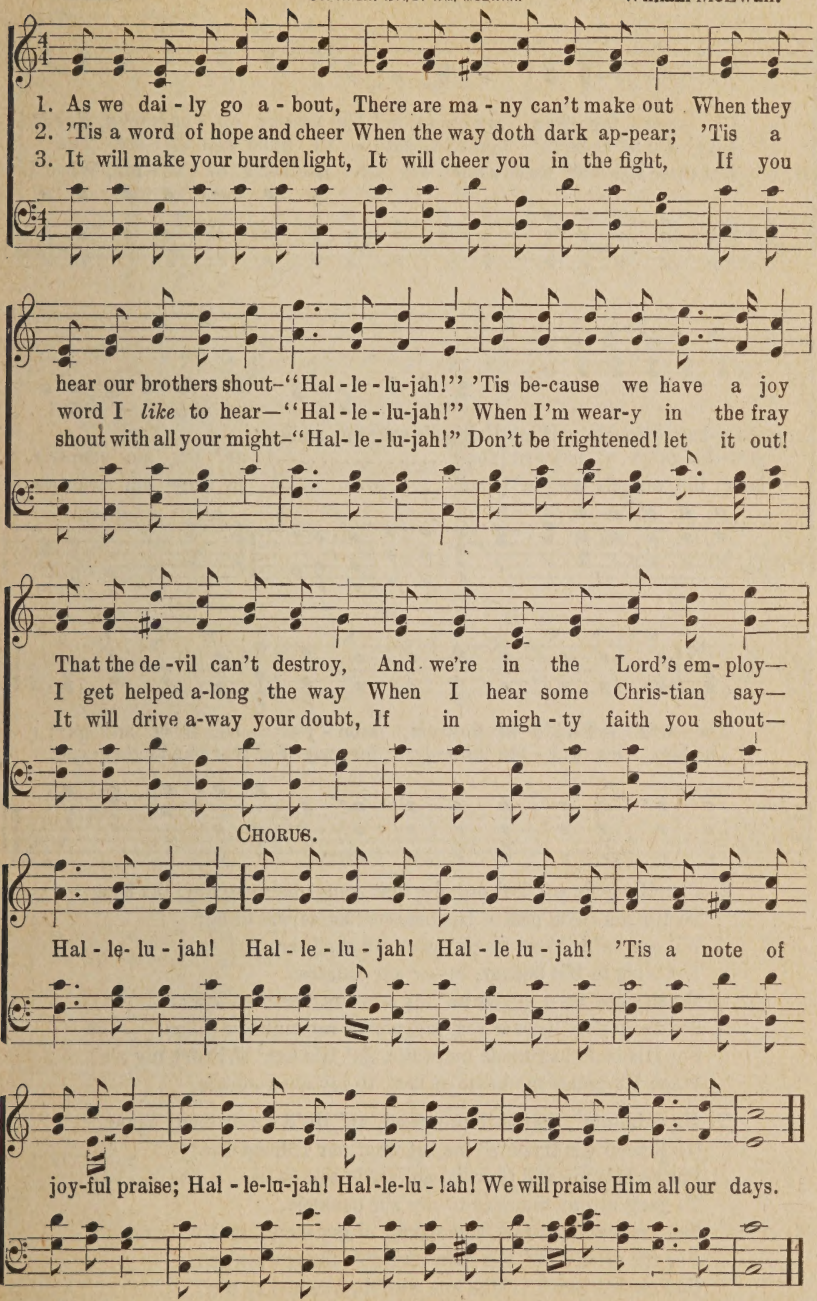
B. D. Ackley.

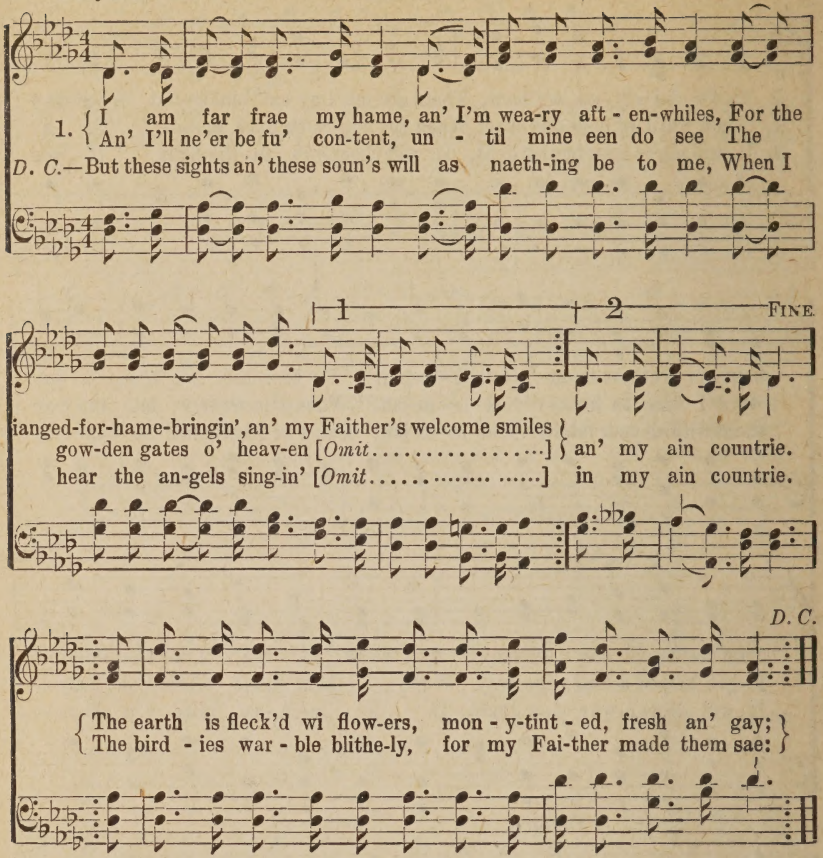

1. Sweet-er than all is the love of the Sav-ior, Dear-er by far than earth's
2. Won-der-ful tho't! how it fills me with sing-ing! Je-sus has spo-ken, His
3. I am con-tent, for I know He is near me, Keep-ing me pure by His
4. There is a ref-uge be-yond pain and sor-row! When He shall call me to
jew-els so rare, Flood-ing my soul by the grace of His fa-vor,
word is di-vine; I can re-joice, for His mer-cy is bring-ing
won-der-ful grace, Whis-per-ing words full of com-fort to cheer me,
dwell with Him there I shall be-hold, in a bright-er to-mor-row,
CHORUS.
Fill-ing my heart with the spir-it of prayer.
Life that is bless-ed and sweet in-to mine. Par-don-ing grace the
Light-ing my soul with a glimpse of His face.
Je-sus my King all His glo-ry to share.
Mas-ter has spo-ken, Par-don-ing grace has now made me whole; On Calv'ry's
brow His poor heart was bro-ken—Par-don-ing grace for my sin-sick soul.

No. 5. Keep on Praising.

Anon. COPYRIGHT 1914, BY WM. MCEWAN. William McEwan.

1. As we dai - ly go a - bout, There are ma - ny can't make out When they
2. 'Tis a word of hope and cheer When the way doth dark ap-pear; 'Tis a
3. It will make your burden light, It will cheer you in the fight, If you
hear our brothers shout–"Hal - le - lu-jah!" 'Tis be-cause we have a joy
word I *like* to hear—"Hal - le - lu-jah!" When I'm wear-y in the fray
shout with all your might–"Hal- le - lu-jah!" Don't be frightened! let it out!
That the de - vil can't destroy, And we're in the Lord's em- ploy—
I get helped a-long the way When I hear some Chris-tian say—
It will drive a-way your doubt, If in migh - ty faith you shout—
CHORUS.
Hal - le- lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le lu - jah! 'Tis a note of
joy-ful praise; Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - lah! We will praise Him all our days.

No. 6. My Ain Countrie.

Mary Lee Demarest. Scotch Air.


1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The
D. C.—But these sights an' these soun's will as naeth-ing be to me, When I
1
2
FINE.
ianged-for-hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles
gow-den gates o' heav-en [Omit.....] an' my ain countrie.
hear the an-gels sing-in' [Omit.....] in my ain countrie.
D. C.
The earth is fleck'd wi flow-ers, mon - y-tint - ed, fresh an' gay;
The bird - ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae:

2. I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3. He is faithfu', that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae i'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait,
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate;
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a'may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 7. A Song In the Heart.

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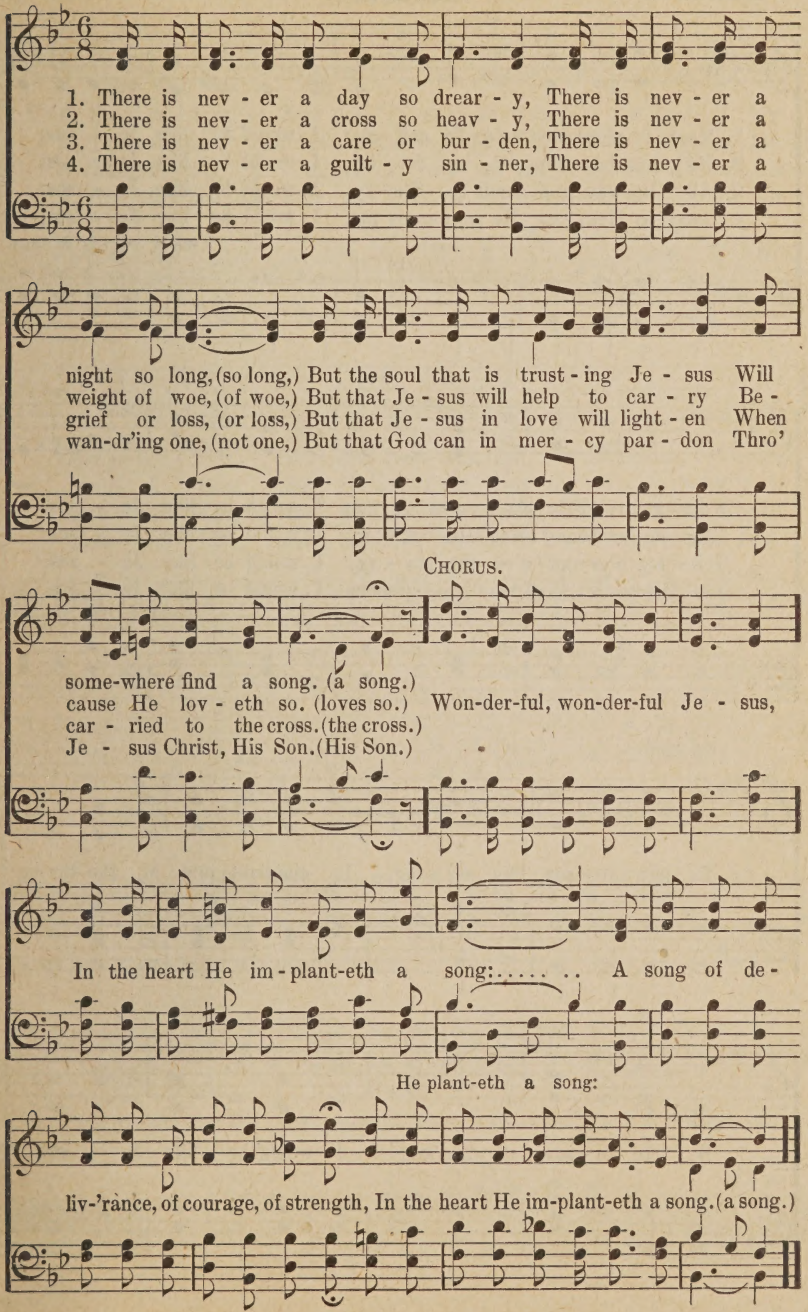
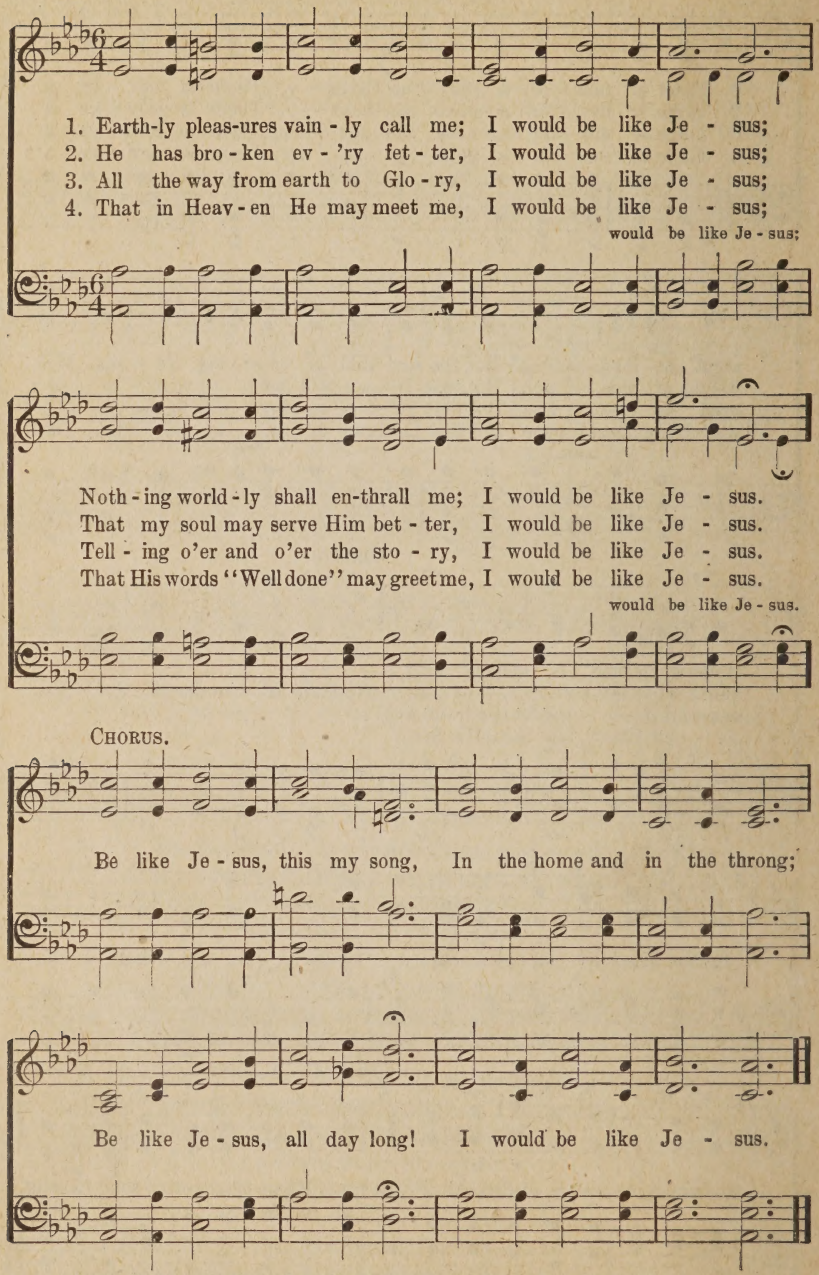
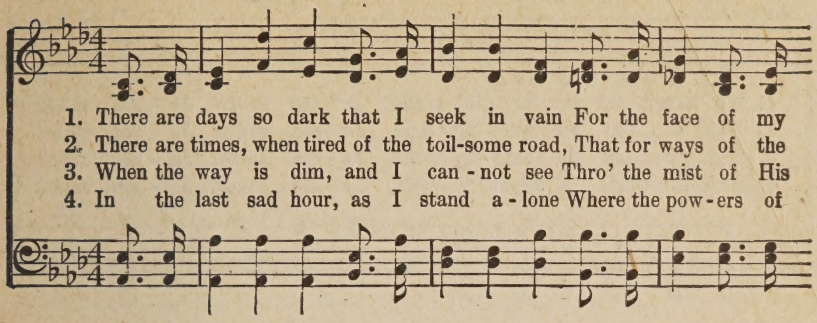
Annie B. Russell. Ernest O. Sellers.

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a
3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a
4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a
night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus Will
weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be -
grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
wan-dr'ing one, (not one,) But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thro'
CHORUS.
some-where find a song. (a song.)
cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je - sus,
car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)
Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)
In the heart He im - plant-eth a song:..... .. A song of de -
He plant-eth a song:
liv-'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im-plant-eth a song. (a song.)

No. 8. I Would Be Like Jesus.

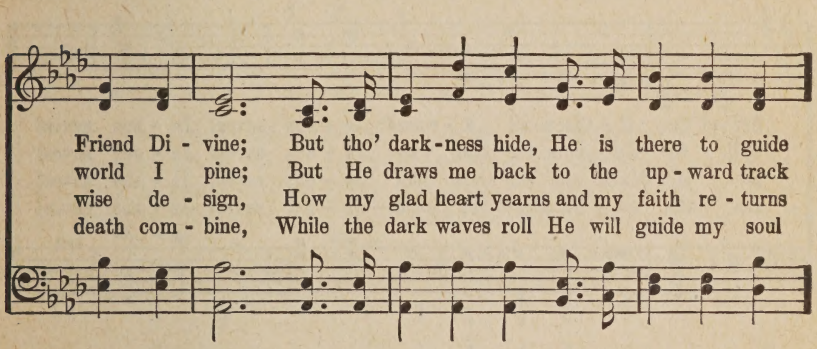
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je - sus;
Noth - ing world - ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 9. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

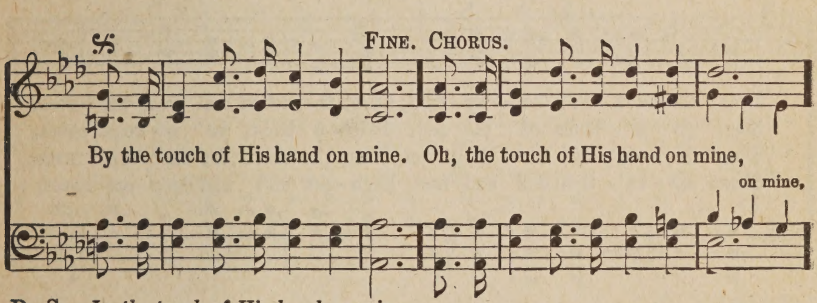
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.



1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of



Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

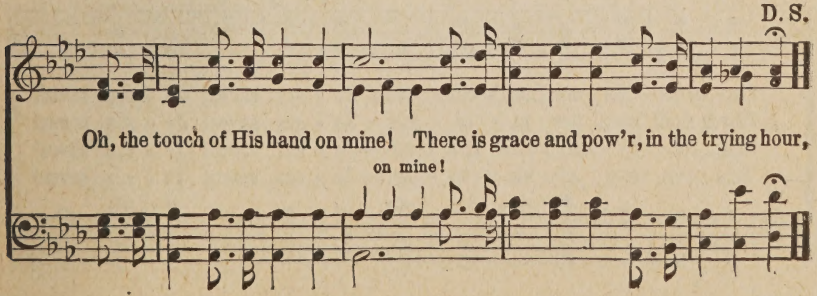


FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine.

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.



Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

No. 10. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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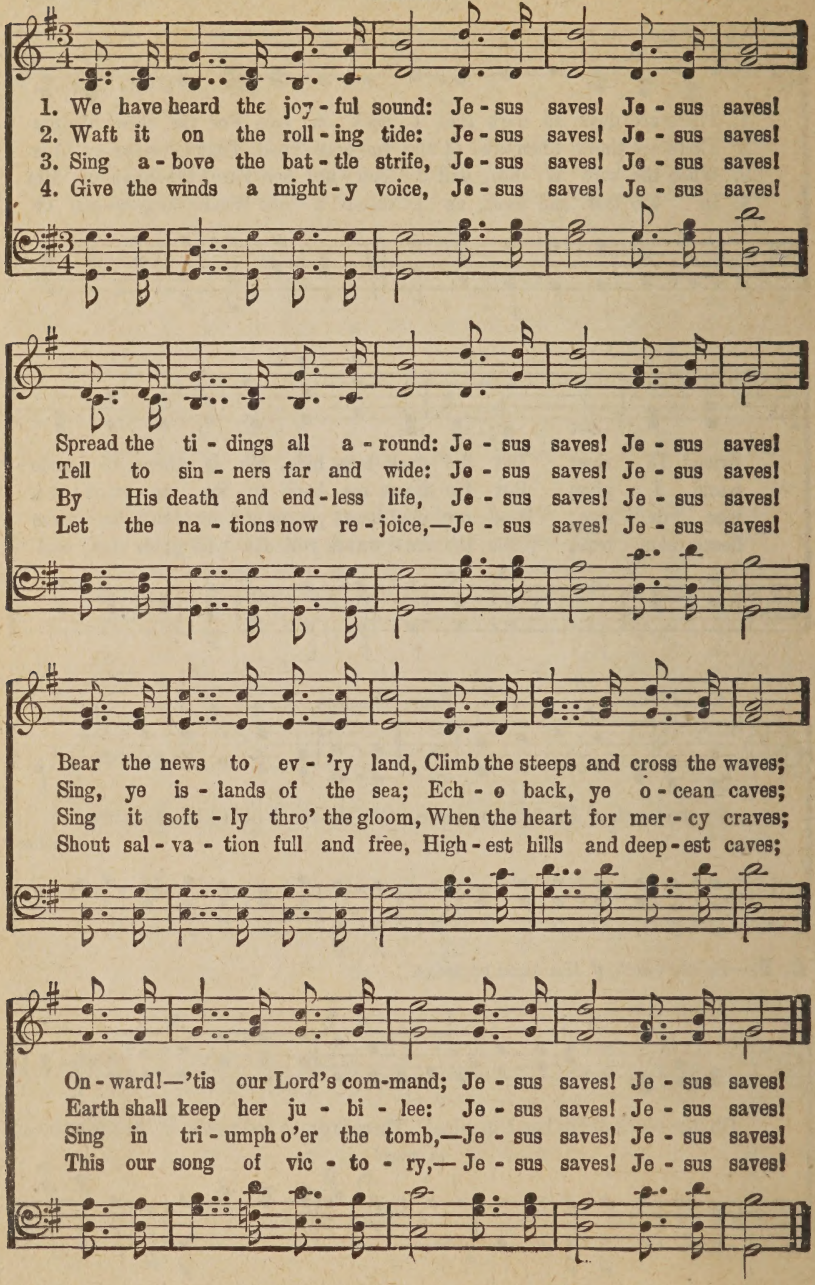
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 11.

A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

E. O. E.

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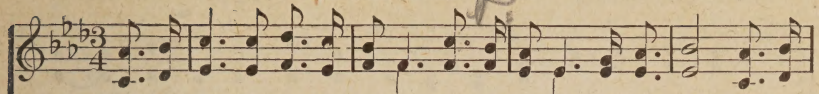
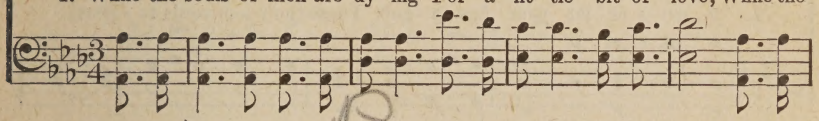
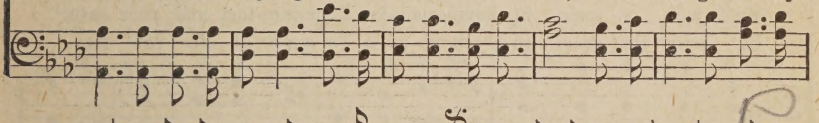
E. O. Excell.



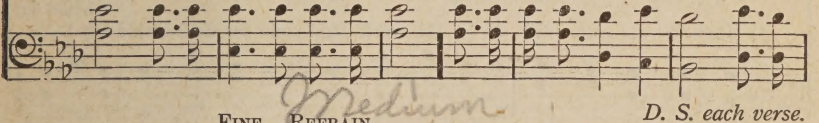
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the



where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly

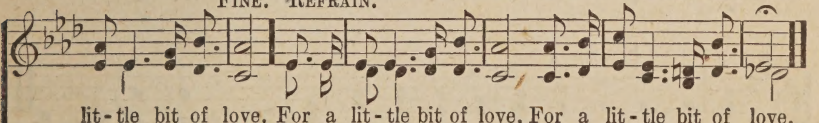


wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

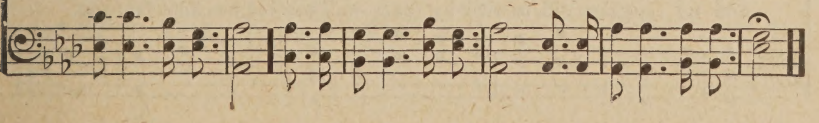


FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S. each verse.



lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.



No. 12. Let Someone Else.

"That no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

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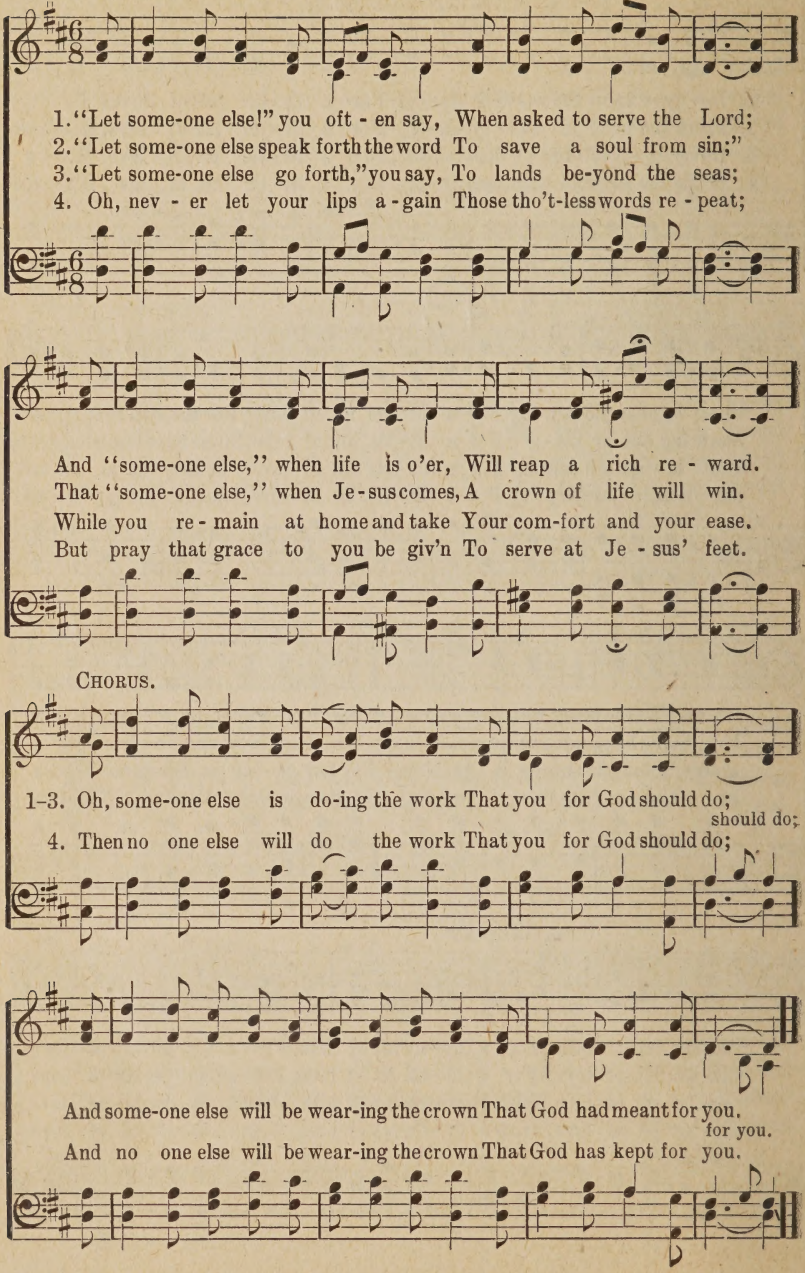
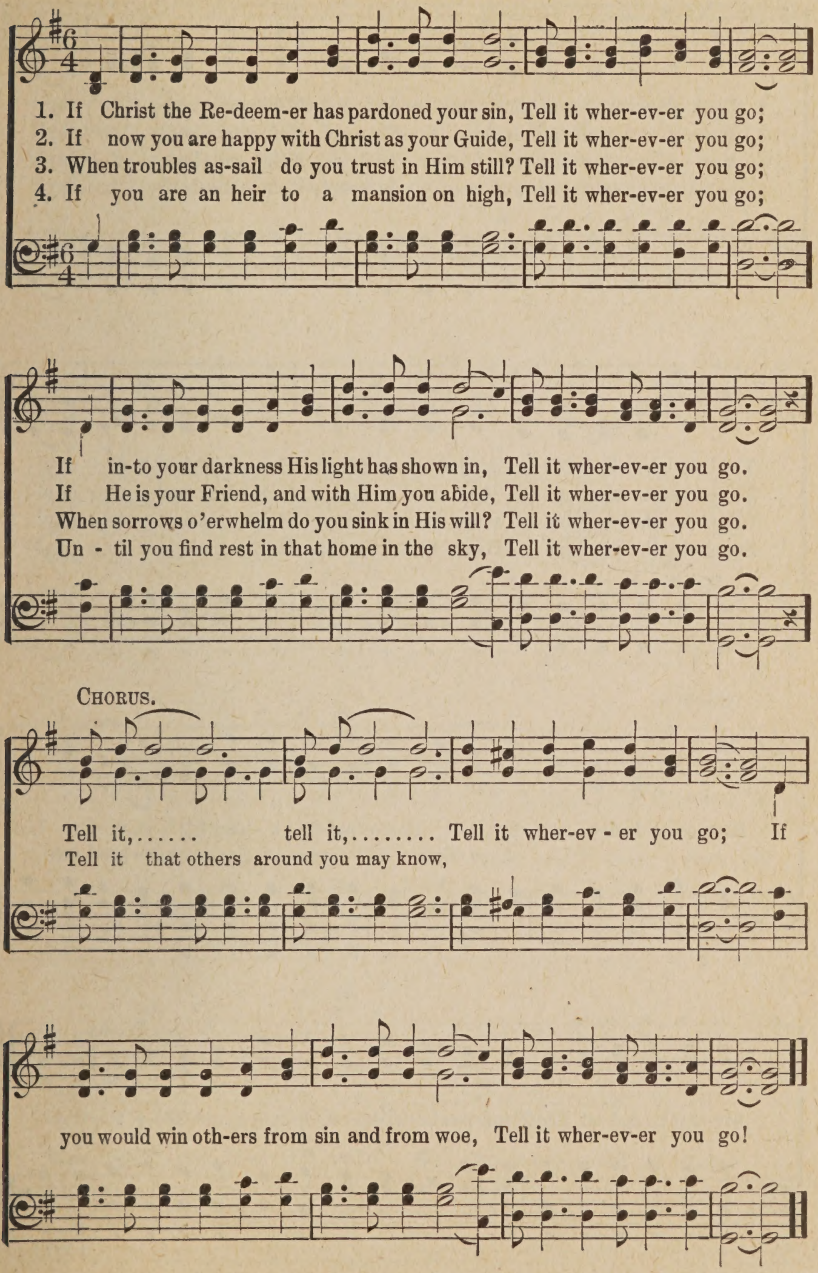
Rev. J. A. Sutherland. Beatrice W. Sutherland.


1. "Let some-one else!" you oft - en say, When asked to serve the Lord;
2. "Let some-one else speak forth the word To save a soul from sin;"
3. "Let some-one else go forth," you say, To lands be-yond the seas;
4. Oh, nev - er let your lips a - gain Those tho't-less words re - peat;
And "some-one else," when life is o'er, Will reap a rich re - ward.
That "some-one else," when Je - sus comes, A crown of life will win.
While you re - main at home and take Your com-fort and your ease.
But pray that grace to you be giv'n To serve at Je - sus' feet.
Chorus.
1-3. Oh, some-one else is do-ing the work That you for God should do;
4. Then no one else will do the work That you for God should do;
should do;
And some-one else will be wear-ing the crown That God had meant for you.
And no one else will be wear-ing the crown That God has kept for you.
for you.

No. 13. Tell It Wherever You Go.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. OWNED BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. If Christ the Re-deem-er has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a mansion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
If in-to your darkness His light has shown in, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
CHORUS.
Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev - er you go; If
Tell it that others around you may know,
you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!

No. 14. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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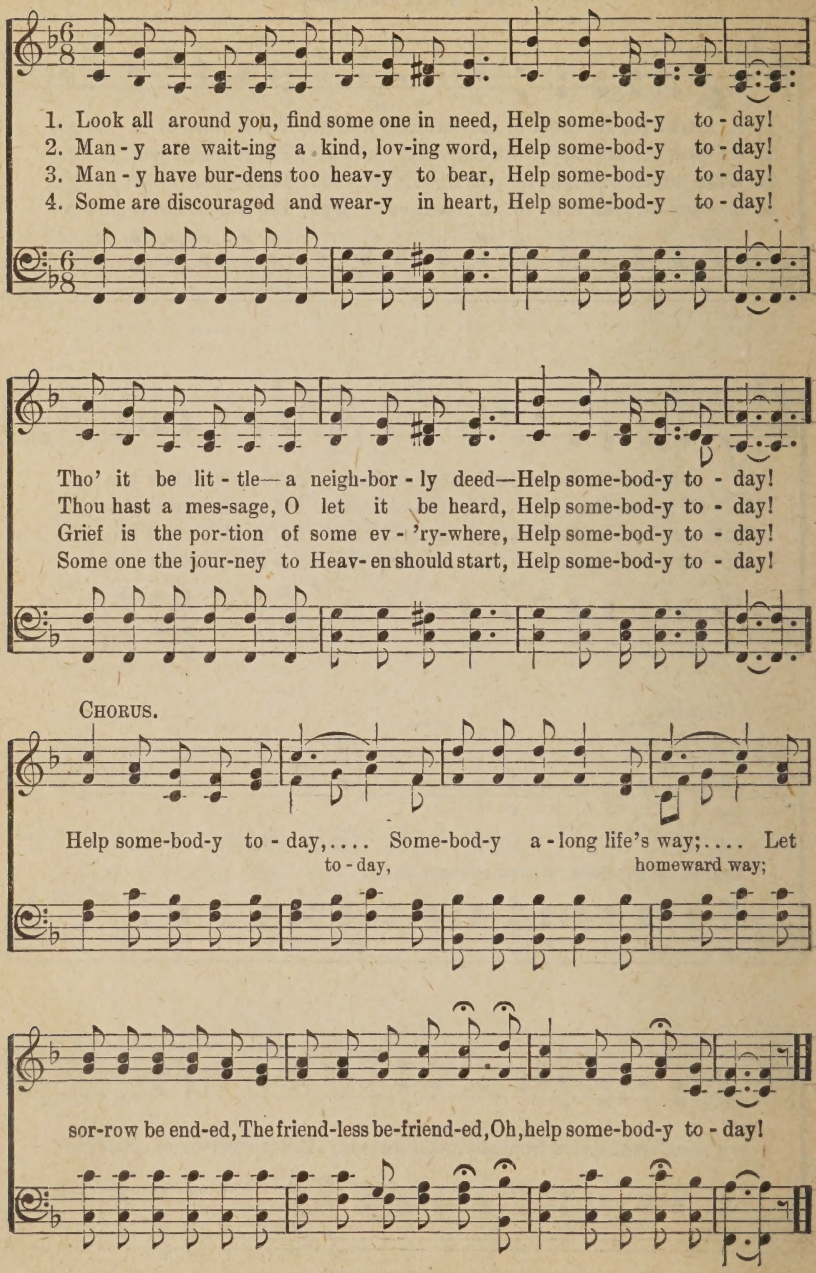
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heav- en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
to - day, homeward way;
sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 15 The Same Old Way.

J. P. S.

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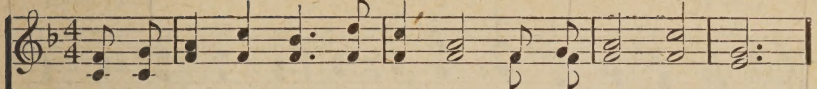
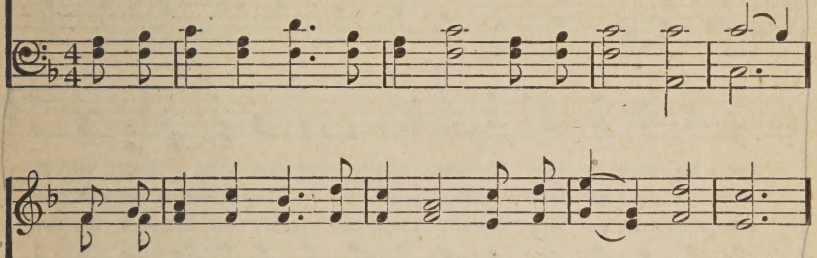
WORDS AND MUSIC.

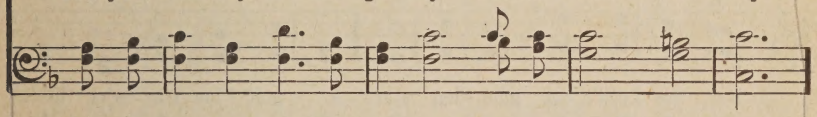
J. P. Scholfield.



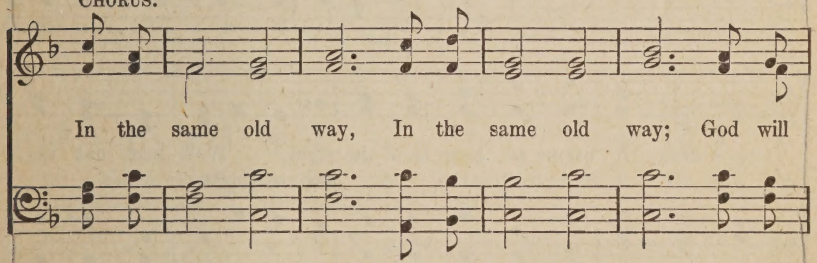
1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won-drous sto - ry In the same old way?



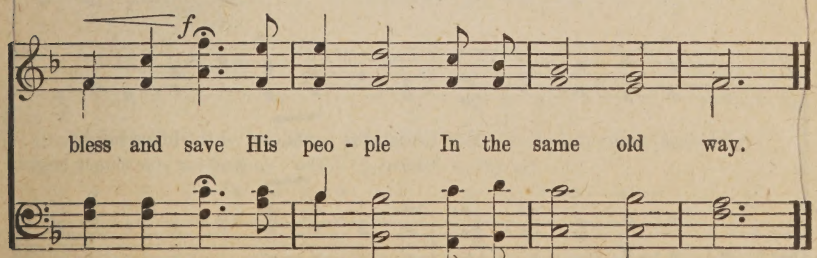
He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?



CHORUS.



In the same old way, In the same old way; God will



bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way.

No. 16. The Guiding Star.

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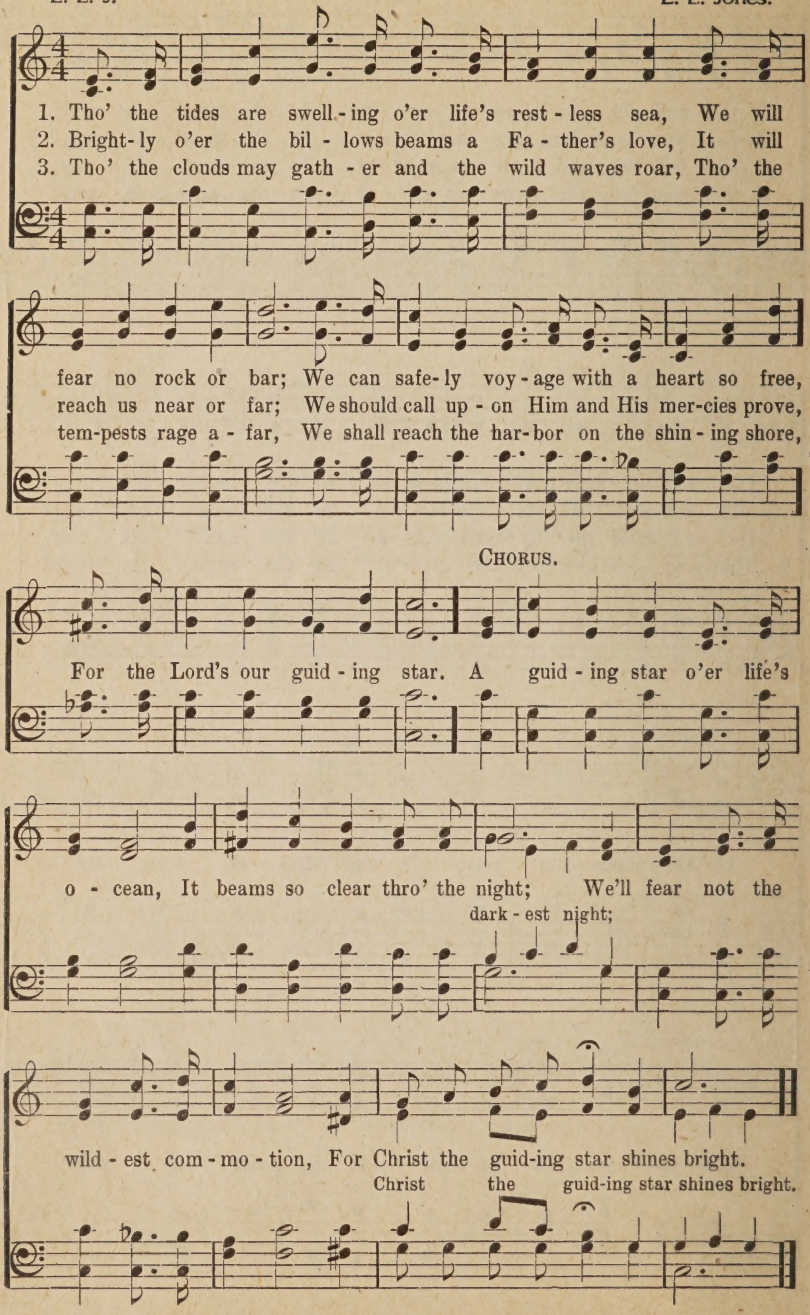
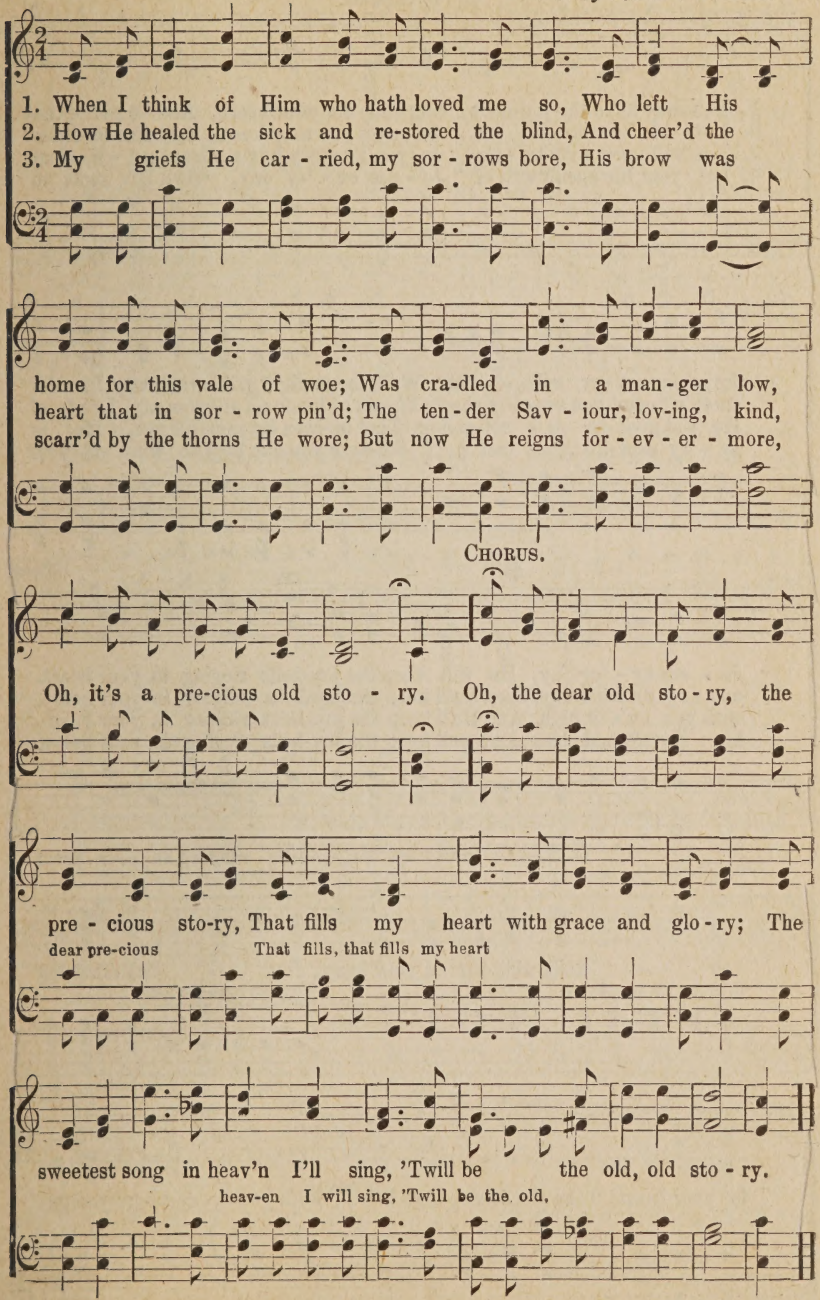
L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

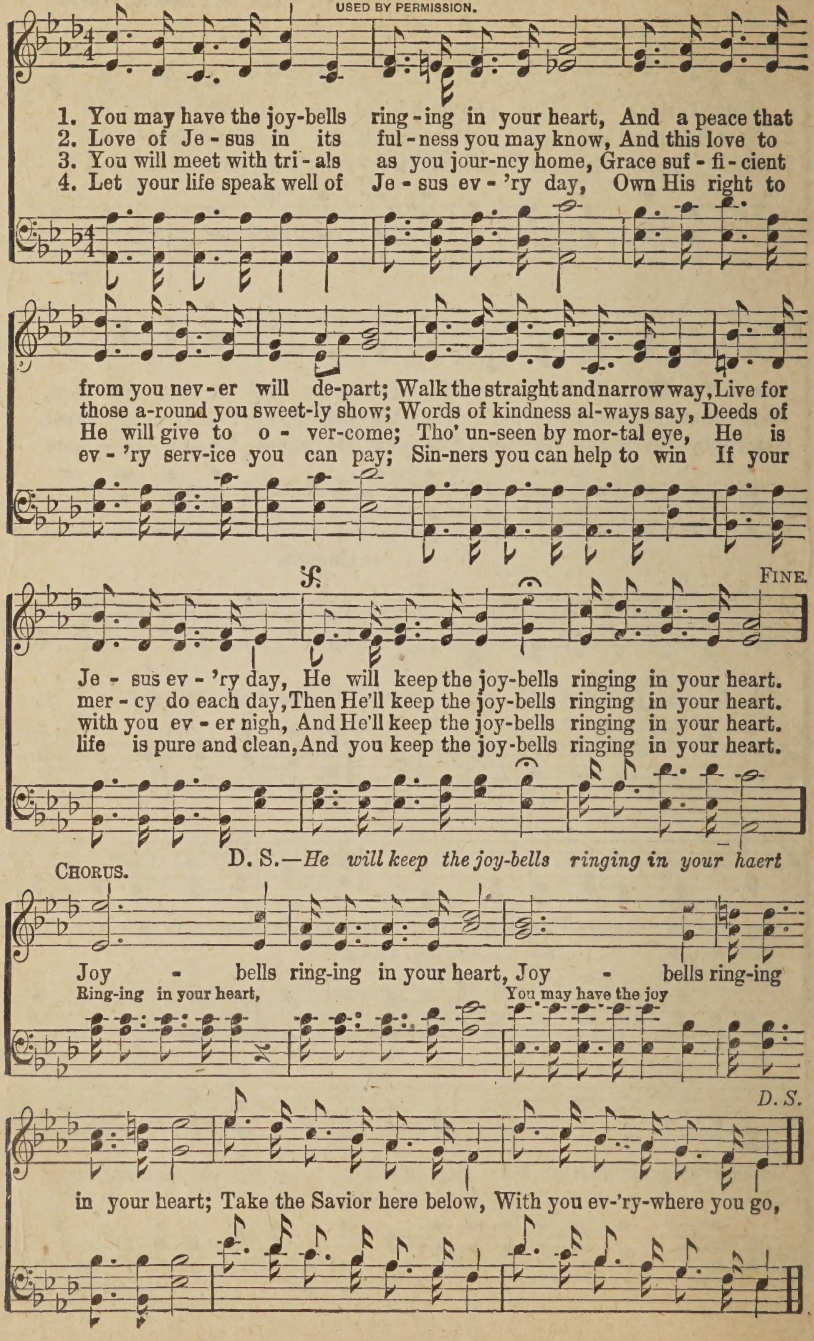

1. Tho' the tides are swell-ing o'er life's rest-less sea, We will
2. Bright-ly o'er the bil-lows beams a Fa-ther's love, It will
3. Tho' the clouds may gath-er and the wild waves roar, Tho' the
fear no rock or bar; We can safe-ly voy-age with a heart so free,
reach us near or far; We should call up-on Him and His mer-cies prove,
tem-pests rage a-far, We shall reach the har-bor on the shin-ing shore,
CHORUS.
For the Lord's our guid-ing star. A guid-ing star o'er life's
o-cean, It beams so clear thro' the night; We'll fear not the
dark-est night;
wild-est com-mo-tion, For Christ the guid-ing star shines bright.
Christ the guid-ing star shines bright.

No. 17. The Dear Old Story.

James Fraser. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY WM. MCEWAN, William Fraser.
Arr. by Frank C. Huston.

1. When I think of Him who hath loved me so, Who left His
2. How He healed the sick and re-stored the blind, And cheer'd the
3. My griefs He car - ried, my sor - rows bore, His brow was
home for this vale of woe; Was cra-dled in a man-ger low,
heart that in sor - row pin'd; The ten-der Sav - iour, lov-ing, kind,
scarr'd by the thorns He wore; But now He reigns for - ev - er - more,
CHORUS.
Oh, it's a pre-cious old sto - ry. Oh, the dear old sto-ry, the
pre - cious sto-ry, That fills my heart with grace and glo-ry; The
dear pre-cious
That fills, that fills my heart
sweetest song in heav'n I'll sing, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry.
heav-en I will sing, 'Twill be the old,

No. 18. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your
Fine.
Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert
Chorus.
Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart,
You may have the joy
D. S.
in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

No. 19.

By and By.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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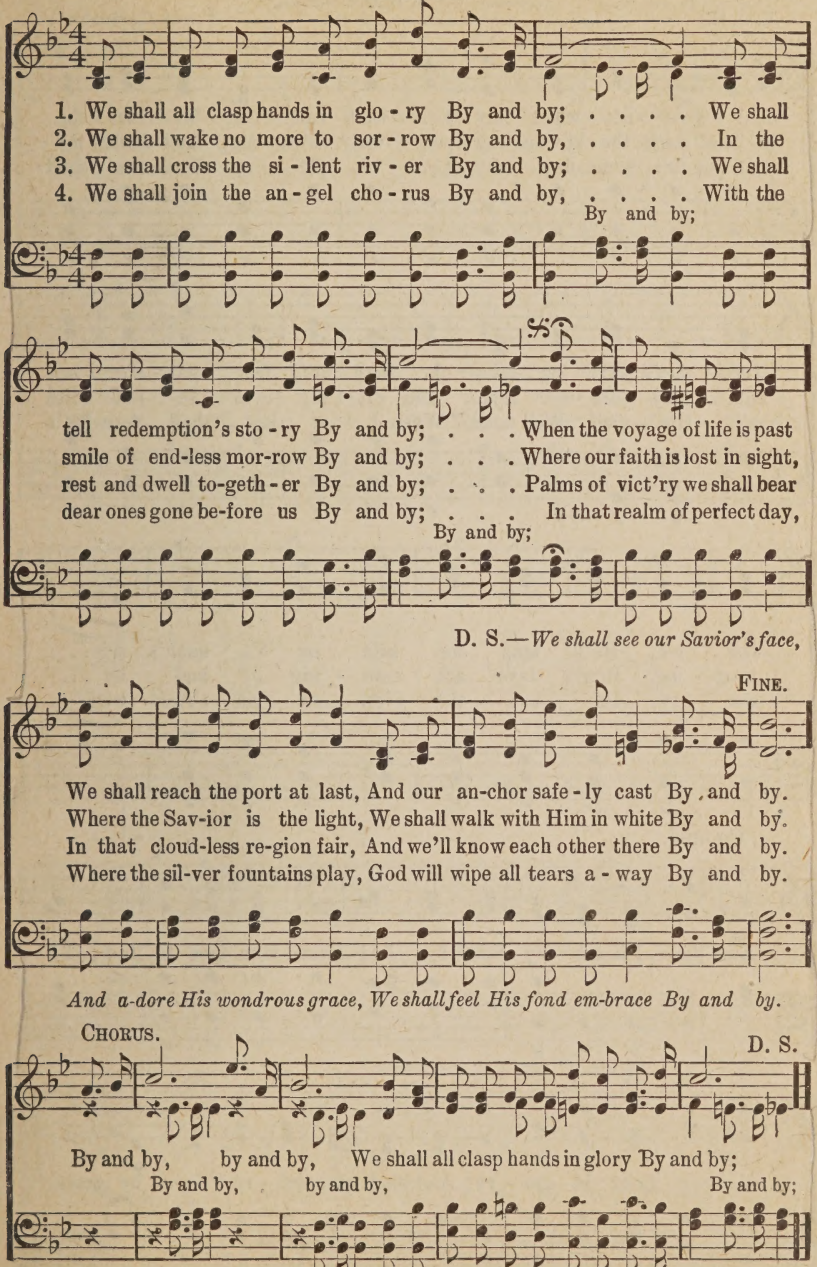
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.


1. We shall all clasp hands in glo - ry By and by; . . . . We shall
2. We shall wake no more to sor - row By and by, ... In the
3. We shall cross the si - lent riv - er By and by; . . . . We shall
4. We shall join the an - gel cho - rus By and by, ... With the
By and by;
tell redemption's sto - ry By and by; . . . When the voyage of life is past
smile of end-less mor-row By and by; . . . Where our faith is lost in sight,
rest and dwell to-geth - er By and by; . . . Palms of vict'ry we shall bear
dear ones gone be-fore us By and by; . . . In that realm of perfect day,
By and by;
D. S.—We shall see our Savior's face,
FINE.
We shall reach the port at last, And our an-chor safe - ly cast By and by.
Where the Sav-ior is the light, We shall walk with Him in white By and by.
In that cloud-less re-gion fair, And we'll know each other there By and by.
Where the sil-ver fountains play, God will wipe all tears a - way By and by.
And a-dore His wondrous grace, We shall feel His fond em-brace By and by.
CHORUS.
D. S.
By and by, by and by, We shall all clasp hands in glory By and by;
By and by, by and by, By and by;

No. 20. I'll Know Him Face to Face.

(To my friend and brother, Wm. McEwan.)

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
WORDS AND MUSIC. BY PER.

F. C. H. Frank C. Huston.

1. I know not when my Lord shall call me, To cross the Jor - dan's swell - ing tide; I shall not fear what - e'er be-
2. Tho' dark the storms my path - way sweep - ing, And doubts my soul may sore - ly try; Tho' oft my eyes be red with
3. Some day, some day my Lord of glo - ry To me shall say His glad "Well done," When I at last shall close life's

fall me, He'll land me safe on Ca - naan's side....
weep - ing, Bright days are com - ing by and by....
sto - ry, Its bat - tles o'er, its vic - t'ries won....

CHORUS.

And there I'll see my Sav - ior, And know Him face to face; I'll see my Lord in glo - ry, And sing the sto - ry, "Saved by grace."

ff

No. 21. I'll Go All the Way With Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.

F. C. H. Frank C. Huston.

Tenderly.

1. Out from the heart of the Sav - ior's love, Borne on the wings of the Heav'n - ly Dove, Comes a sweet call to new heights a - bove,— To go all the way with Je - sus.
2. 'Twas won-drous love that He showed for me; Love took my Lord un - to Cal - va - ry; And since He died that I might be free,— I'll go all the way with Je - sus.
3. Oh, for the touch of His hand di - vine! Oh, for the light of His soul on mine! I'll take the step,— I'll cross o'er the line,— I'll go all the way with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I'll go all the way with Je - sus, I'll go all the way with Je - sus;
To Cal - va - ry Je-sus went for me, I'll go all the way with Je - sus.

No. 22. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

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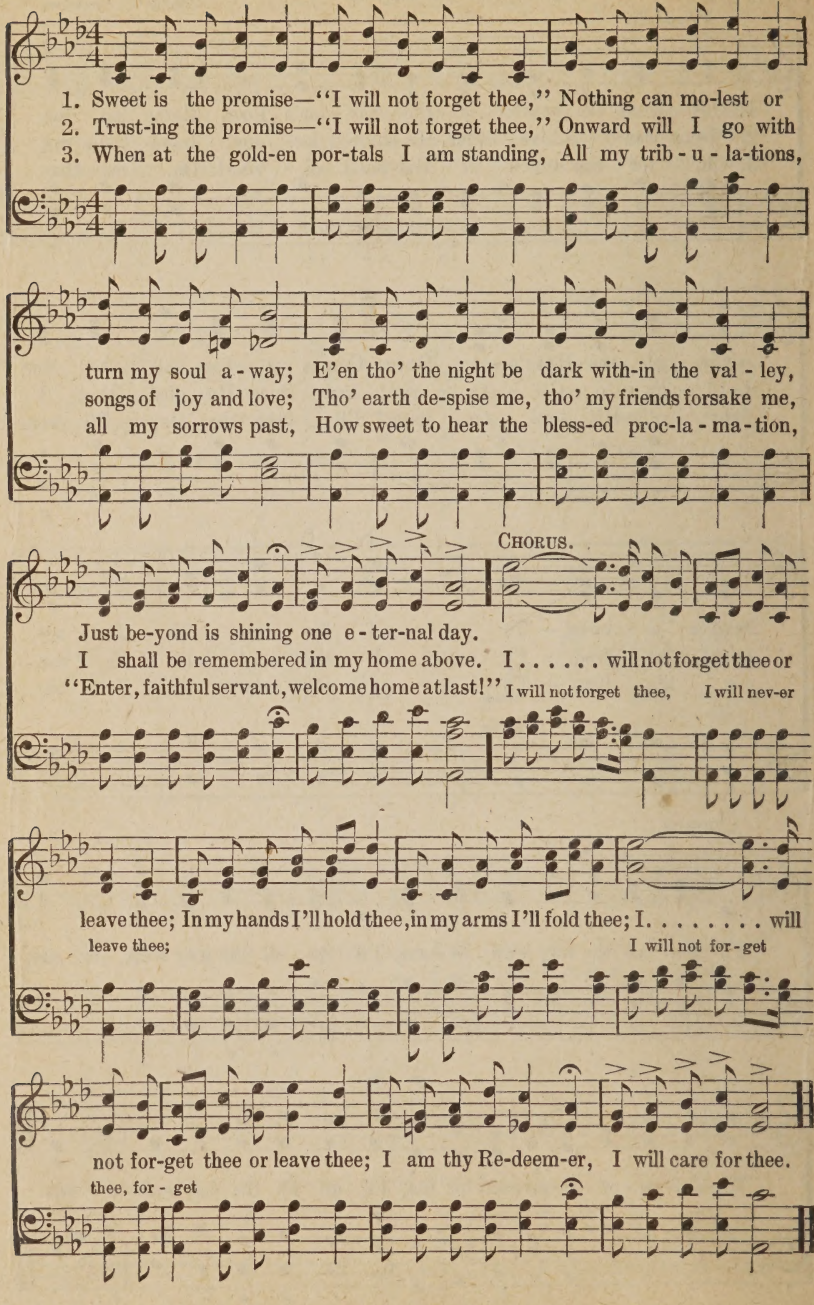
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib - u - la-tions,
turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val - ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la - ma - tion,
CHORUS.
Just be-yond is shining one e - ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!"
I will not forget thee, I will nev-er
leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I. . . . . will
leave thee;
I will not for - get
not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for - get

No. 23. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

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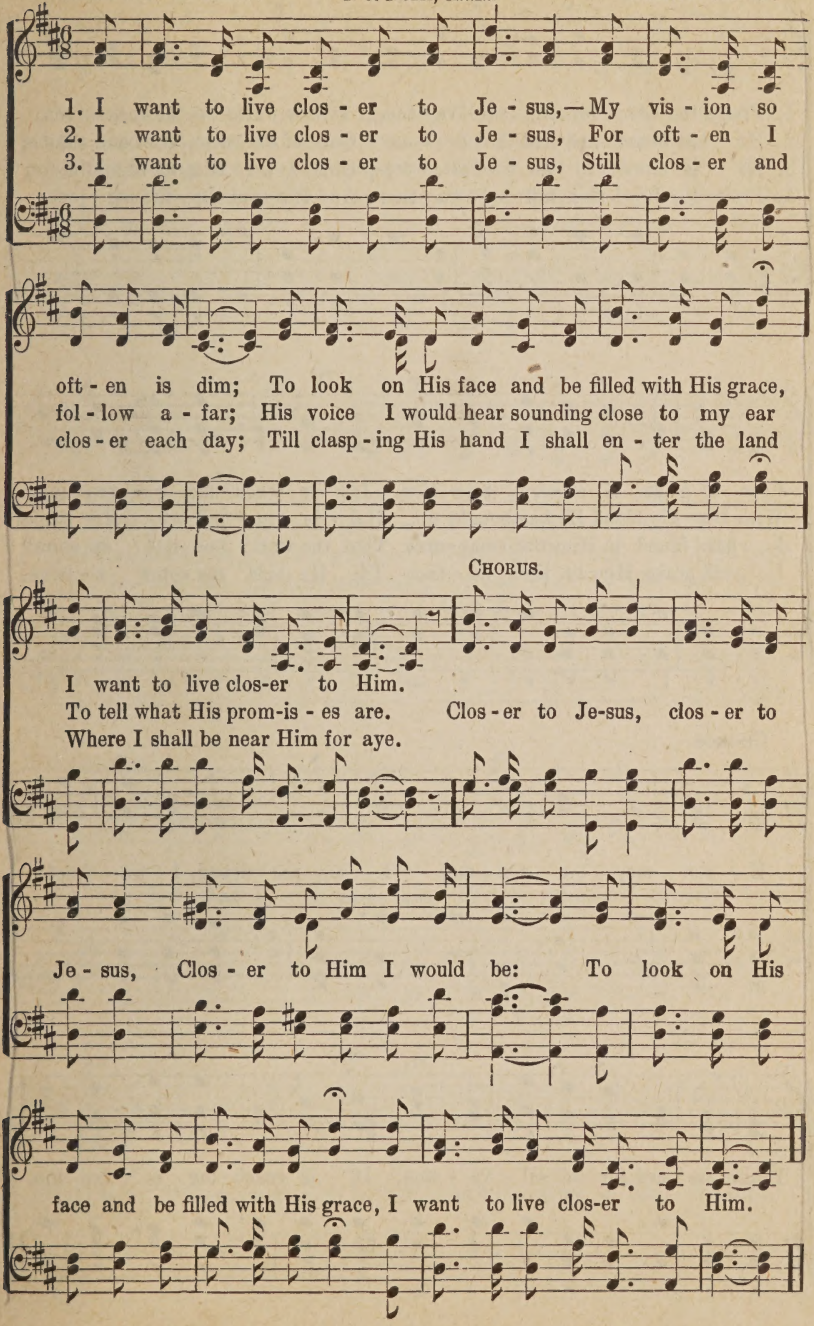
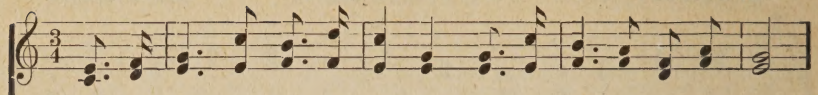
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

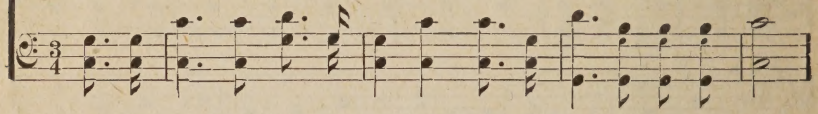
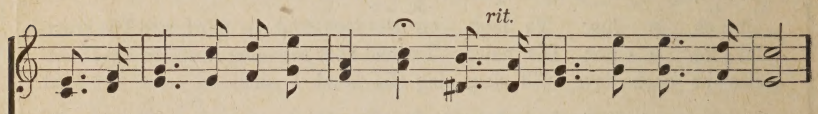

1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,—My vis - ion so
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and
oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land
CHORUS.
I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.
Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His
face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.

No. 24. It is Reaching Even Me.

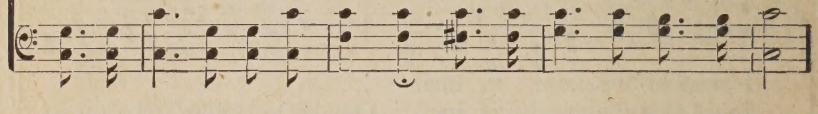
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. Wm. Mc Ewan.



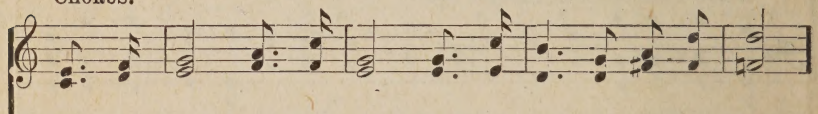
1. Praise the Lord for full sal - va - tion, It is like a shore-less sea;
2. He has found me and has bro't me Out of darkness, grief and shame;
3. He is more to me than pleas-ures, Oh, I love Him more and more;
4. Praise the Lord for full sal - va - tion And His soul - up - lift-ing love;



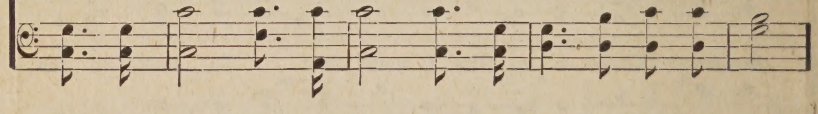
Free to souls of ev - 'ry na - tion, It is reach - ing e - ven me.
With His life-blood He has bought me, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name!
I have found in Him the treas - ures That the world has not in store!
I will praise Him to the na - tion Till He bids me come a - bove.

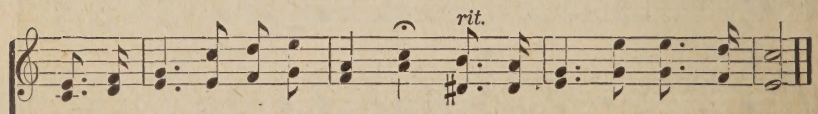


CHORUS.

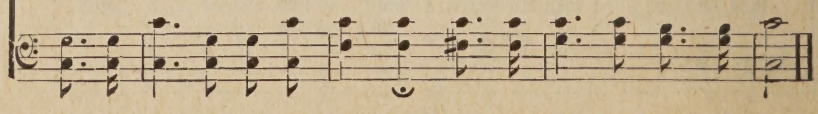


E - ven me, e - ven me, I am par - doned, I am free!

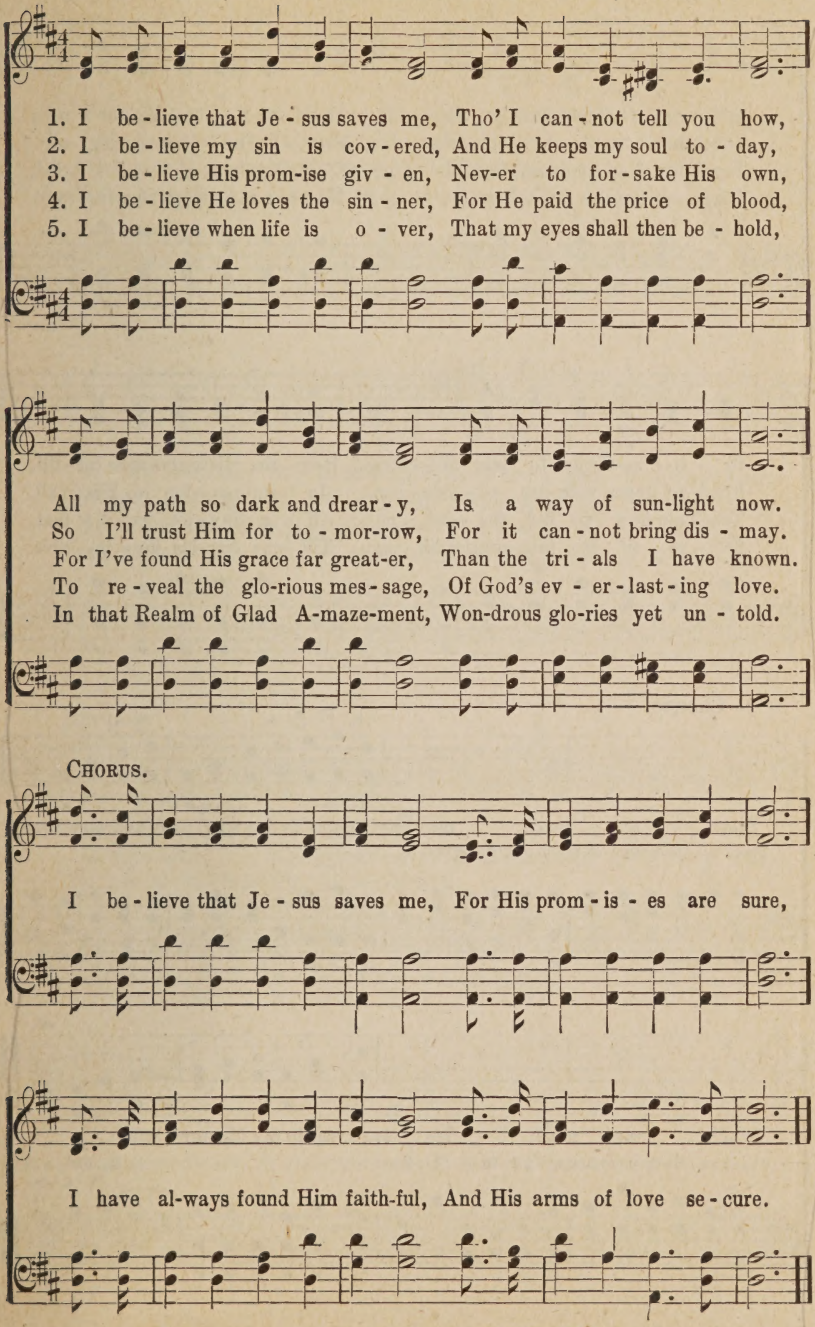




Praise the Lord for full sal - va - tion, It is reach - ing e - ven me.



No. 25. I Believe.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. Wm. Mc Ewan.

1. I be-lieve that Je-sus saves me, Tho' I can-not tell you how,
2. I be-lieve my sin is cov-ered, And He keeps my soul to-day,
3. I be-lieve His prom-ise giv-en, Nev-er to for-sake His own,
4. I be-lieve He loves the sin-ner, For He paid the price of blood,
5. I be-lieve when life is o-ver, That my eyes shall then be-hold,
All my path so dark and drear-y, Is a way of sun-light now.
So I'll trust Him for to-mor-row, For it can-not bring dis-may.
For I've found His grace far great-er, Than the tri-als I have known.
To re-veal the glo-rious mes-sage, Of God's ev-er-last-ing love.
In that Realm of Glad A-maze-ment, Won-drous glo-ries yet un-told.
CHORUS.
I be-lieve that Je-sus saves me, For His prom-is-es are sure,
I have al-ways found Him faith-ful, And His arms of love se-cure.

No. 26.

Teach Me.

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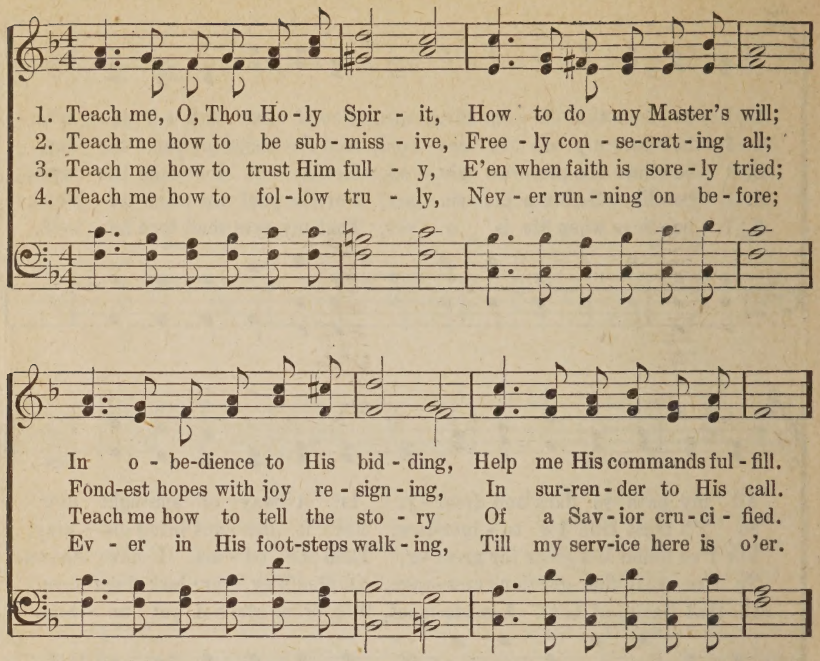
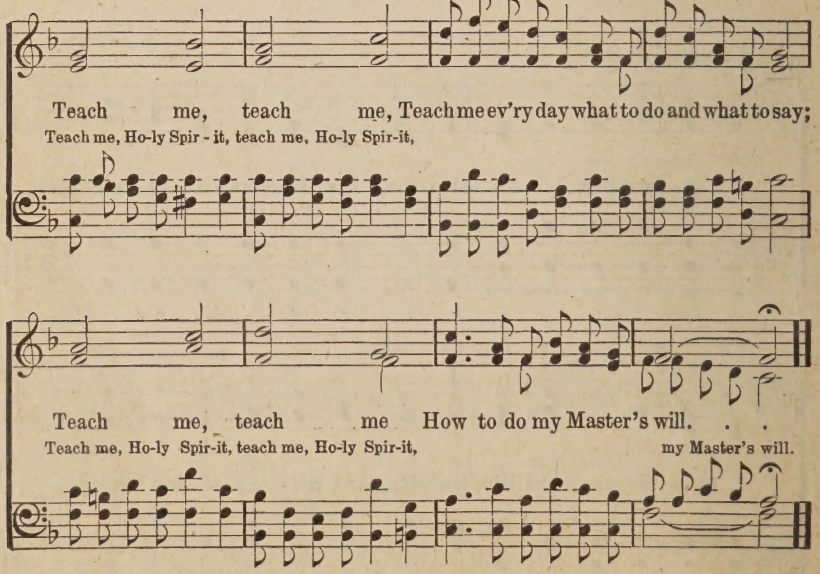
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Kate Ulmer. Victor H. Benke.


1. Teach me, O, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, How to do my Master's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub - miss - ive, Free - ly con - se-crat - ing all;
3. Teach me how to trust Him full - y, E'en when faith is sore - ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol - low tru - ly, Nev - er run - ning on be - fore;
In o - be-dience to His bid - ding, Help me His commands ful - fill.
Fond-est hopes with joy re - sign - ing, In sur-ren - der to His call.
Teach me how to tell the sto - ry Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.
Ev - er in His foot-steps walk - ing, Till my serv-ice here is o'er.

CHORUS.


Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir - it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it,
Teach me, teach me How to do my Master's will. . .
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it,
my Master's will.

No. 27. Your Best Friend is Always Near.

Isabel C. Allam.

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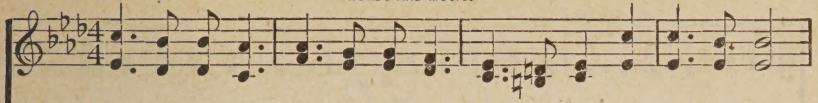
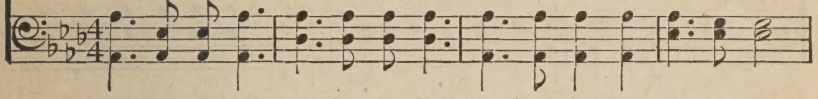
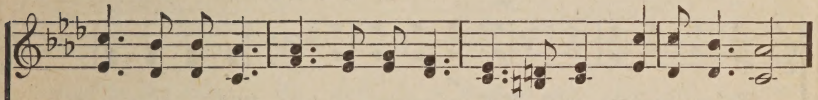
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

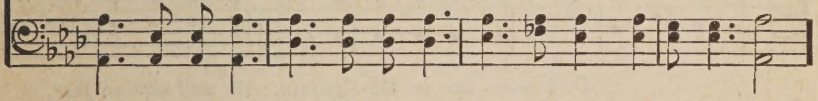


1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fond-est hopes have perished, When so free - ly falls the tear,
4. When the val - ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;





In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.



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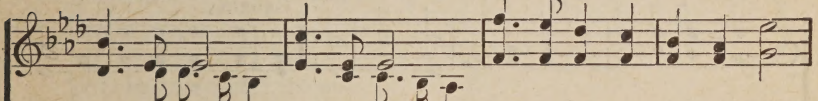
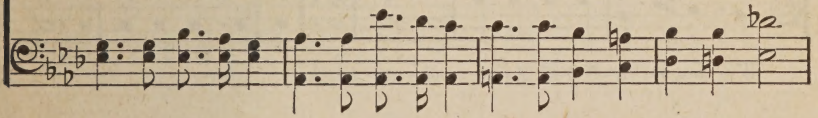
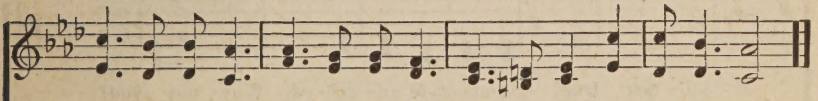
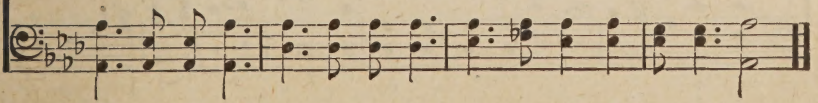


Al-ways near, al - ways near, Your best Friend is al - ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,





In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near.



No. 28.

As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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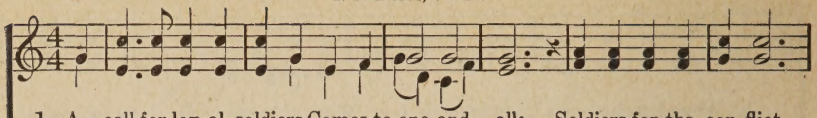
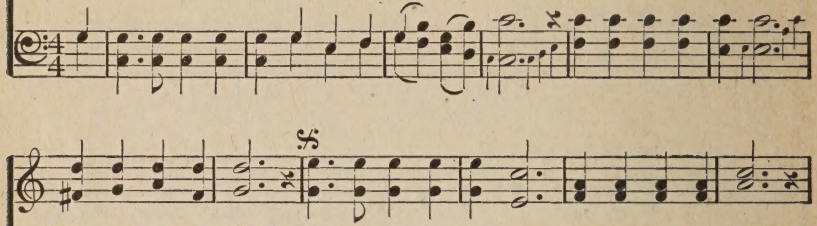
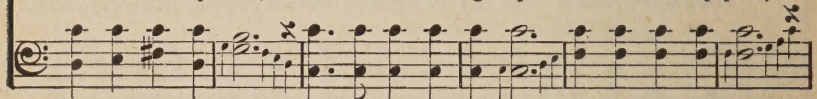
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful

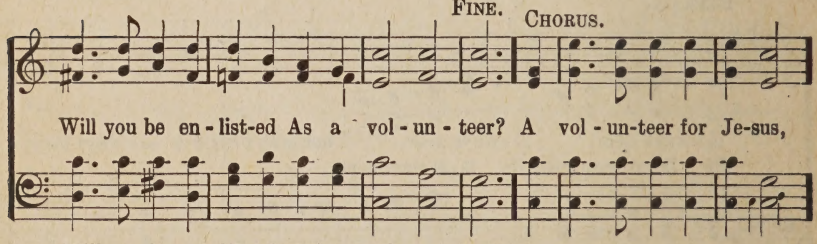


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

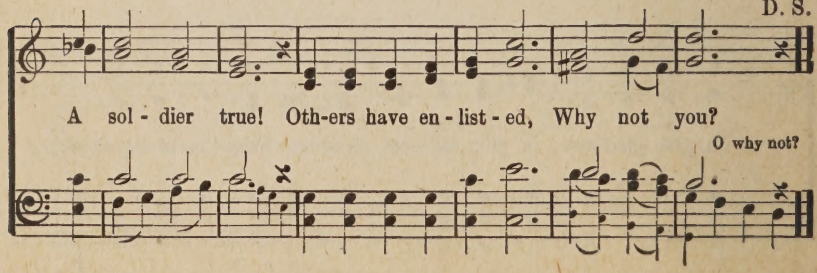
FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.



A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

O why not?

No. 29. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
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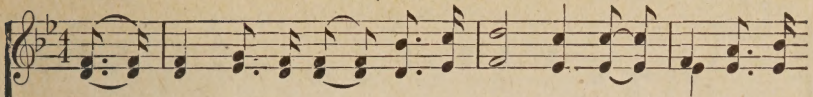
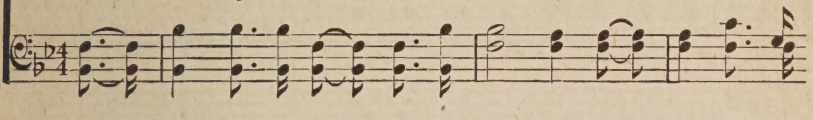
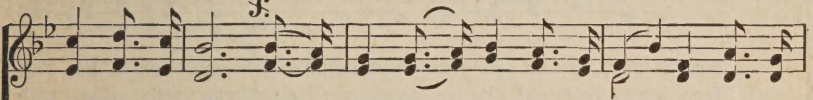
Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

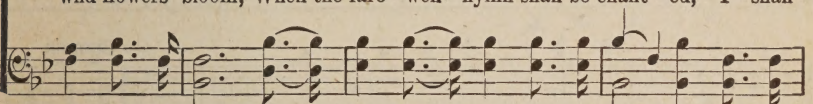


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

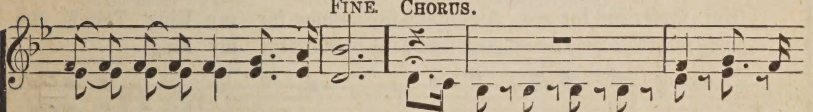


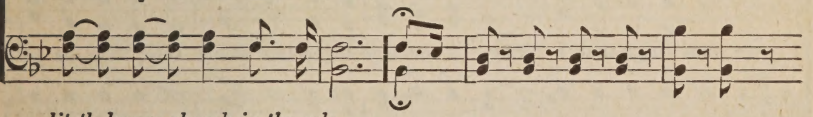


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall



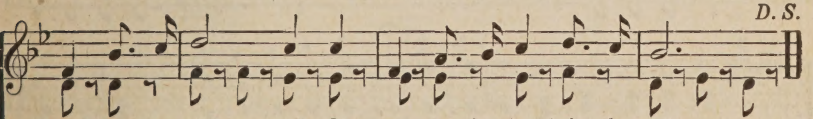
D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

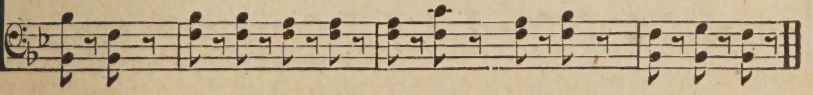


lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

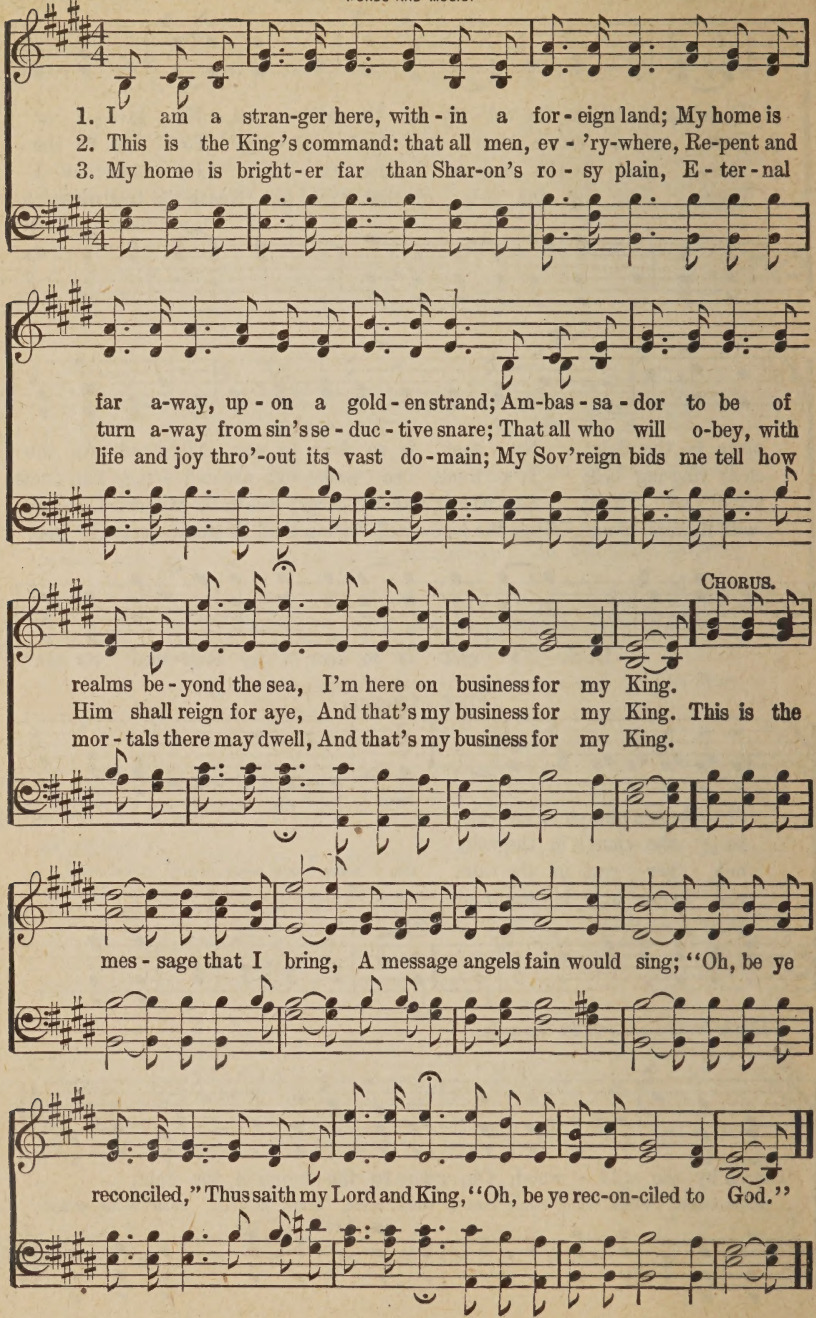


church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



No. 30. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL Flora H. Cassel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal
far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how
CHORUS.
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 31. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

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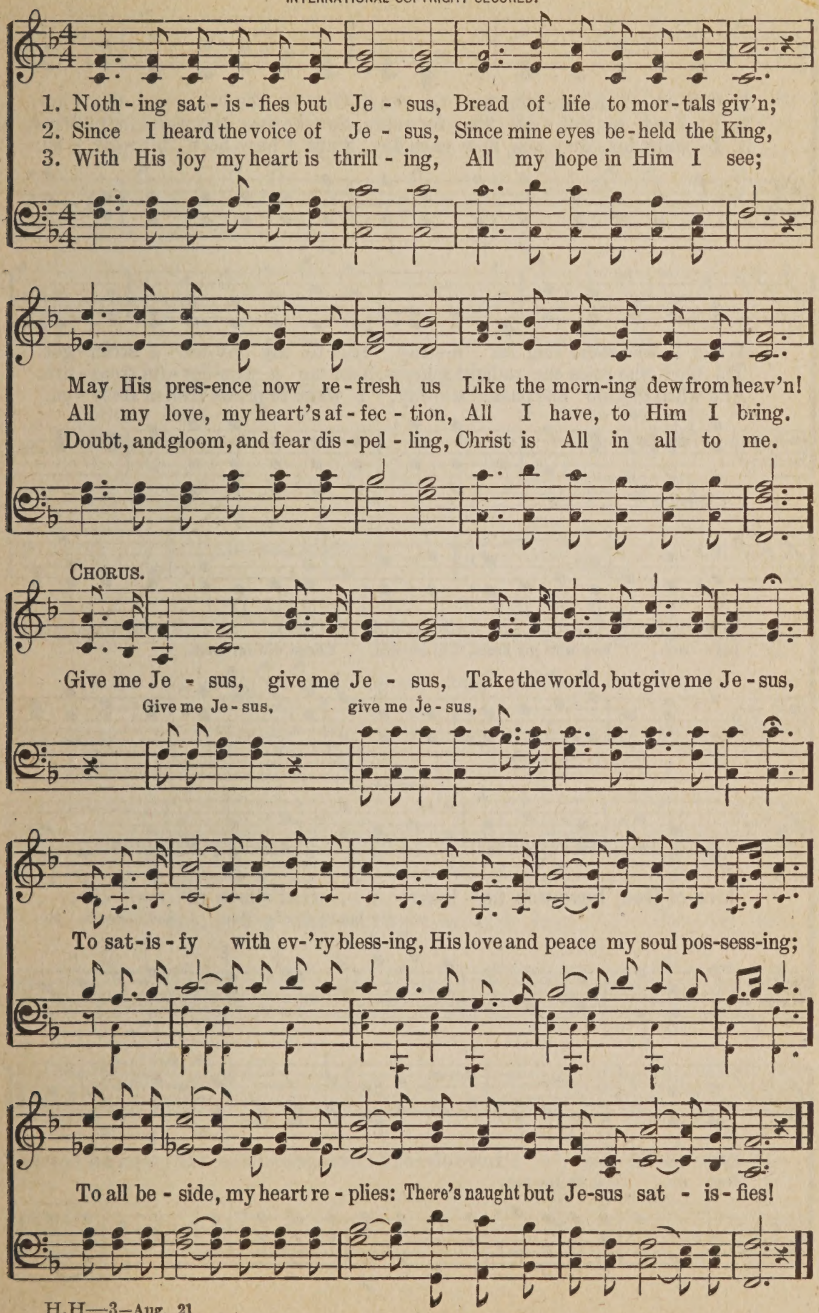
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;
May His pres-ence now re - fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.
Chorus.
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,
To sat - is - fy with ev - 'ry bless-ing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;
To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!

No. 32.

Love Won My Heart.

Rev. J. Oatman. Jr.

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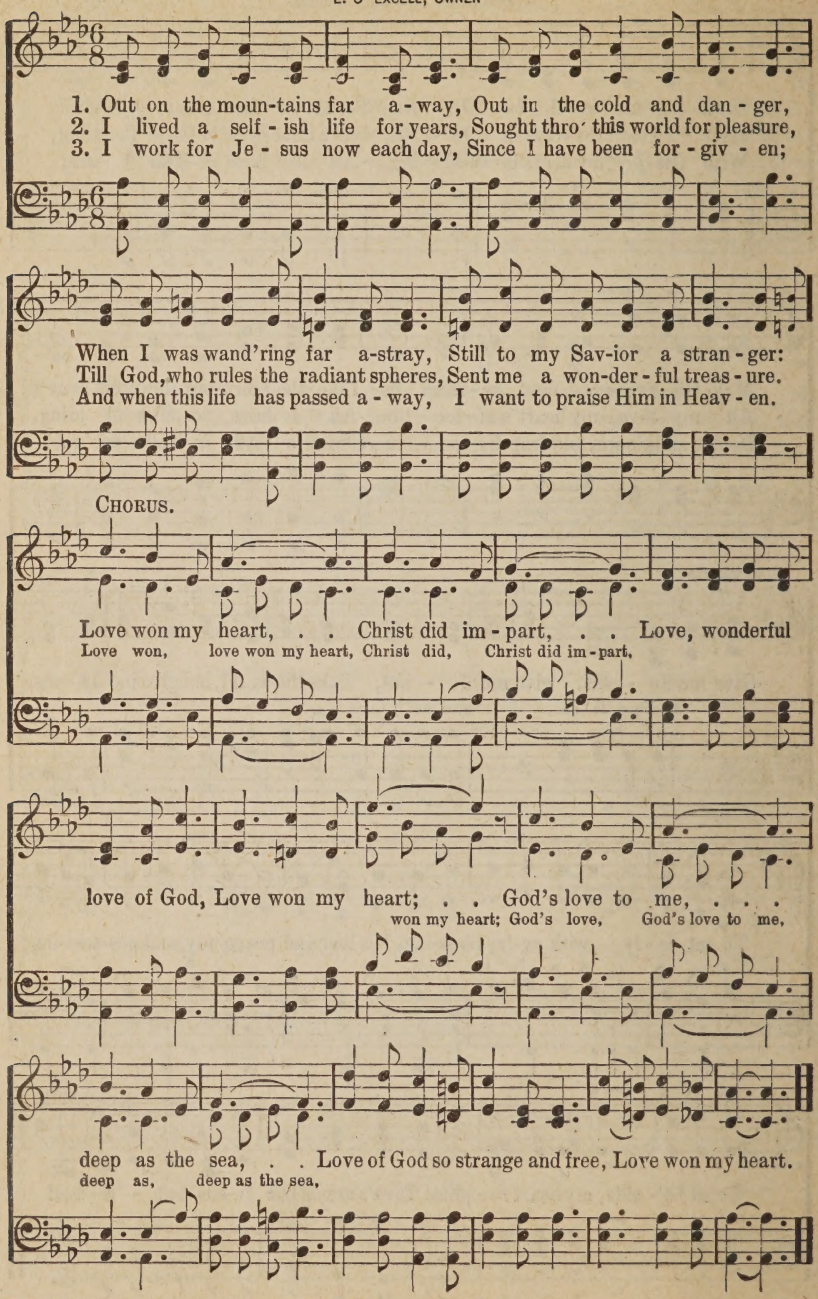
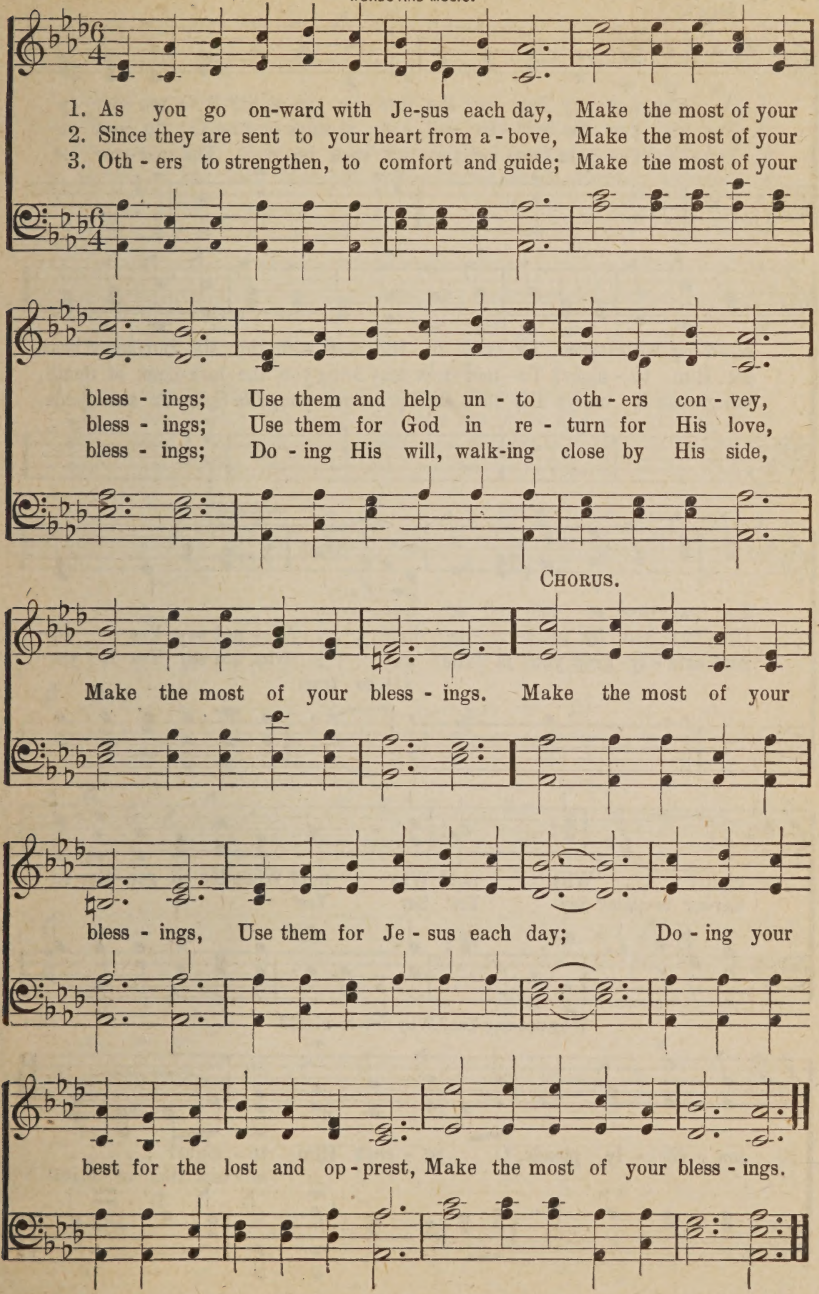
Hamp Sewell.

1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in the cold and dan-ger,
2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;
When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.
CHORUS.
Love won my heart, . . Christ did im-part, . . Love, wonderful
Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,
love of God, Love won my heart; . . God's love to me, . . .
won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,
deep as the sea, . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
deep as, deep as the sea,

No. 33. Make the Most of Your Blessings.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. As you go on-ward with Je-sus each day, Make the most of your
2. Since they are sent to your heart from a-bove, Make the most of your
3. Oth-ers to strengthen, to comfort and guide; Make the most of your
bless-ings; Use them and help un-to oth-ers con-vey,
bless-ings; Use them for God in re-turn for His love,
bless-ings; Do-ing His will, walk-ing close by His side,
CHORUS.
Make the most of your bless-ings. Make the most of your
bless-ings, Use them for Je-sus each day; Do-ing your
best for the lost and op-prest, Make the most of your bless-ings.

No. 34. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks.

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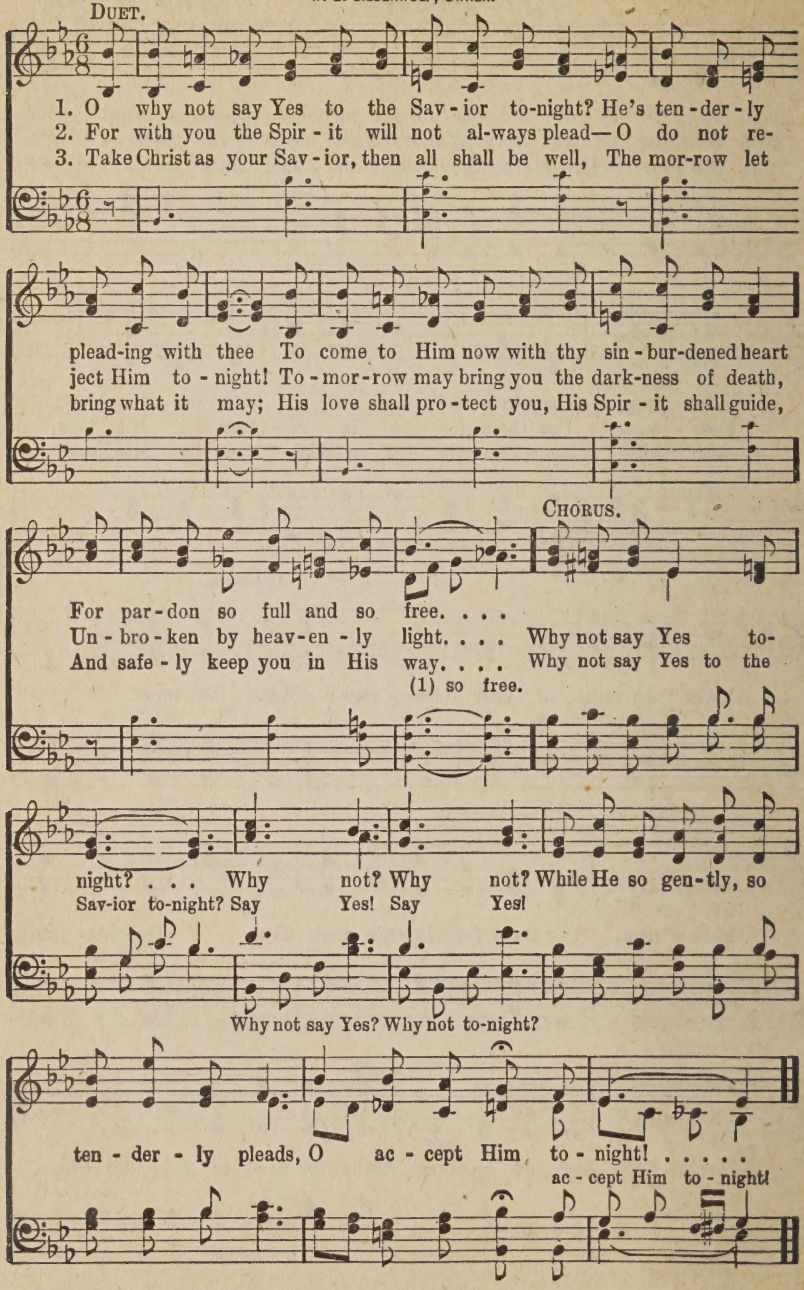
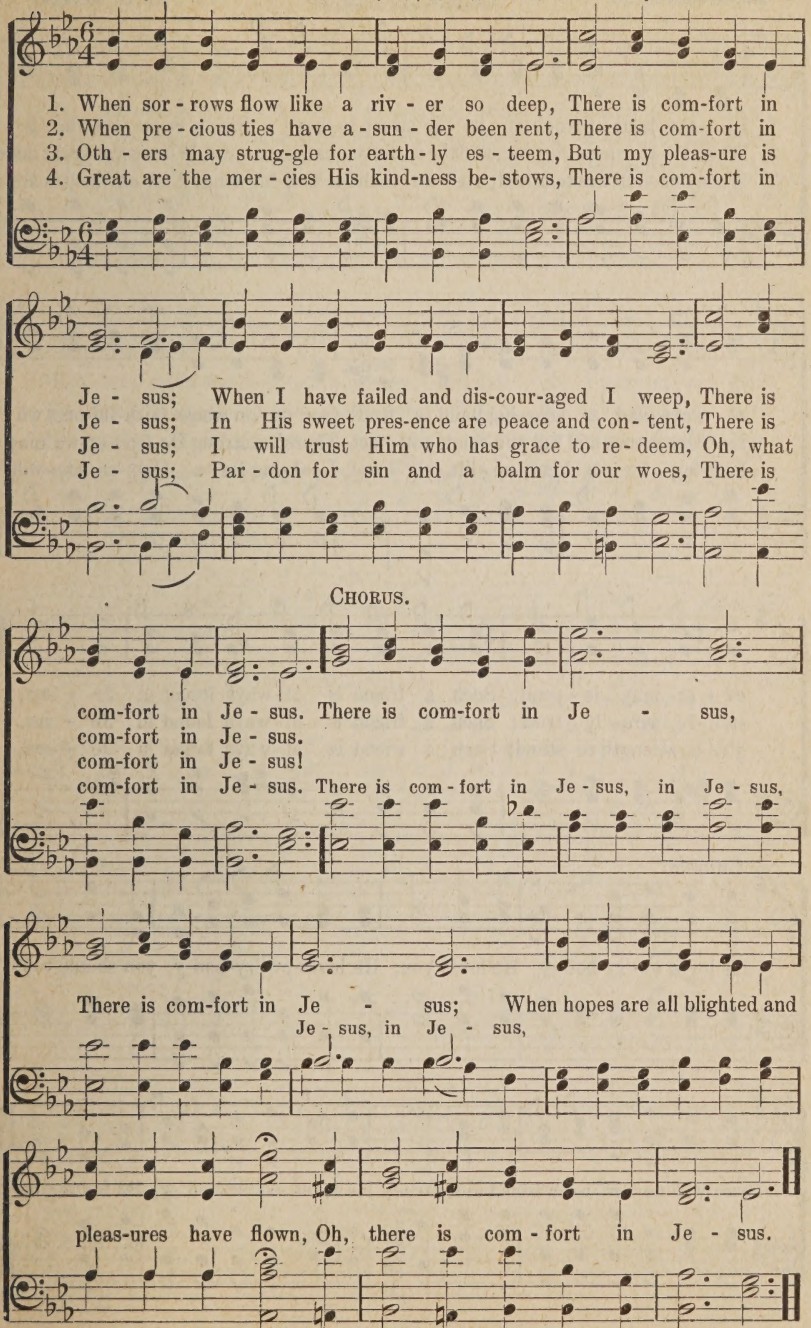
Louis D. Elchhorn.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav - ior to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav - ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let
plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart
ject Him to - night! To - mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,
CHORUS.
For par - don so full and so free. . . .
Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way. . . . Why not say Yes to the
(1) so free.
night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen - tly, so
Sav-ior to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?
ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept Him to - night! . . . . .
ac - cept Him to - night!

No. 35. Comfort in Jesus.

H. D. L. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. When sor - rows flow like a riv - er so deep, There is com-fort in
2. When pre - cious ties have a - sun - der been rent, There is com-fort in
3. Oth - ers may strug-gle for earth - ly es - teem, But my pleas-ure is
4. Great are the mer - cies His kind-ness be- stows, There is com-fort in
Je - sus; When I have failed and dis-cour-aged I weep, There is
Je - sus; In His sweet pres-ence are peace and con- tent, There is
Je - sus; I will trust Him who has grace to re- deem, Oh, what
Je - sus; Par - don for sin and a balm for our woes, There is
CHORUS.
com-fort in Je - sus. There is com-fort in Je - sus,
com-fort in Je - sus.
com-fort in Je - sus!
com-fort in Je - sus. There is com - fort in Je - sus, in Je - sus,
There is com-fort in Je - sus; When hopes are all blighted and
Je - sus, in Je - sus,
pleas-ures have flown, Oh, there is com - fort in Je - sus.

No. 36.

He Loves Everybody.

James Rowe.

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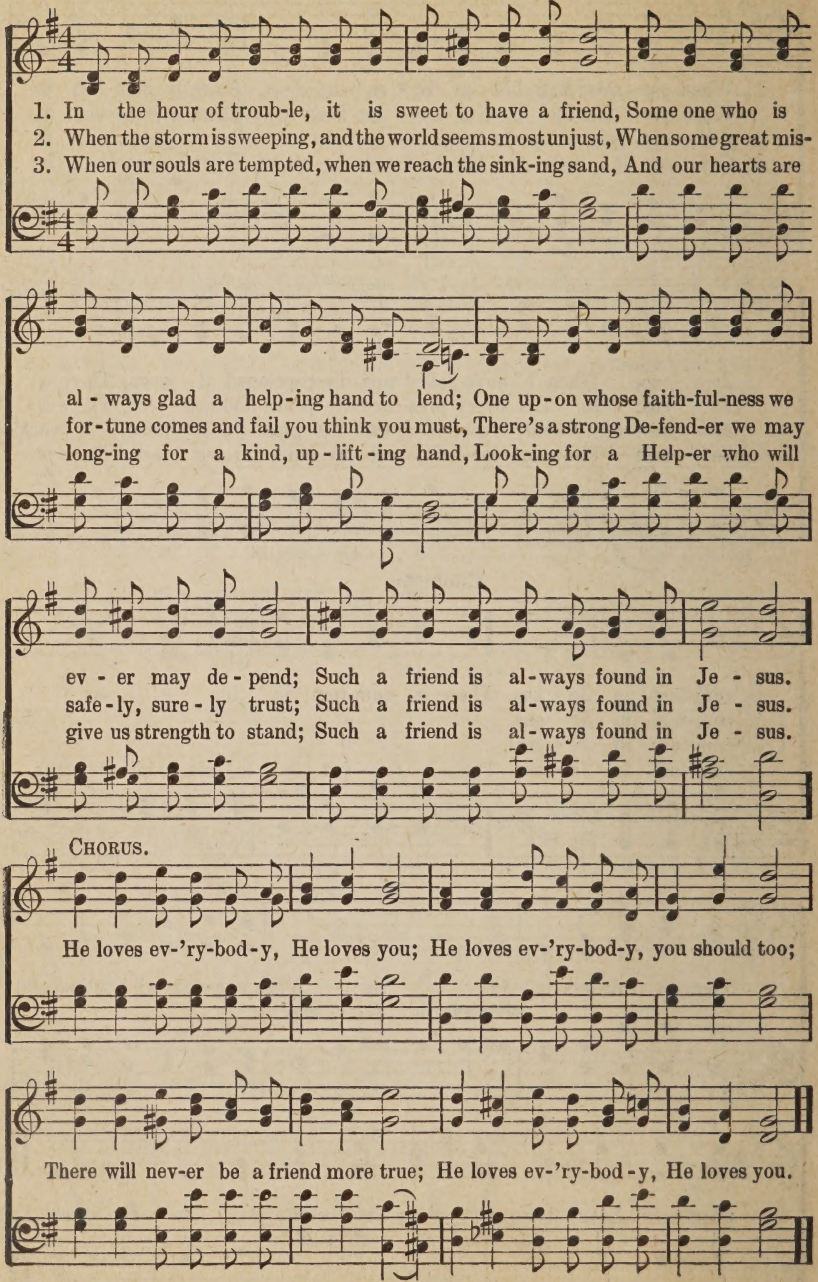
B. D. Ackley.

1. In the hour of troub-le, it is sweet to have a friend, Some one who is
2. When the storm is sweeping, and the world seems most unjust, When some great mis-
3. When our souls are tempted, when we reach the sink-ing sand, And our hearts are
al - ways glad a help-ing hand to lend; One up - on whose faith-ful-ness we
for - tune comes and fail you think you must, There's a strong De-fend-er we may
long-ing for a kind, up - lift - ing hand, Look-ing for a Help-er who will
ev - er may de - pend; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
safe - ly, sure - ly trust; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
give us strength to stand; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
CHORUS.
He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, you should too;
There will nev-er be a friend more true; He loves ev-'ry-bod - y, He loves you.

No. 37. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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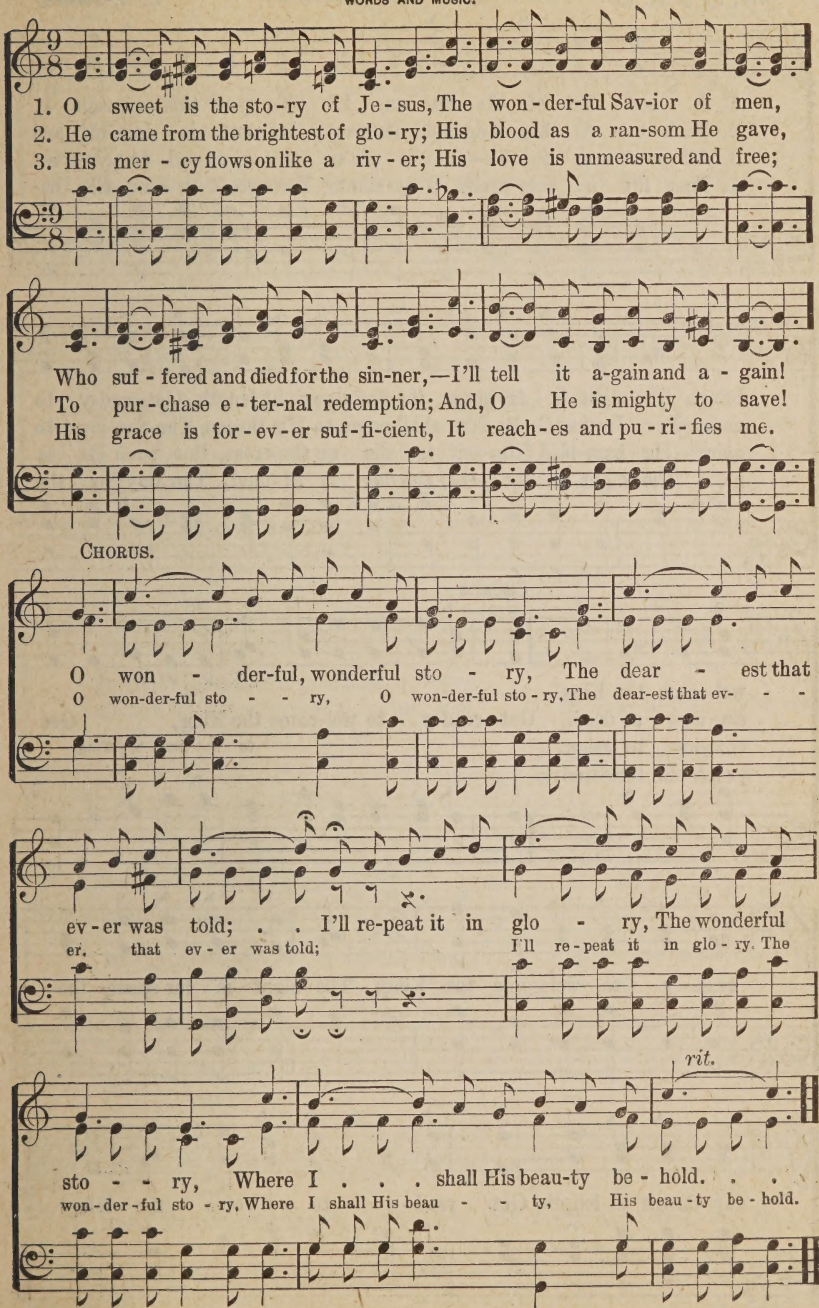
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;
Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.
CHORUS.
O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-
ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The
rit.
sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty be-hold.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 38. Get Ready to Welcome the King!

Fannie K. Allen.
Arr. by J. M. G.

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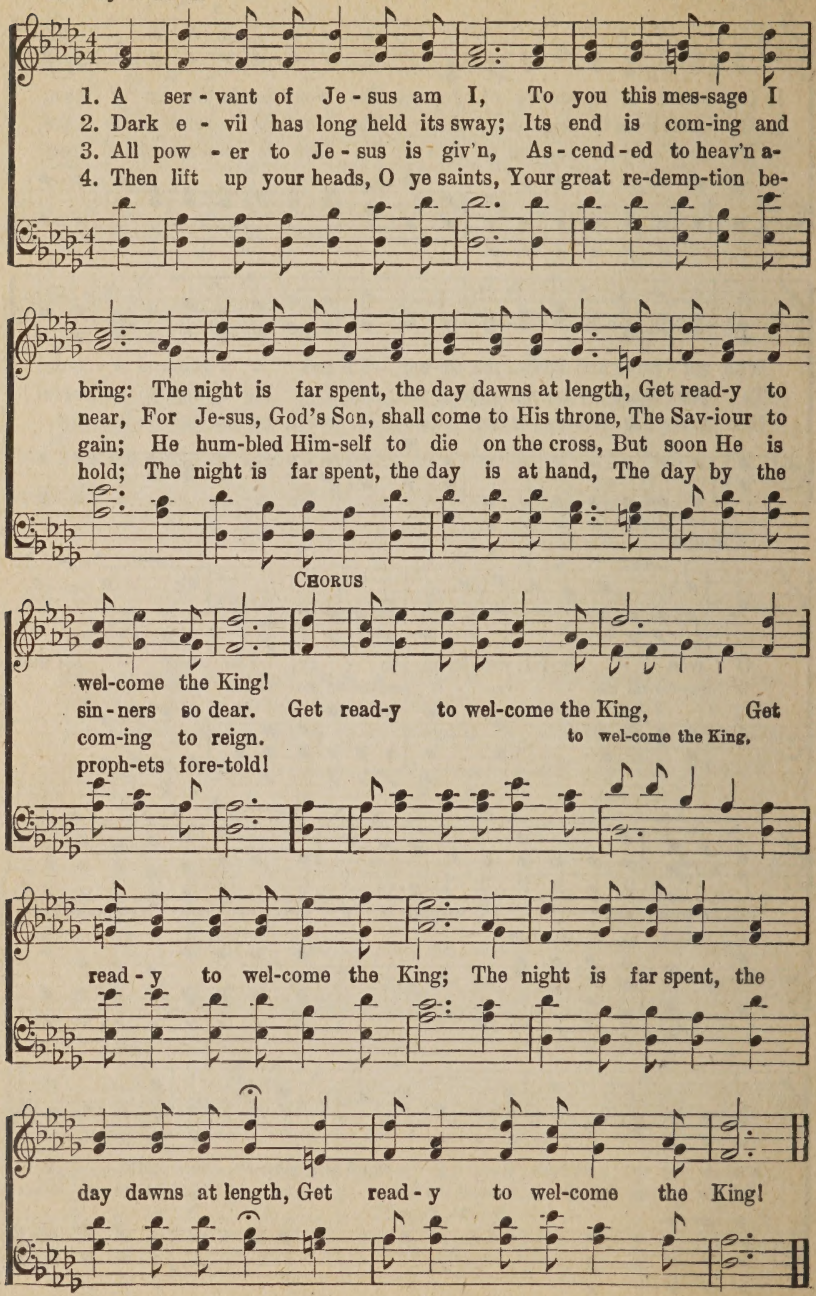
E. O. Sellers.


1. A ser - vant of Je - sus am I, To you this mes-sage I bring: The night is far spent, the day dawns at length, Get read-y to wel-come the King!
2. Dark e - vil has long held its sway; Its end is com-ing and near, For Je-sus, God's Son, shall come to His throne, The Sav-iour to sin-ners so dear. Get read-y to wel-come the King, Get
3. All pow - er to Je - sus is giv'n, As - cend - ed to heav'n a- gain; He hum-bled Him-self to die on the cross, But soon He is com-ing to reign. to wel-come the King,
4. Then lift up your heads, O ye saints, Your great re-demp-tion be- hold; The night is far spent, the day is at hand, The day by the proph-ets fore-told!
CHORUS
read - y to wel-come the King; The night is far spent, the
day dawns at length, Get read - y to wel-come the King!

No. 39. O Hallelujah, Praise His Holy Name.

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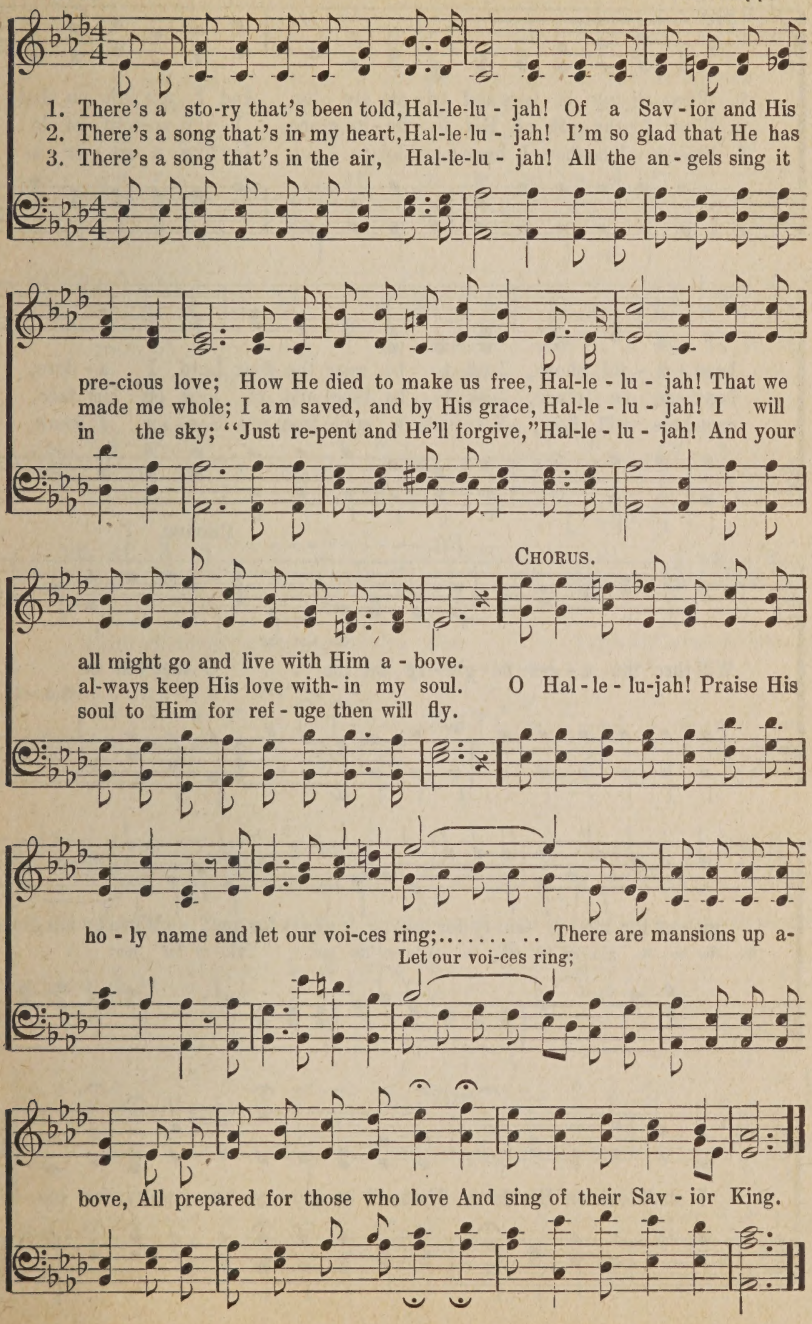
M. R. Max Rapp.

1. There's a sto-ry that's been told, Hal-le-lu - jah! Of a Sav - ior and His
2. There's a song that's in my heart, Hal-le-lu - jah! I'm so glad that He has
3. There's a song that's in the air, Hal-le-lu - jah! All the an - gels sing it
pre-cious love; How He died to make us free, Hal-le - lu - jah! That we
made me whole; I am saved, and by His grace, Hal-le - lu - jah! I will
in the sky; "Just re-pent and He'll forgive," Hal-le - lu - jah! And your
Chorus.
all might go and live with Him a - bove.
al-ways keep His love with-in my soul.
soul to Him for ref - uge then will fly.
O Hal - le - lu-jah! Praise His
ho - ly name and let our voi-ces ring;..... .. There are mansions up a-
Let our voi-ces ring;
bove, All prepared for those who love And sing of their Sav - ior King.

No. 40. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

Rit. CHORUS.

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

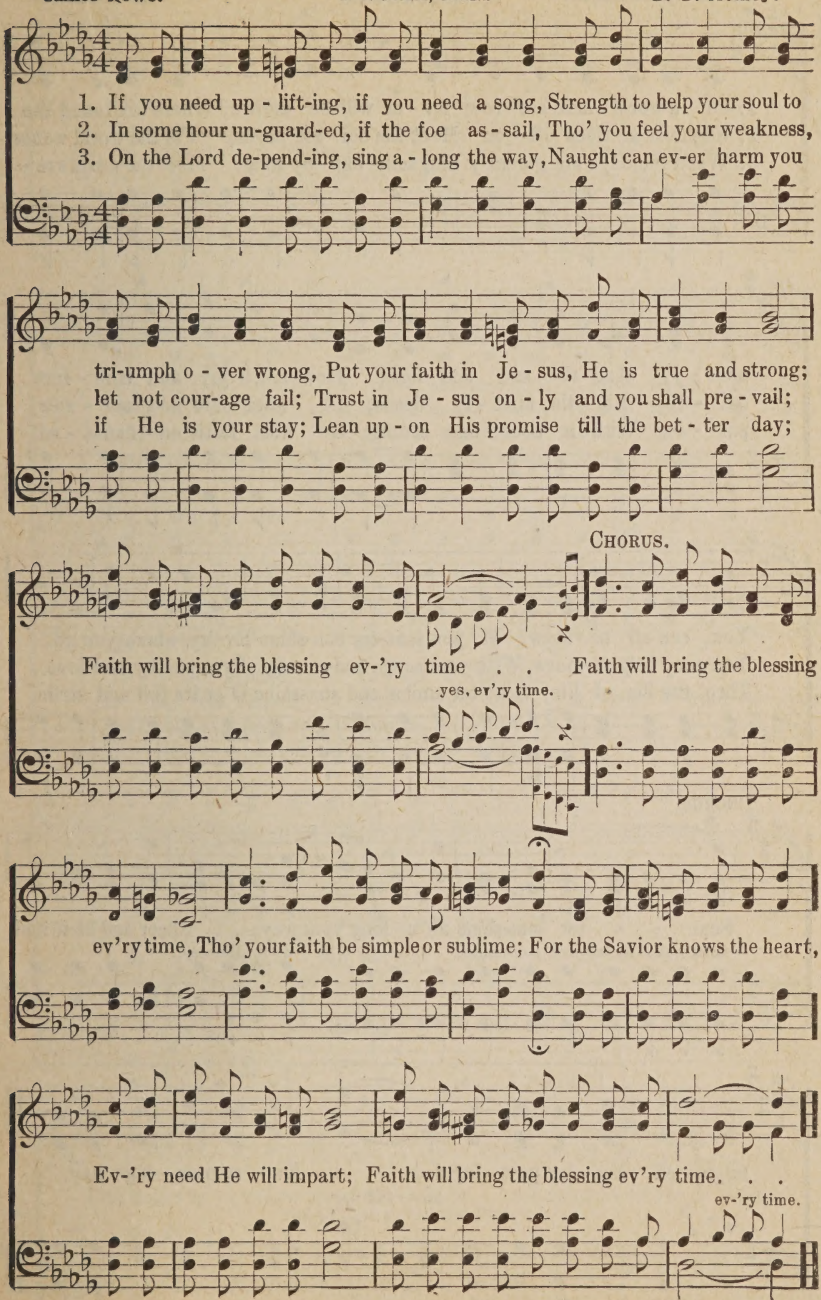
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 41. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

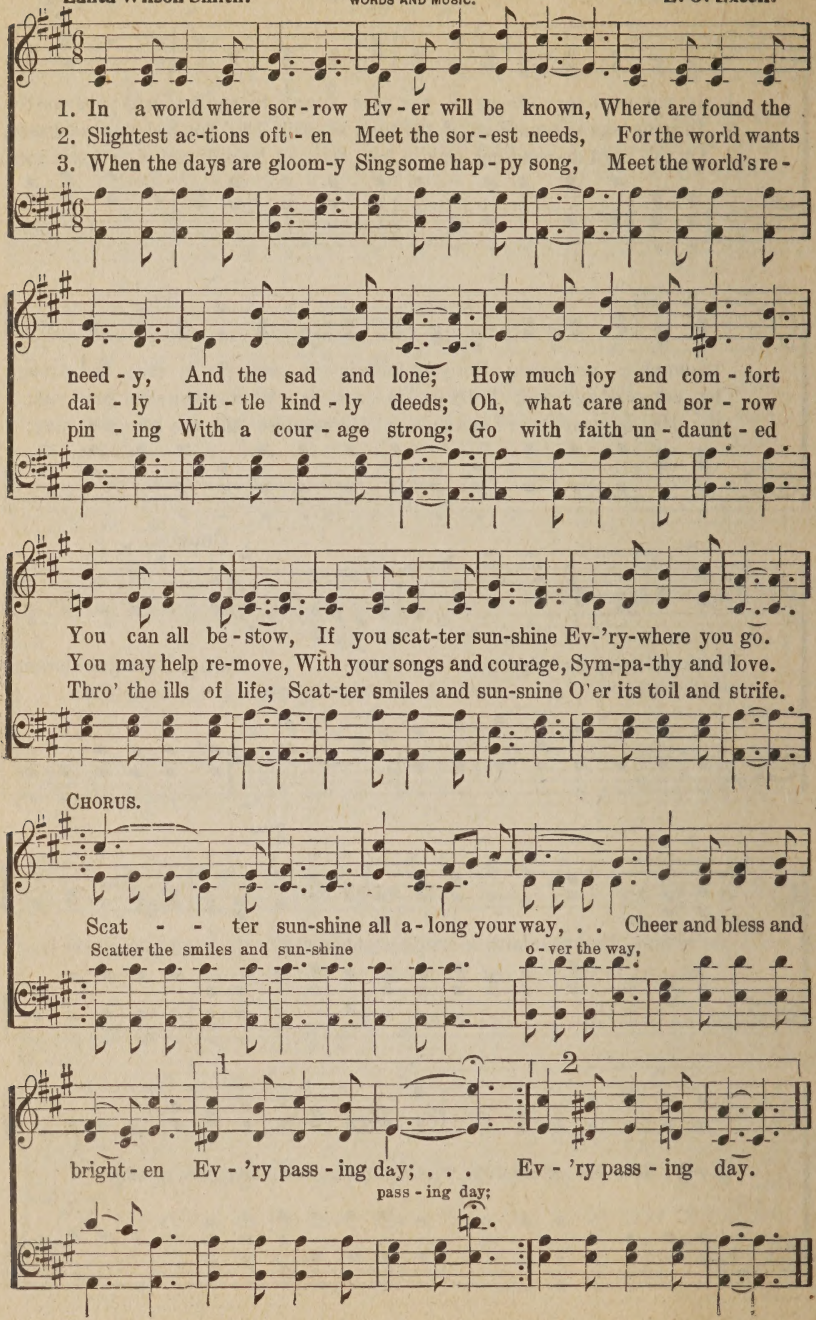
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. If you need up - lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour un-guard-ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you
tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;
CHORUS.
Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . Faith will bring the blessing
yes, ev'ry time.
ev'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,
Ev-'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time. . .
ev-'ry time.

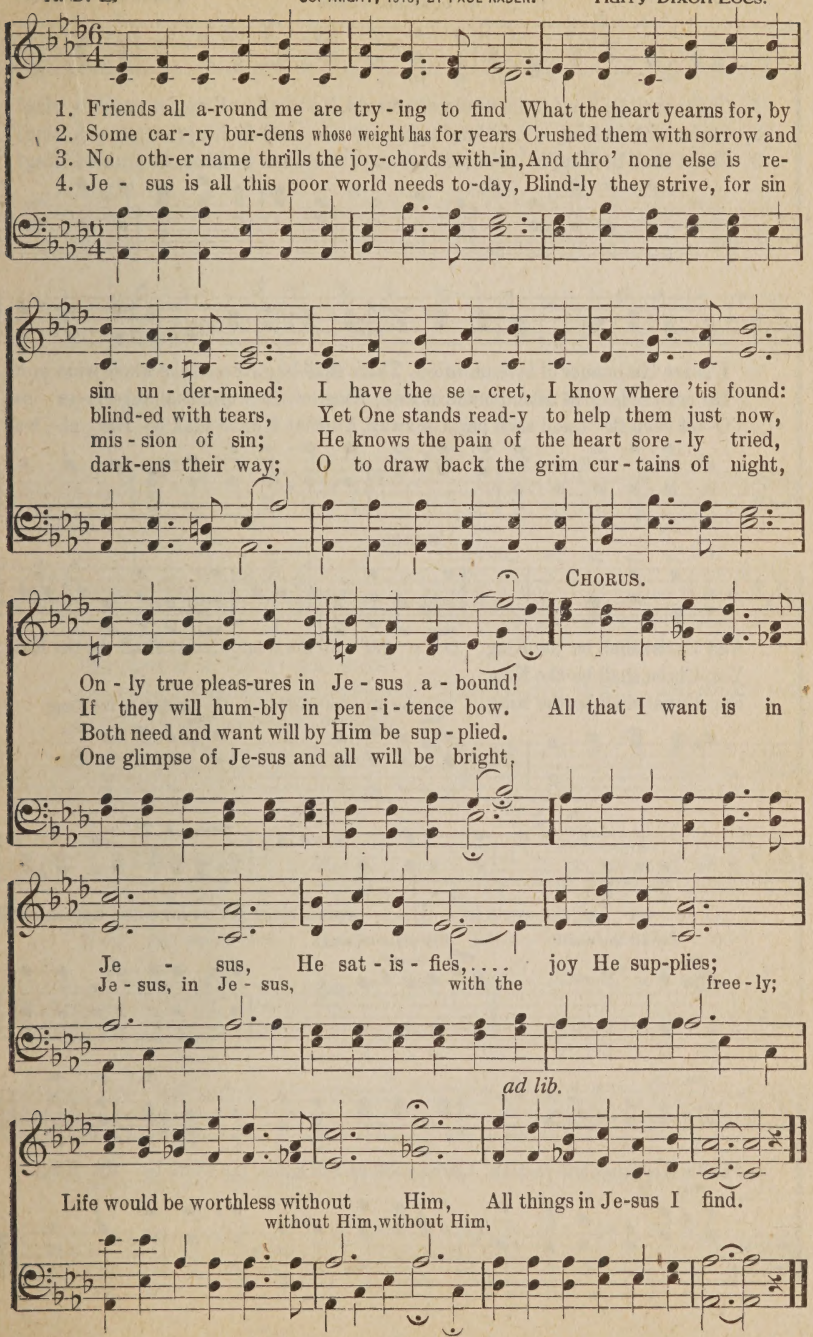
No. 42. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Lanta Wilson Smith. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re -
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-snine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o - ver the way,
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
pass - ing day;

No. 43. All Things in Jesus.

H. D. L. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY PAUL RADER. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Friends all a-round me are try-ing to find What the heart yearns for, by
2. Some car-ry bur-dens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sorrow and
3. No oth-er name thrills the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re-
4. Je-sus is all this poor world needs to-day, Blind-ly they strive, for sin
sin un-der-mined; I have the se-cret, I know where 'tis found:
blind-ed with tears, Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
mis-sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore-ly tried,
dark-ens their way; O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night,
CHORUS.
On-ly true pleas-ures in Je-sus a-bound!
If they will hum-bly in pen-i-tence bow. All that I want is in
Both need and want will by Him be sup-plied.
One glimpse of Je-sus and all will be bright.
Je-sus, He sat-is-fies, ... joy He sup-plies;
Je-sus, in Je-sus, with the free-ly;
ad lib.
Life would be worthless without Him, All things in Je-sus I find.
without Him, without Him,

No. 44. Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole.

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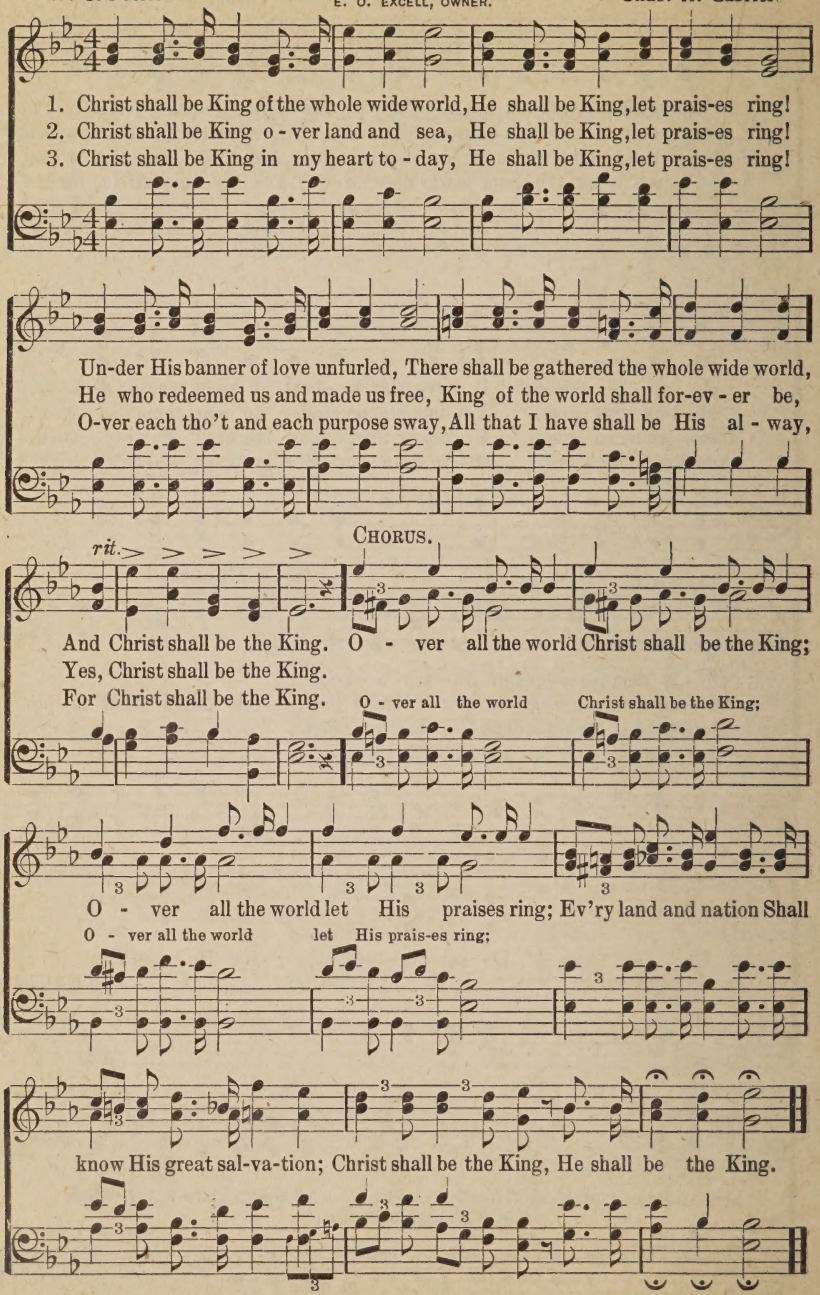
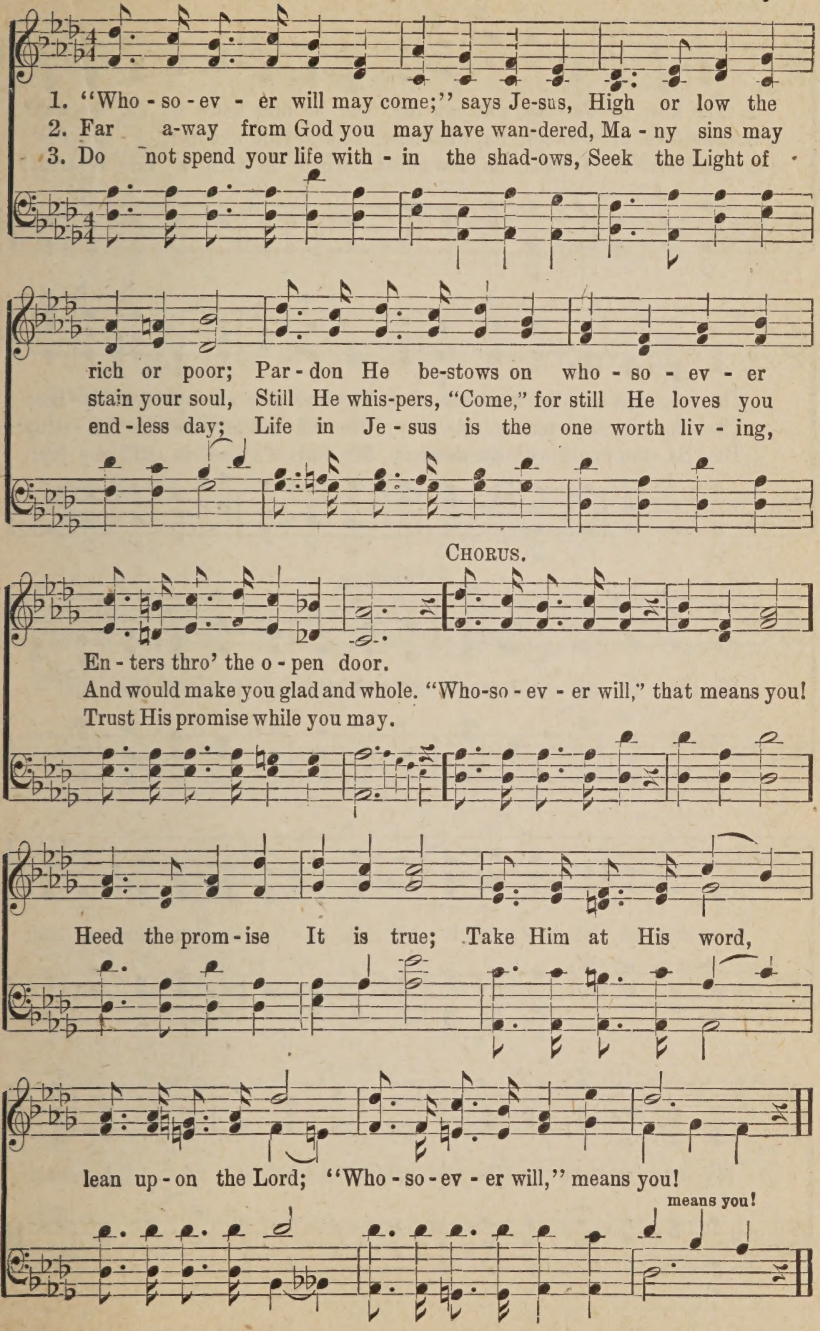
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,
CHORUS.
rit.
And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King.
O - ver all the world
Christ shall be the King;
O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world
let His prais-es ring;
know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 45. That Means You.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. B. D. Ackley.

1. "Who - so - ev - er will may come;" says Je-sus, High or low the
2. Far a-way from God you may have wan-dered, Ma - ny sins may
3. Do not spend your life with - in the shad-ows, Seek the Light of
rich or poor; Par - don He be-stows on who - so - ev - er
stain your soul, Still He whis-pers, "Come," for still He loves you
end - less day; Life in Je - sus is the one worth liv - ing,
CHORUS.
En - ters thro' the o - pen door.
And would make you glad and whole. "Who-so - ev - er will," that means you!
Trust His promise while you may.
Heed the prom - ise It is true; Take Him at His word,
lean up - on the Lord; "Who - so - ev - er will," means you!
means you!

No. 46. His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

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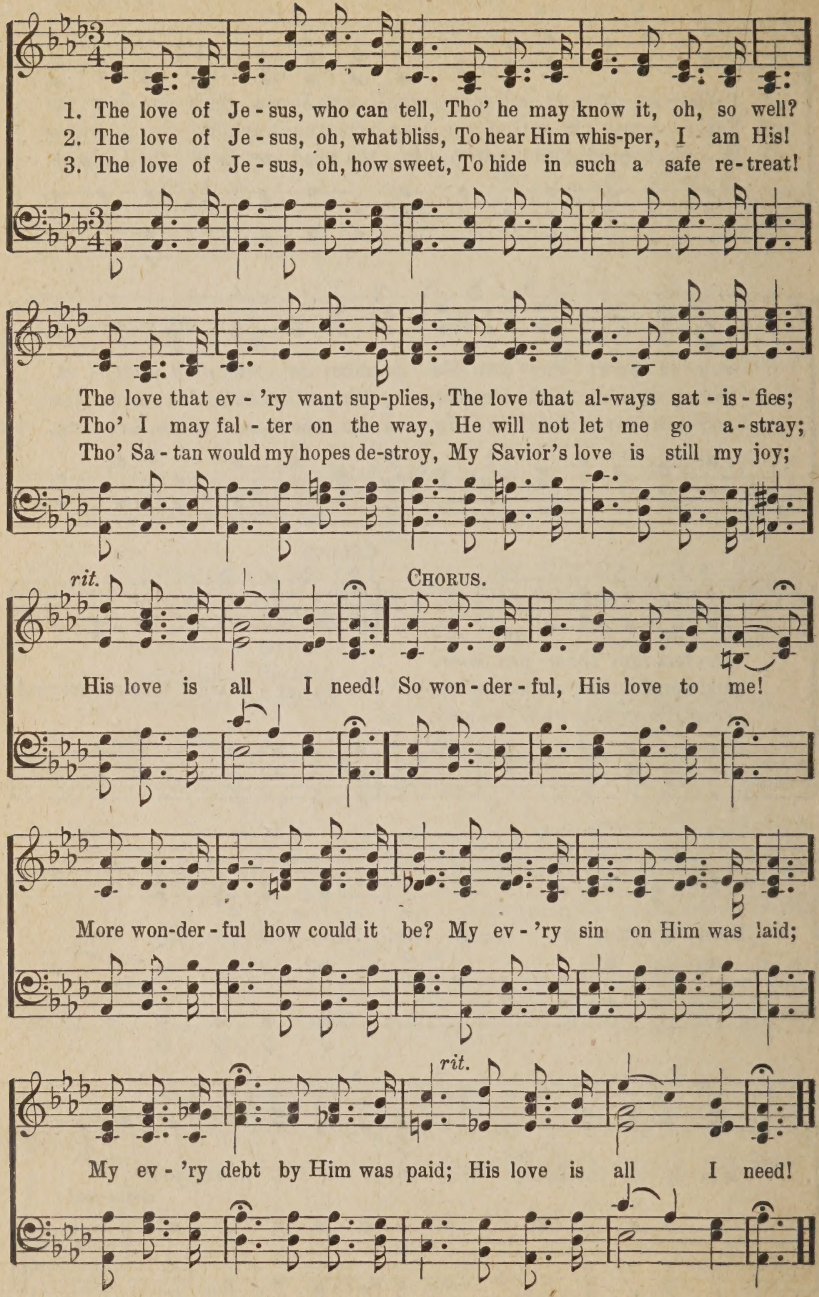
E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, To hear Him whis-per, I am His!
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, To hide in such a safe re-treat!
The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al-ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a-stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de-stroy, My Savior's love is still my joy;
rit.
CHORUS.
His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me!
More won-der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid;
rit.
My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 47. Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

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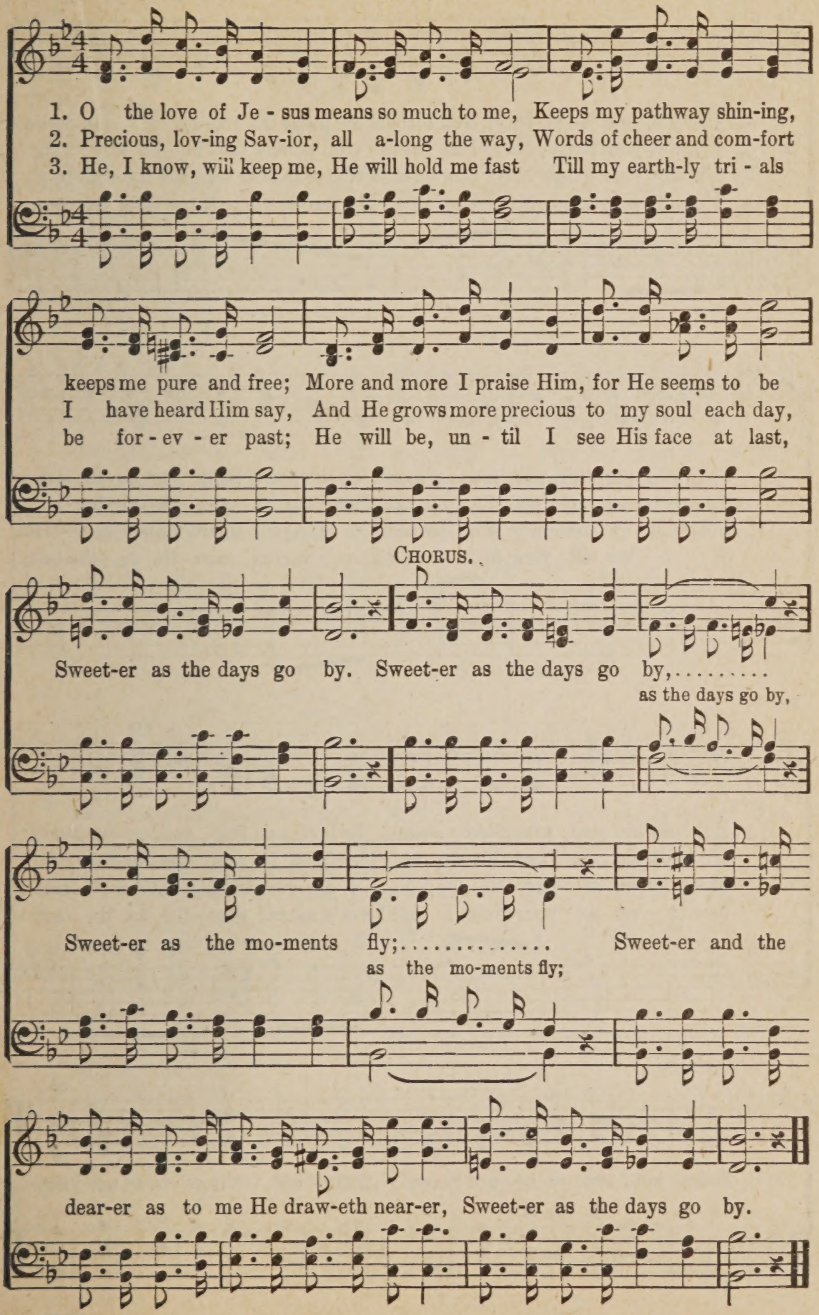
Hamp Sewell.


1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my pathway shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als
keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,
CHORUS.
Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by,.....
as the days go by,
Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly;..... Sweet-er and the
as the mo-ments fly;
dear-er as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

No. 48.

I'm Not Your Judge.

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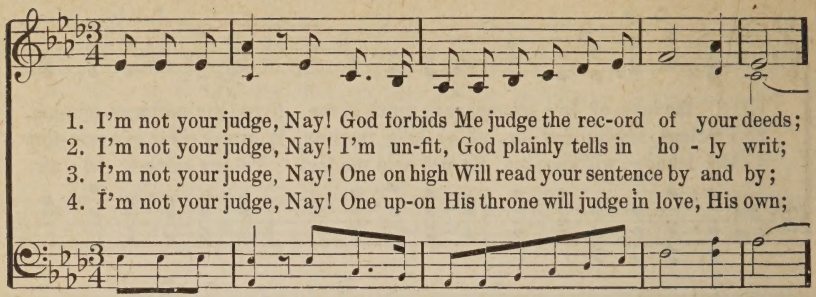
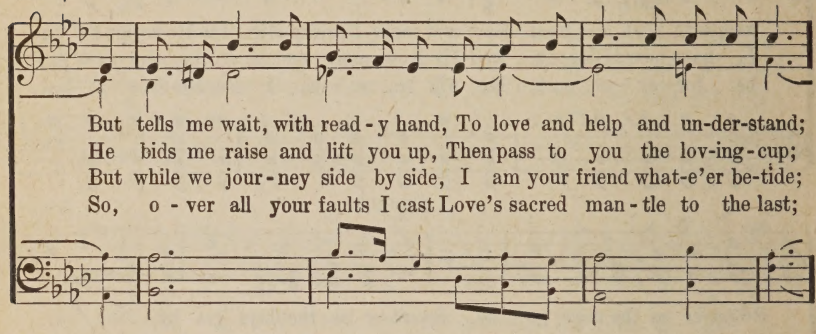
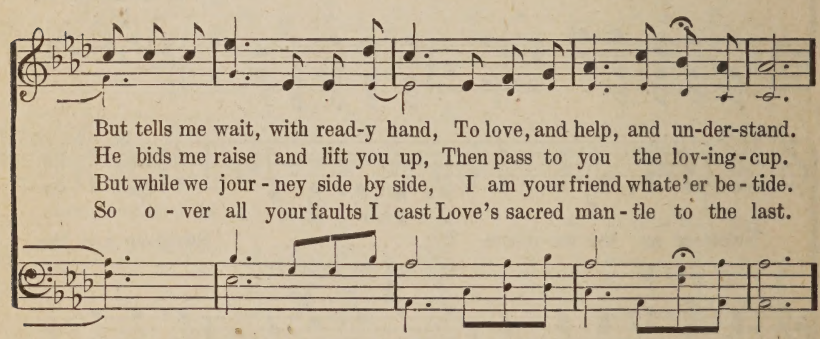
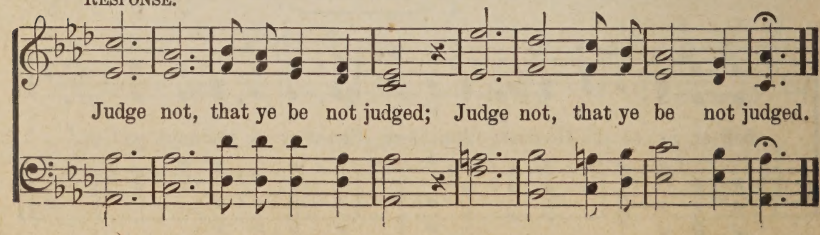
Sarah Spencer-Ruff. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God forbids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds;
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un-fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ;
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by;
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up-on His throne will judge in love, His own;


But tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un-der-stand;
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup;
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be-tide;
So, o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last;


But tells me wait, with read-y hand, To love, and help, and un-der-stand.
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup.
But while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend whate'er be - tide.
So o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.

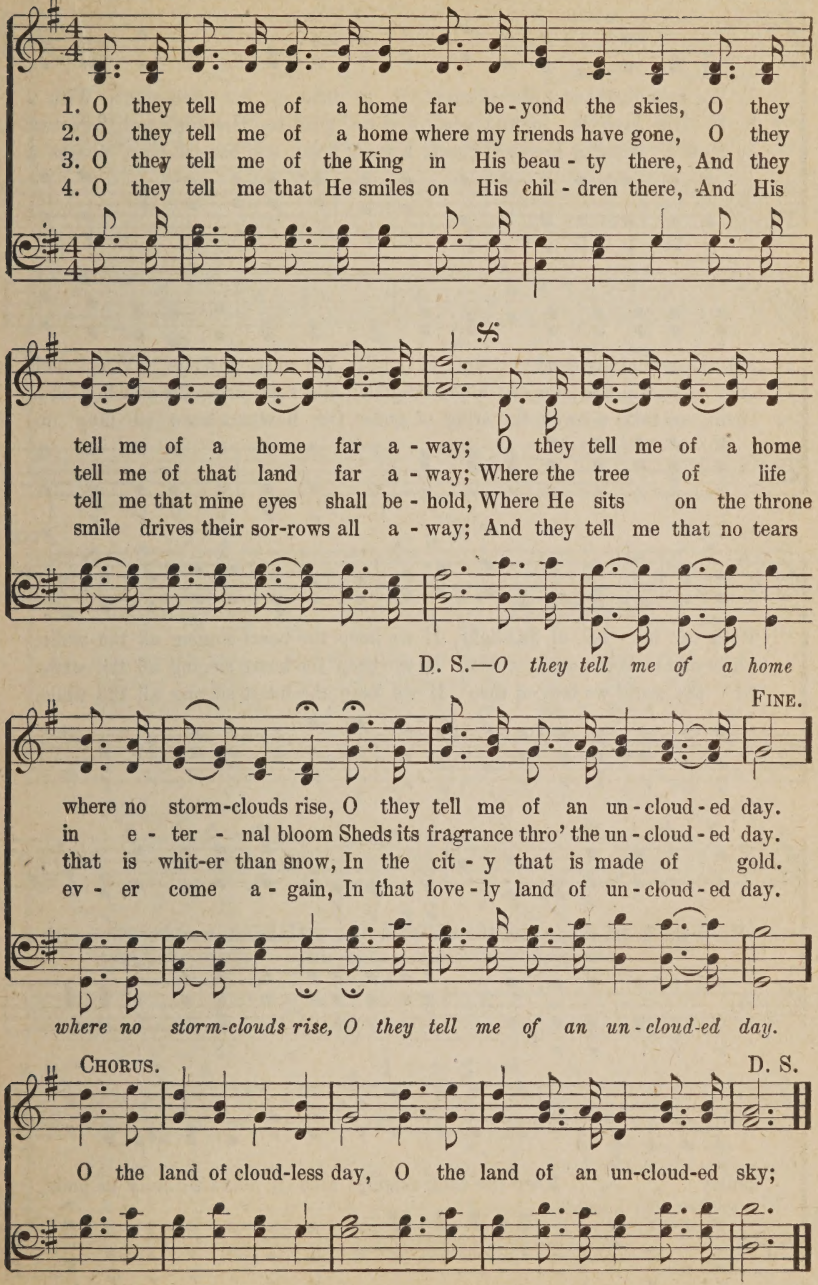
RESPONSE.



No. 49. The Unclouded Day.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood.

Arr. by E. O. E.


1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
FINE.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;

No. 50. Keep the Heart Singing.

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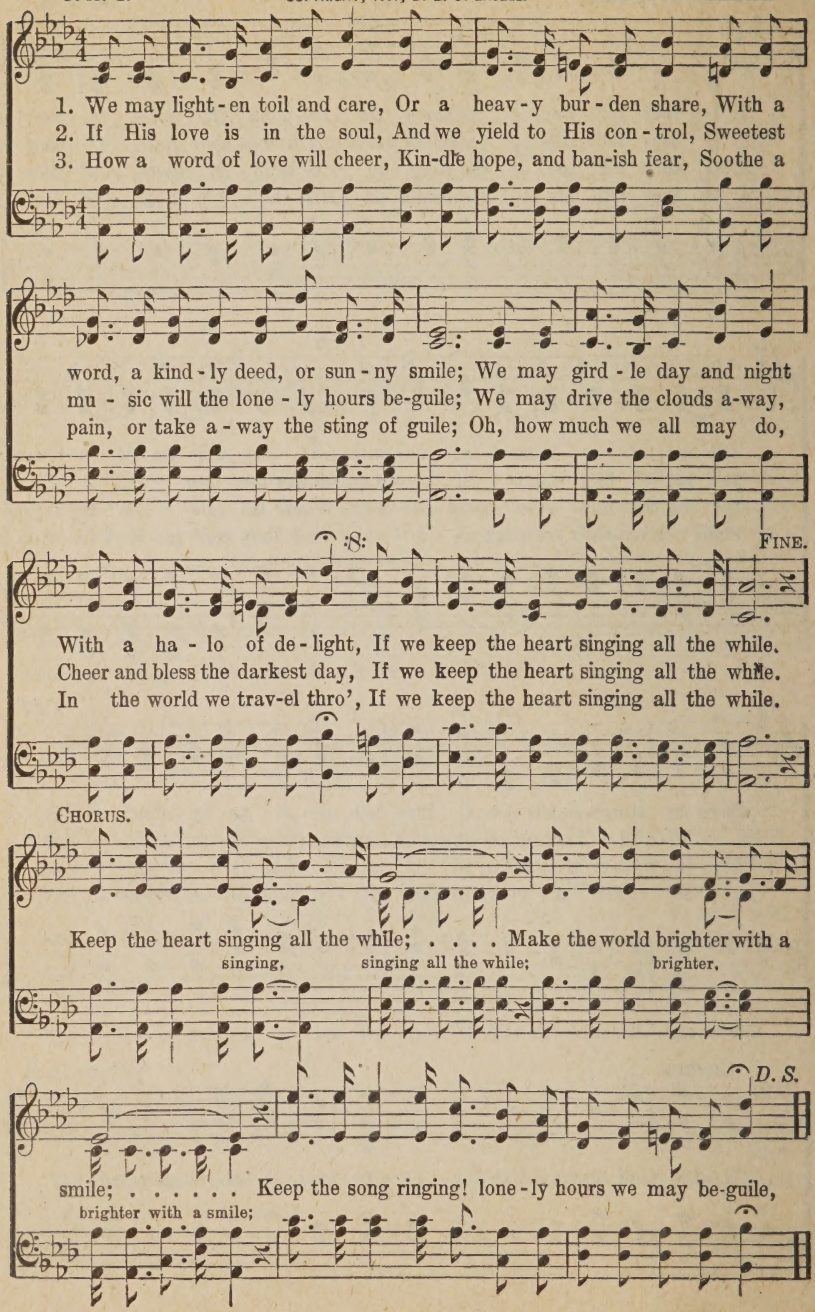
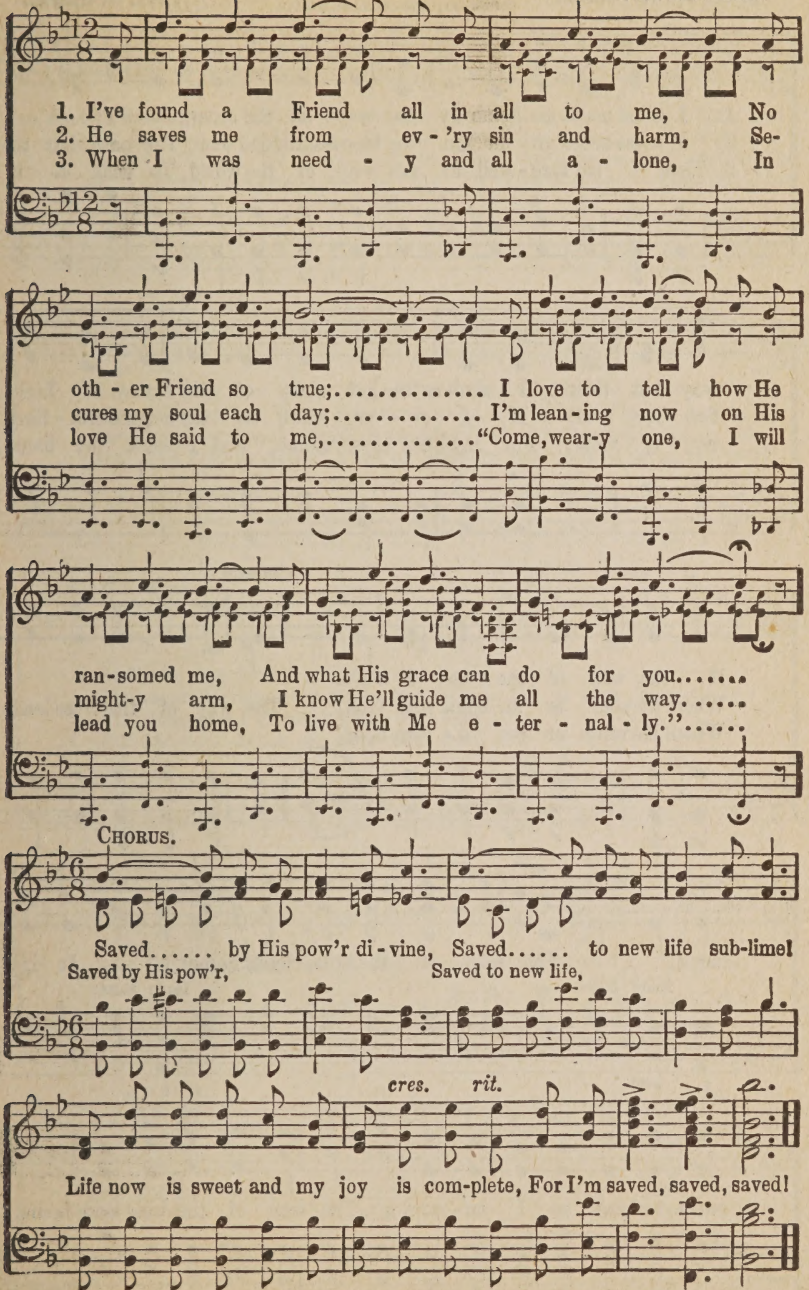
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a
singing,
singing all the while;
brighter,
D. S.
smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

No. 51. Saved, Saved.

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend all in all to me, No
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, Se-
3. When I was need - y and all a - lone, In
oth - er Friend so true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing now on His
love He said to me,....."Come, wear-y one, I will
ran-somed me, And what His grace can do for you.....
might-y arm, I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."".....
CHORUS.
Saved..... by His pow'r di - vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,
cres. rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

No. 52. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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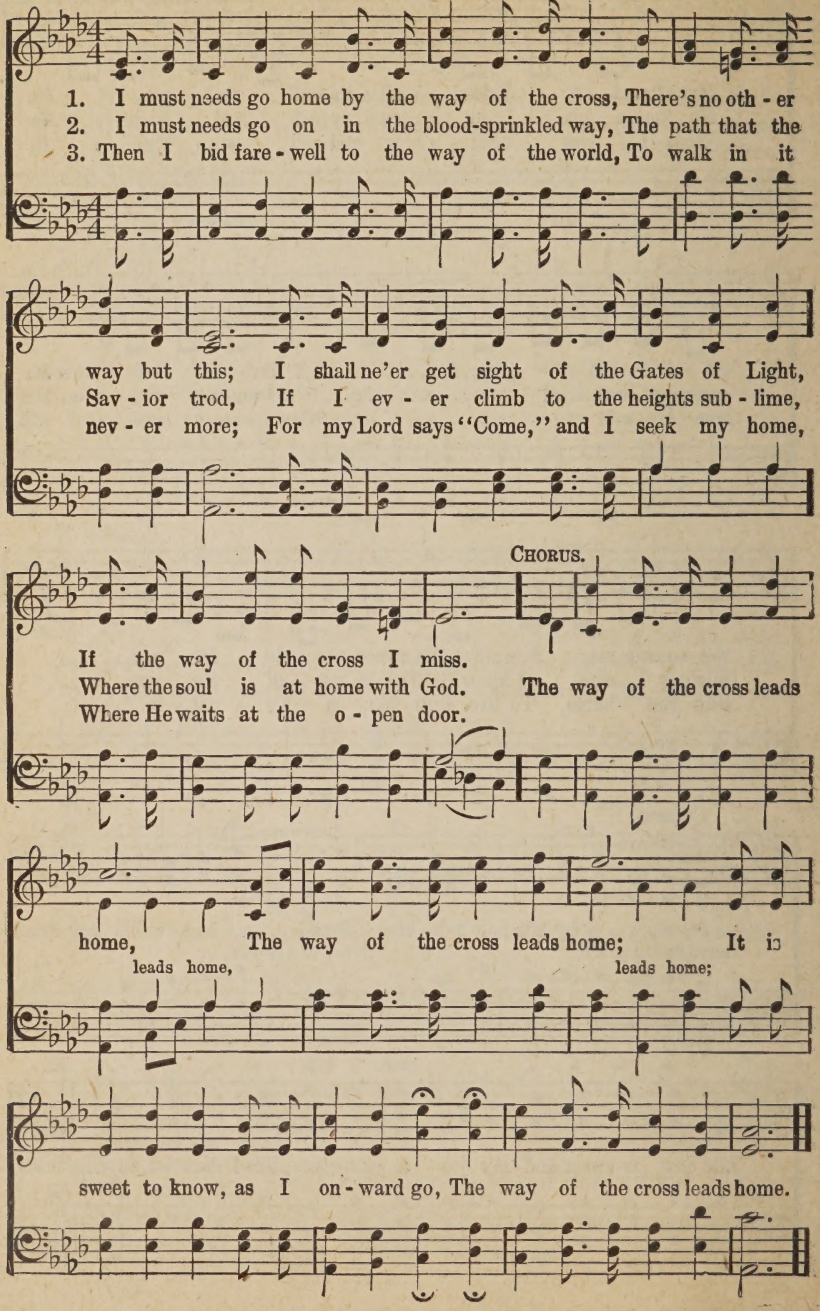
Jessie Brown Pounds. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home,
leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 53. The Sweetest Song I Know.

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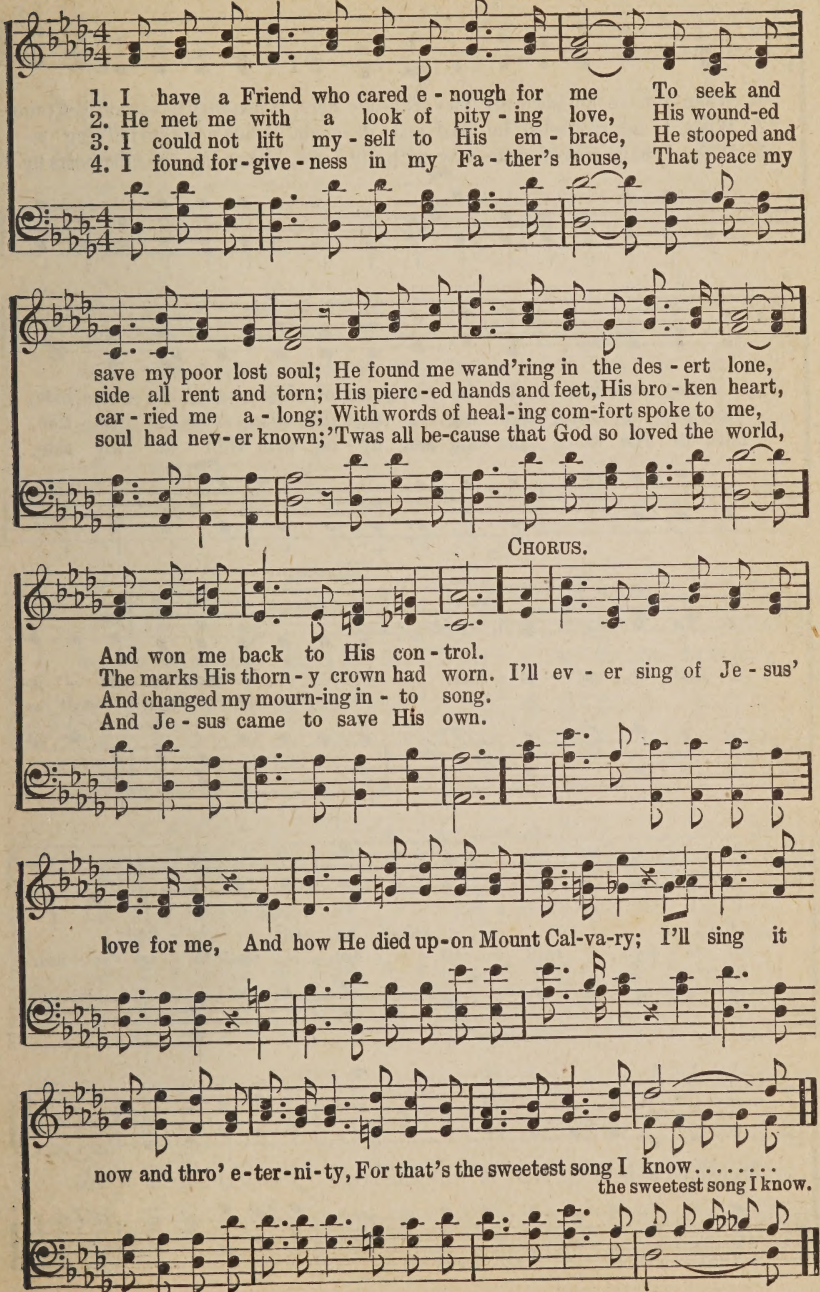
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. I have a Friend who cared e - nough for me To seek and
2. He met me with a look of pity - ing love, His wound-ed
3. I could not lift my - self to His em - brace, He stooped and
4. I found for - give - ness in my Fa - ther's house, That peace my
save my poor lost soul; He found me wand'ring in the des - ert lone,
side all rent and torn; His pierc - ed hands and feet, His bro - ken heart,
car - ried me a - long; With words of heal - ing com-fort spoke to me,
soul had nev - er known; 'Twas all be-cause that God so loved the world,
CHORUS.
And won me back to His con - trol.
The marks His thorn - y crown had worn. I'll ev - er sing of Je - sus'
And changed my mourn-ing in - to song.
And Je - sus came to save His own.
love for me, And how He died up - on Mount Cal-va-ry; I'll sing it
now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, For that's the sweetest song I know.....
the sweetest song I know.

No. 54.

Satisfied.

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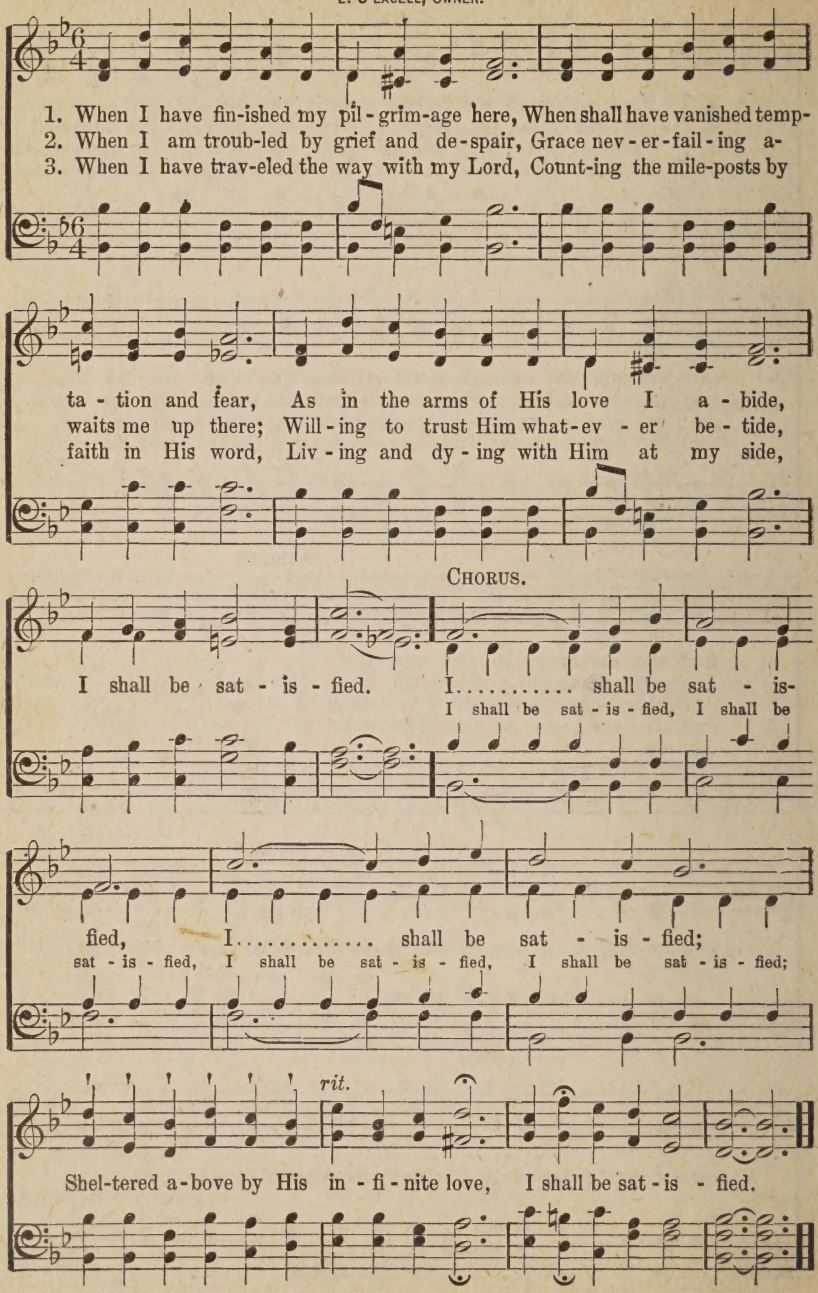
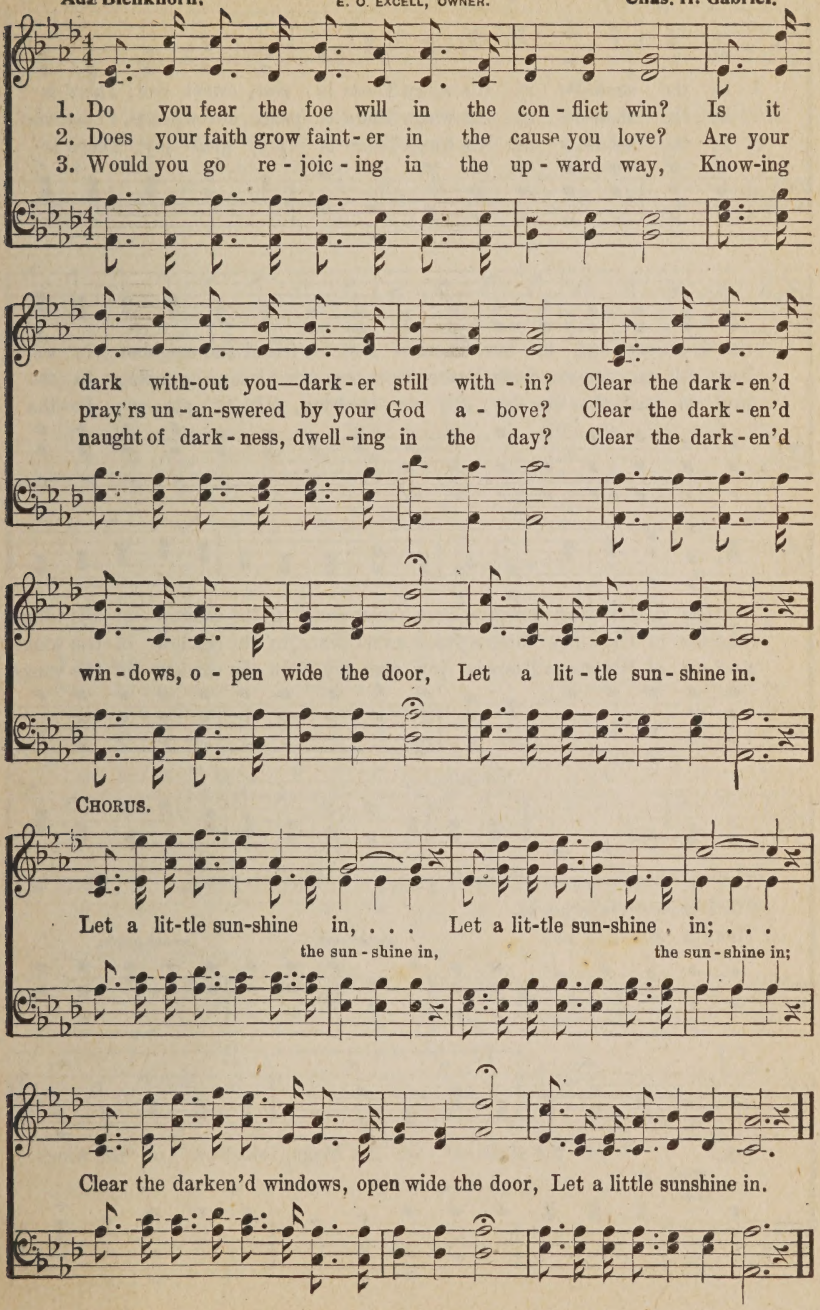
E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

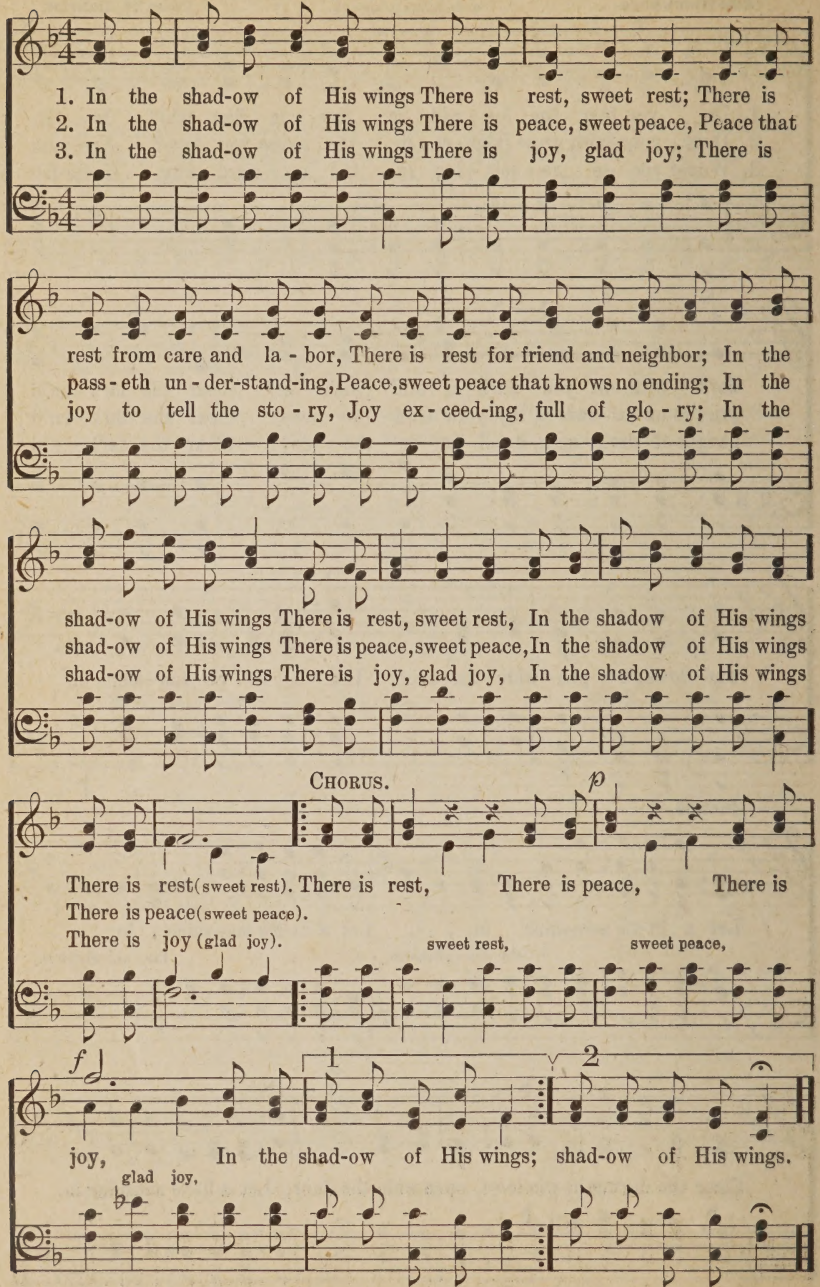
A. H. Ackley. — B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er-fail-ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by
ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,
CHORUS.
I shall be sat-is-fied. I..... shall be sat-is-
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied;
sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied;
rit.
Shel-tered a-bove by His in-fi-nite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

No. 55. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

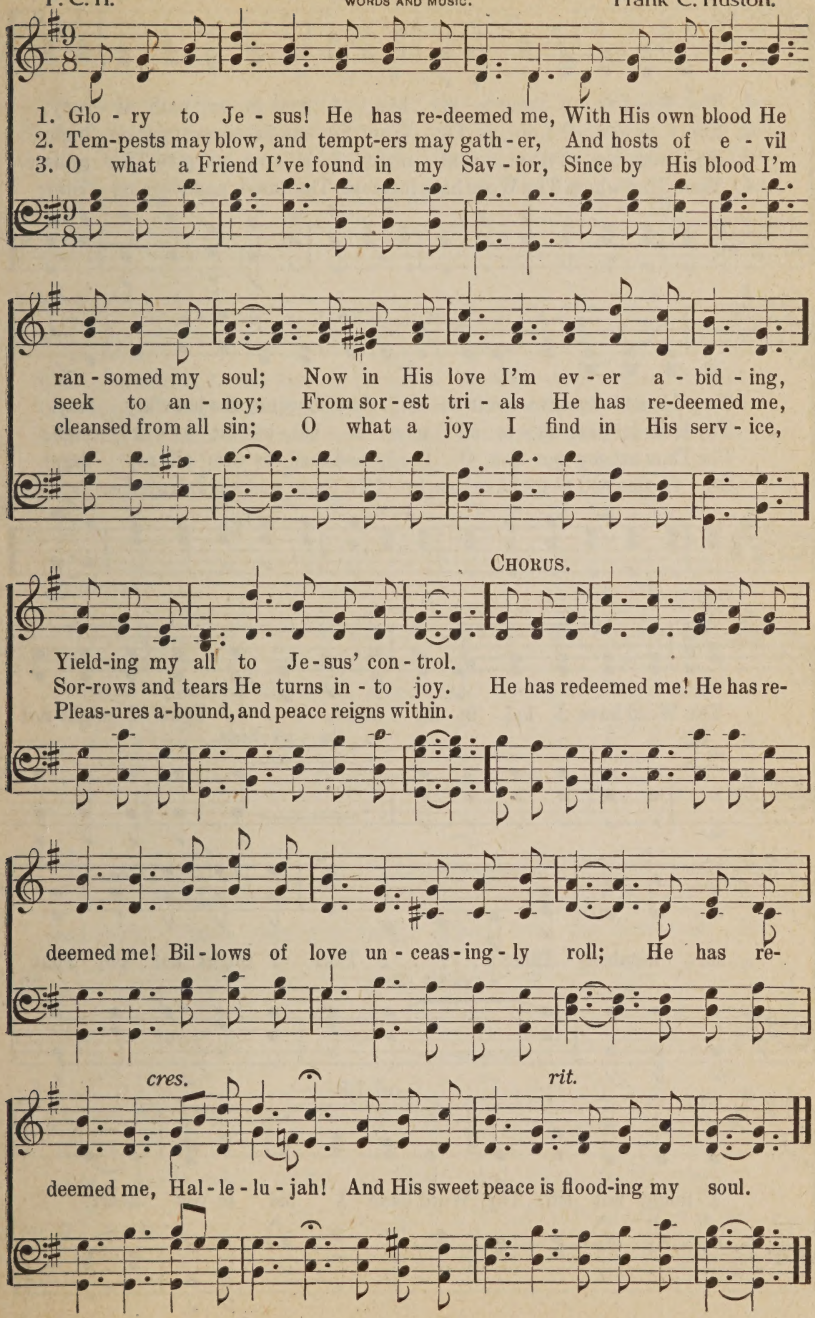
Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing
dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd
win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
CHORUS.
Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
the sun - shine in, the sun - shine in;
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 56. In the Shadow of His Wings.

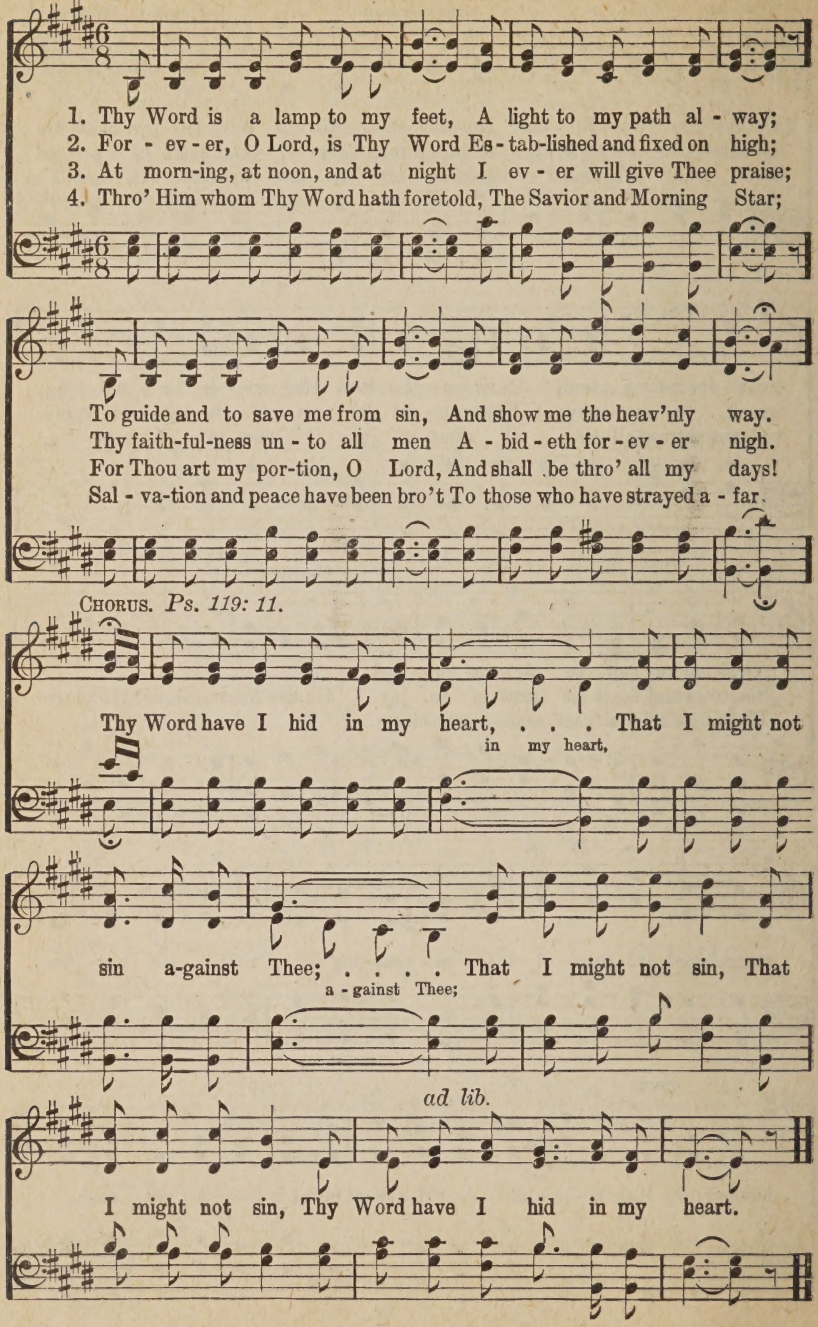
Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is
rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor; In the
pass - eth un - der-stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending; In the
joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed-ing, full of glo - ry; In the
shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings
shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings
shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings
CHORUS.
p
There is rest (sweet rest). There is rest, There is peace, There is
There is peace (sweet peace).
There is joy (glad joy).
sweet rest,
sweet peace,
f
1
2
joy, In the shad-ow of His wings; shad-ow of His wings.
glad joy,

No. 57. He Has Redeemed Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.

F. C. H. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank C. Huston.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus! He has re-deemed me, With His own blood He
2. Tem-pests may blow, and tempt-ers may gath - er, And hosts of e - vil
3. O what a Friend I've found in my Sav - ior, Since by His blood I'm
ran - somed my soul; Now in His love I'm ev - er a - bid - ing,
seek to an - noy; From sor - est tri - als He has re-deemed me,
cleansed from all sin; O what a joy I find in His serv - ice,
CHORUS.
Yield-ing my all to Je-sus' con - trol.
Sor-rows and tears He turns in - to joy. He has redeemed me! He has re-
Pleas-ures a-bound, and peace reigns within.
deemed me! Bil - lows of love un - ceas - ing - ly roll; He has re-
cres.
rit.
deemed me, Hal - le - lu - jah! And His sweet peace is flood-ing my soul.

No. 58. Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart.

Adapted by E. O. S. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. E. O. Sellers.

1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es - tab-lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Savior and Morning Star;
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'nly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va-tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.
CHORUS. Ps. 119: 11.
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, . . . That I might not
in my heart,
sin a-gainst Thee; . . . . That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee;
ad lib.
I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

No. 59. Shine in His Name.

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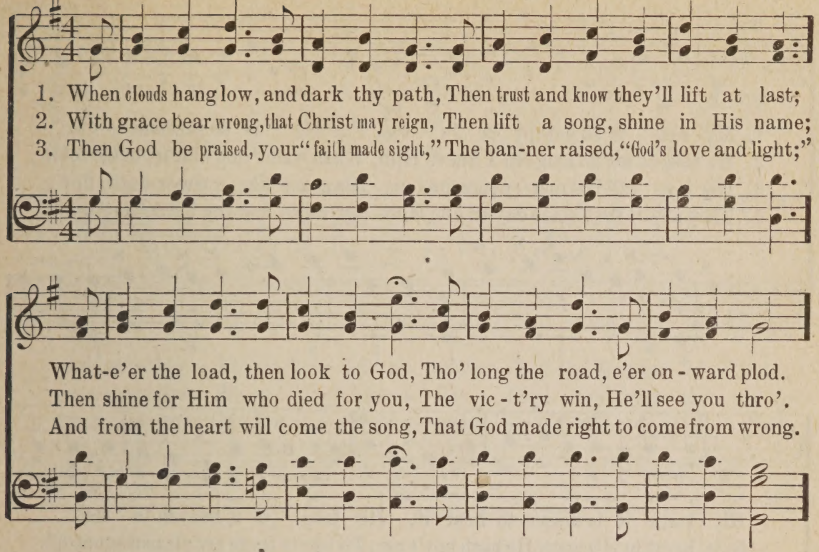
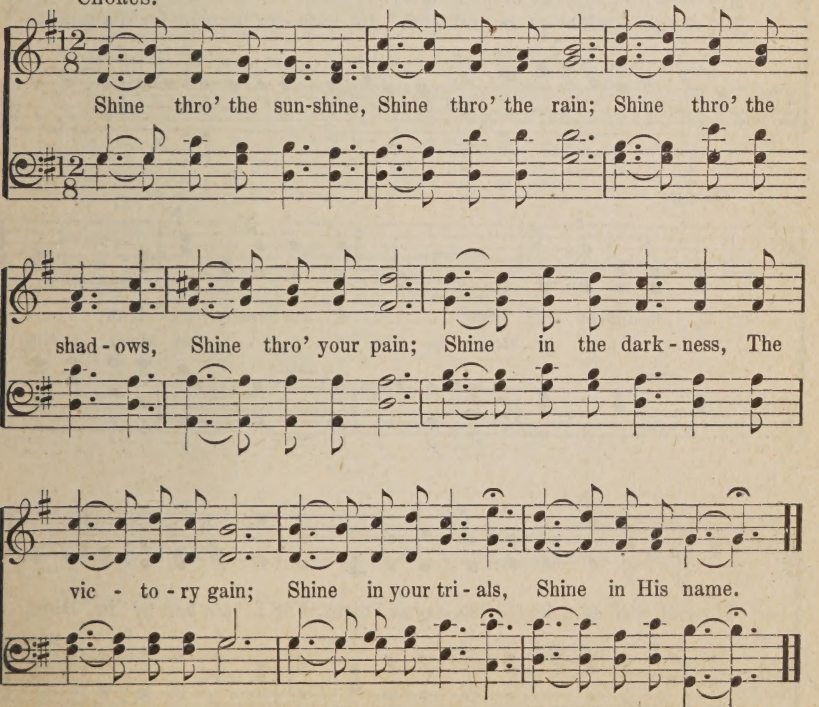
Helen E. Duff. Talmage J. Bittikofer.


1. When clouds hang low, and dark thy path, Then trust and know they'll lift at last;
2. With grace bear wrong, that Christ may reign, Then lift a song, shine in His name;
3. Then God be praised, your "faith made sight," The ban-ner raised, "God's love and light;"
What-e'er the load, then look to God, Tho' long the road, e'er on - ward plod.
Then shine for Him who died for you, The vic - t'ry win, He'll see you thro'.
And from the heart will come the song, That God made right to come from wrong.

CHORUS.


Shine thro' the sun-shine, Shine thro' the rain; Shine thro' the
shad - ows, Shine thro' your pain; Shine in the dark - ness, The
vic - to - ry gain; Shine in your tri - als, Shine in His name.

No. 60. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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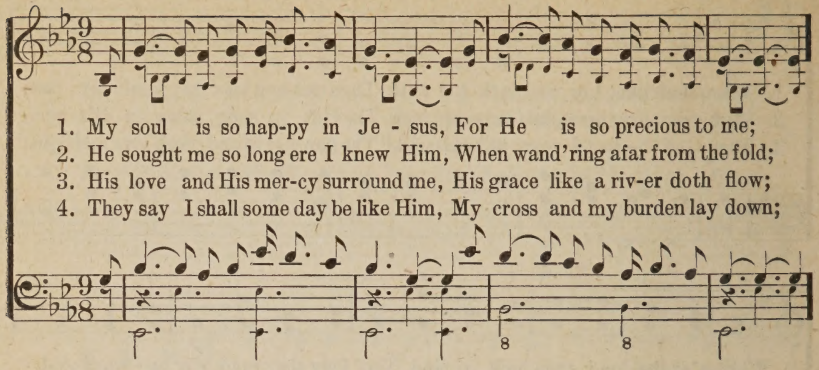
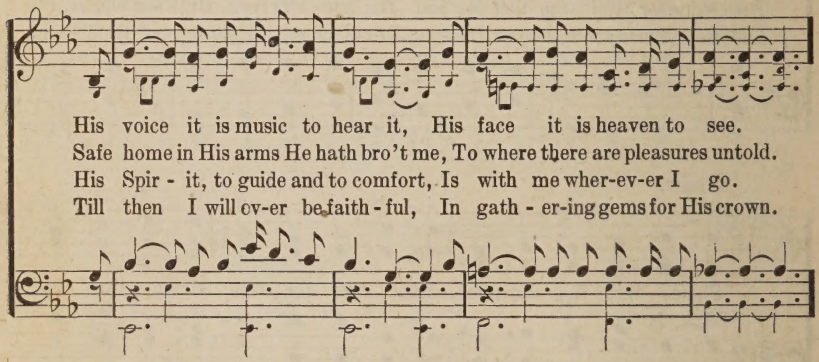
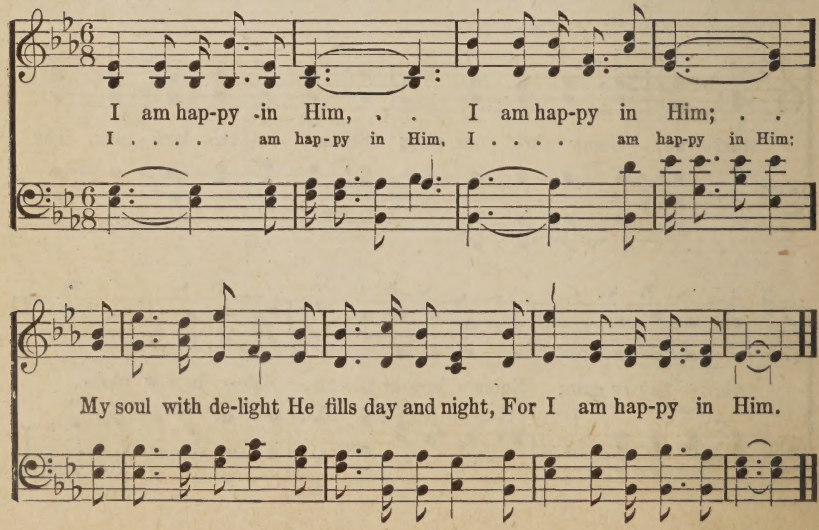
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

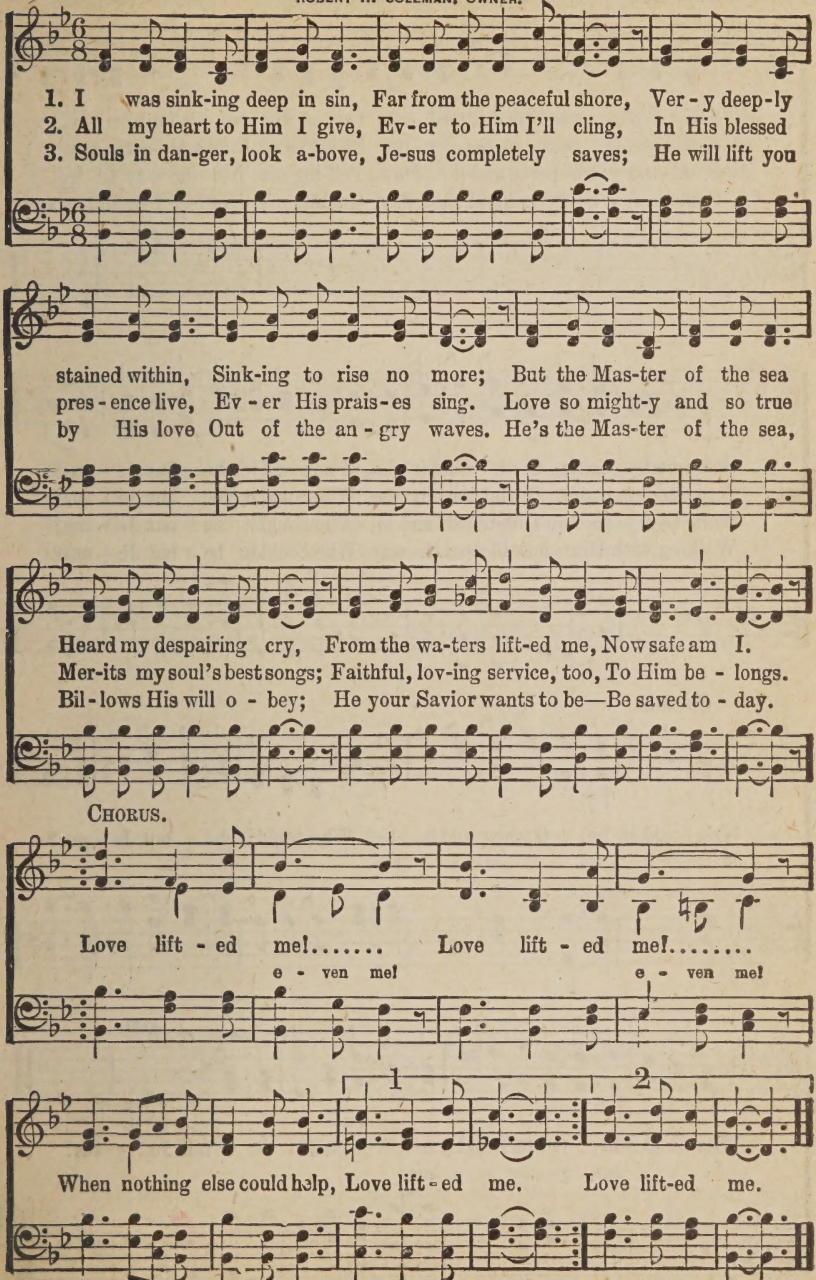

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;


His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.


I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;
My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 61. Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you
stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS.
Love lift-ed me!..... Love lift-ed me!.....
e-ven me! e-ven me!
1
2
When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

No. 62. Who Could It Be?

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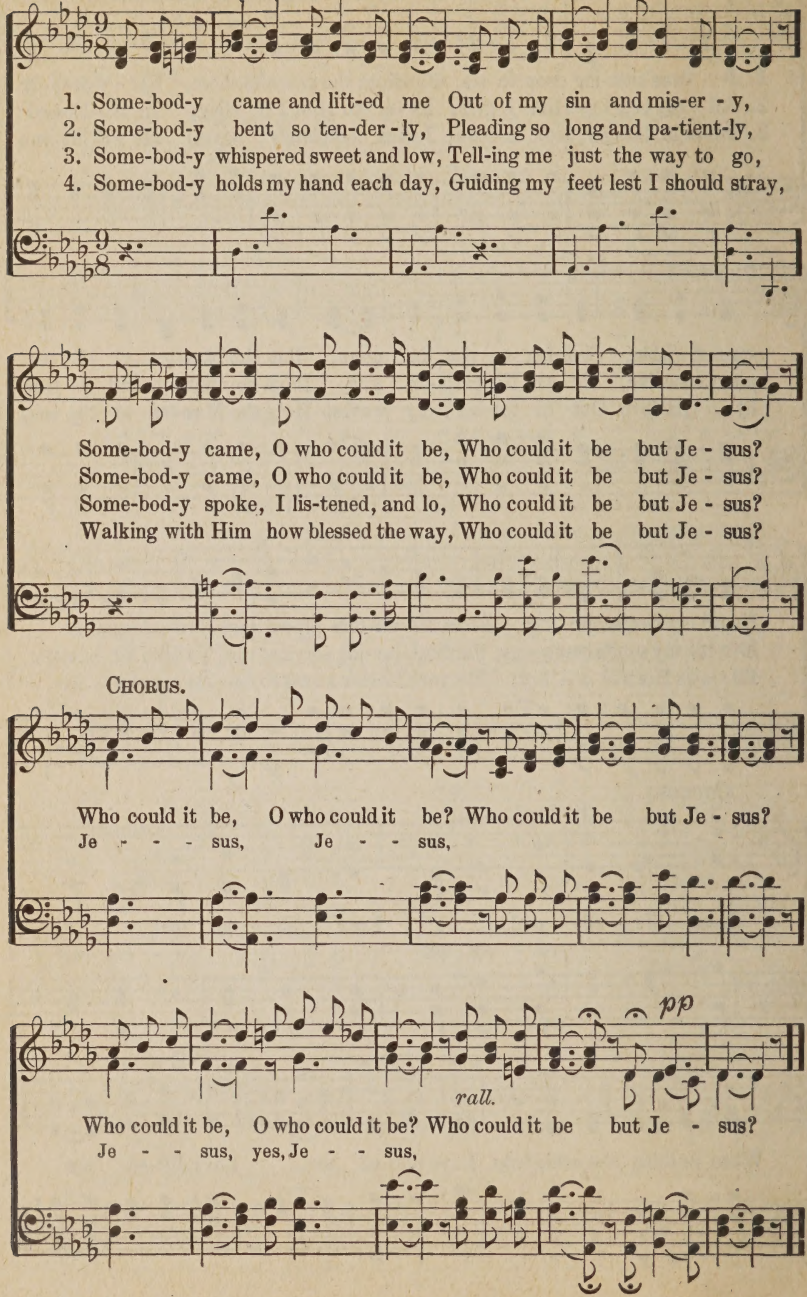
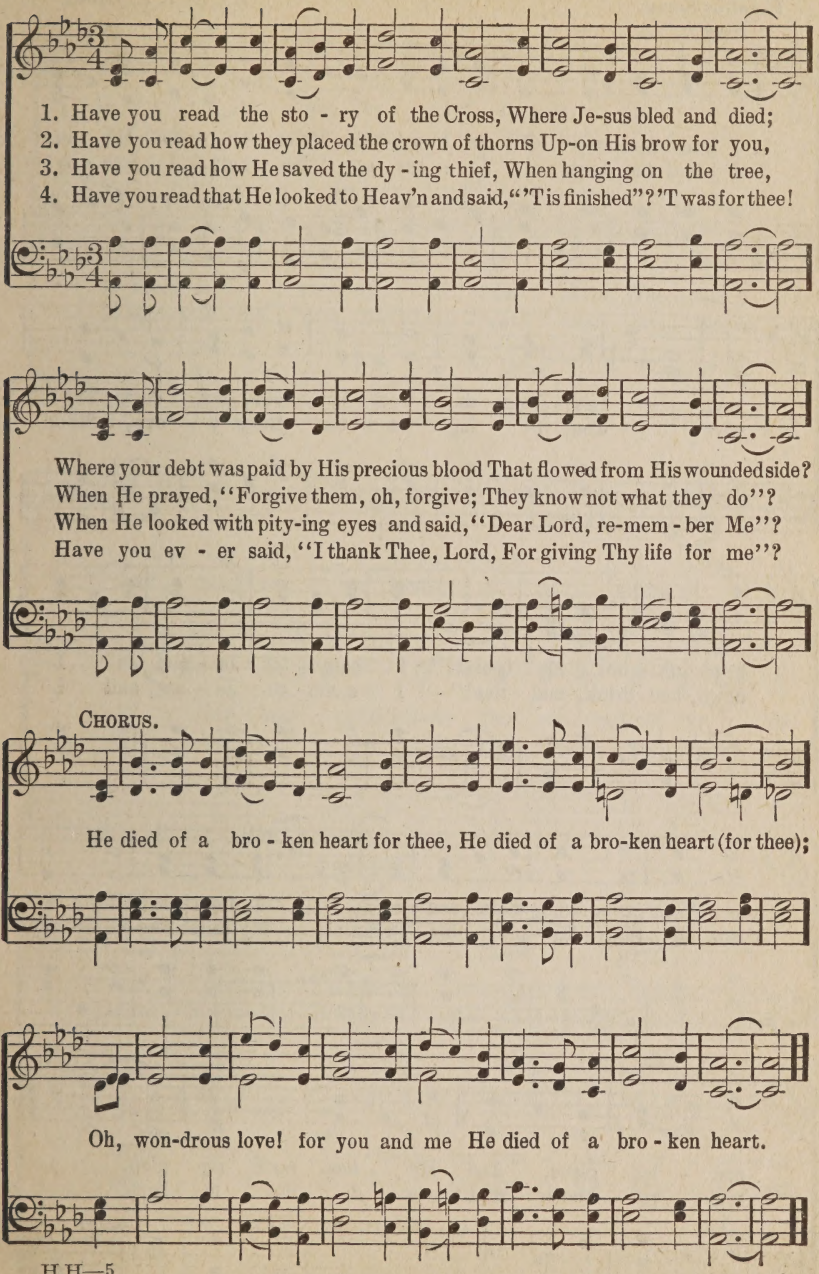
Fred P. Morris. Robert Harkness.


1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er - y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der - ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Walking with Him how blessed the way, Who could it be but Je - sus?
CHORUS.
Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus?
Je - - - sus, Je - - sus,
pp
rall.
Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus?
Je - - sus, yes, Je - - sus,

No. 63. The Broken Heart.

T. D. (As sung by Wm. McEwan.) T. Dennis.

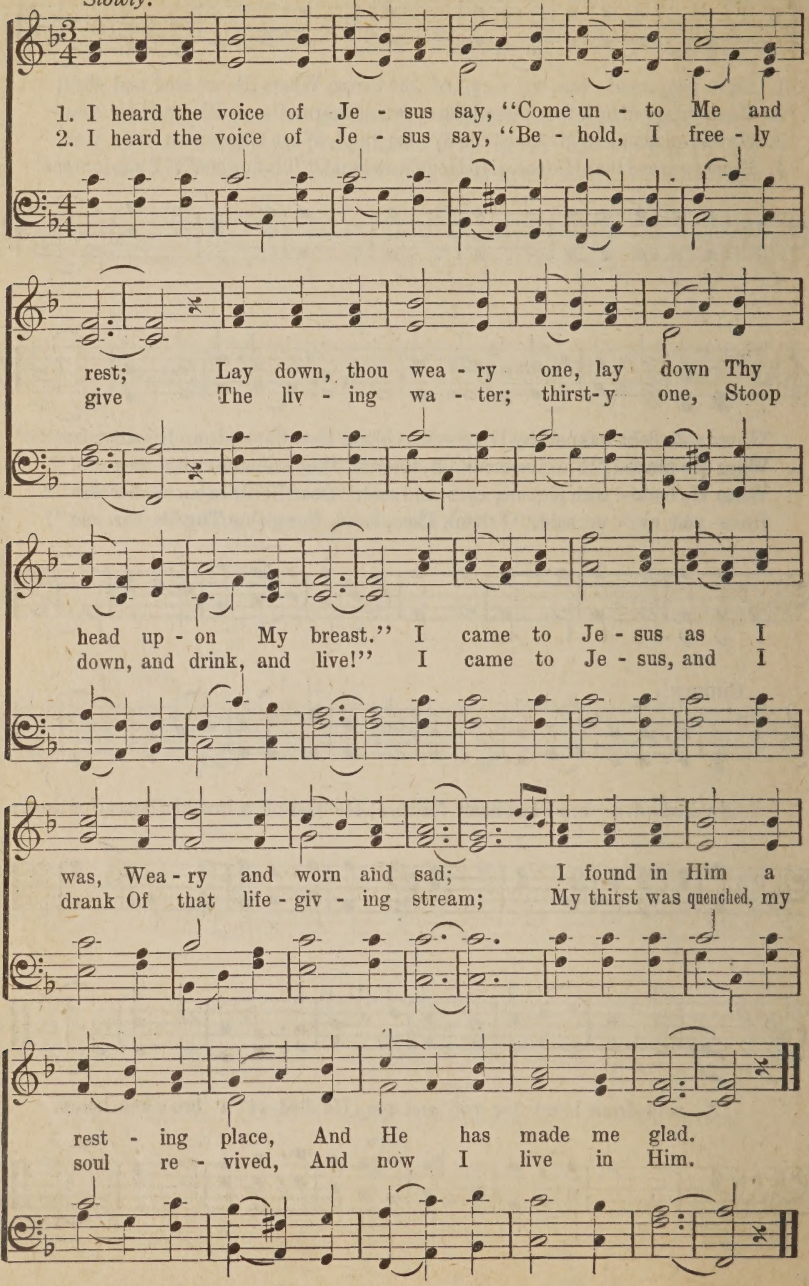

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je-sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up-on His brow for you,
3. Have you read how He saved the dy - ing thief, When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you read that He looked to Heav'n and said, "'Tis finished"? 'T was for thee!
Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flowed from His wounded side?
When He prayed, "Forgive them, oh, forgive; They know not what they do"?
When He looked with pity-ing eyes and said, "Dear Lord, re-mem - ber Me"?
Have you ev - er said, "I thank Thee, Lord, For giving Thy life for me"?
CHORUS.
He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro-ken heart (for thee);
Oh, won-drous love! for you and me He died of a bro - ken heart.

No. 64. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

As sung by Gipsy Smith.

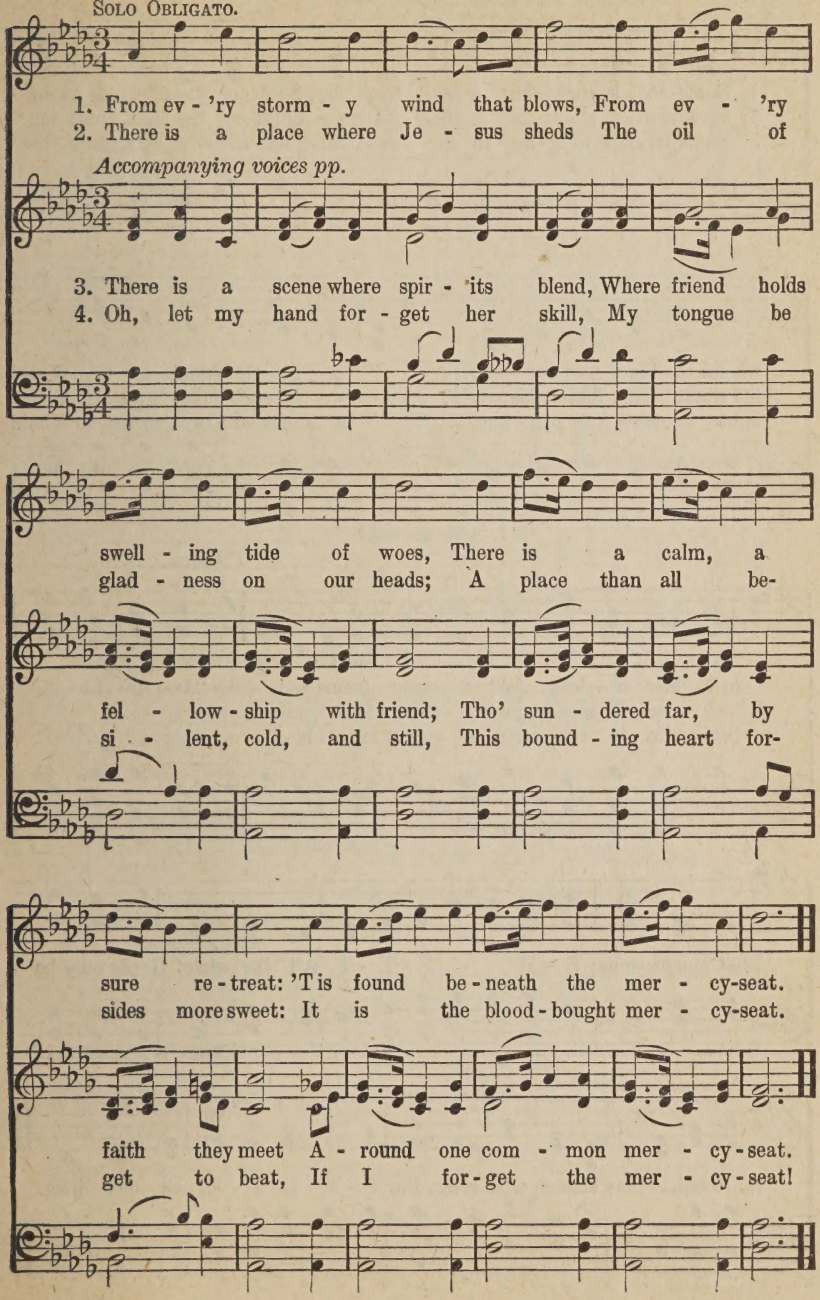
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY WM. MCEWAN & E. E. YOUNG.

Horatius Bonar. Arr. by E. E. Young.

Slowly.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly
rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy
give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop
head up - on My breast." I came to Je - sus as I
down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I
was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a
drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my
rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

No. 65. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell. S. Wilder.


Solo Obligato.
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of
Accompanying voices pp.
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-
fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-
sure re - treat: 'T is found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat!

No. 66.

S-M-I-L-E.

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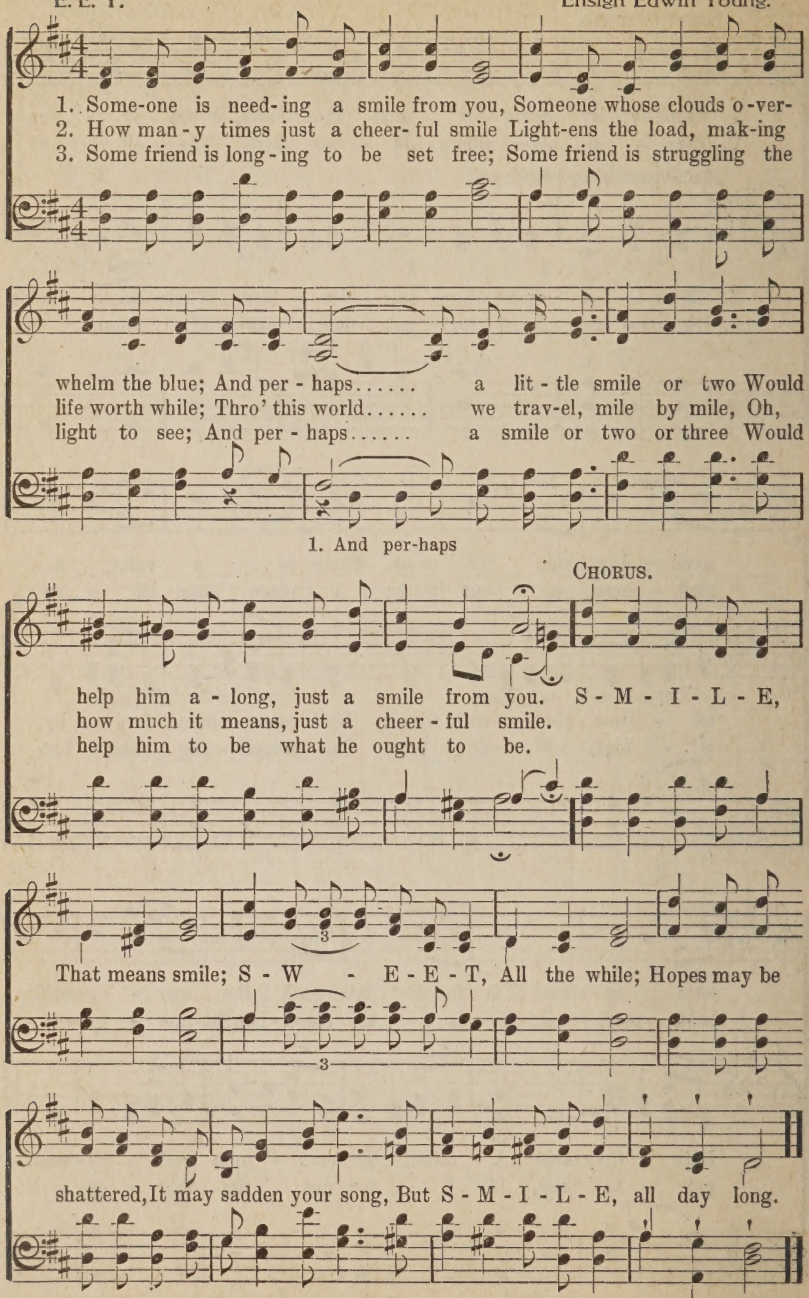
E. E. Y.

Ensign Edwin Young.


1. Some-one is need-ing a smile from you, Someone whose clouds o-ver-
2. How man-y times just a cheer-ful smile Light-ens the load, mak-ing
3. Some friend is long-ing to be set free; Some friend is struggling the
whelm the blue; And per-haps..... a lit-tle smile or two Would
life worth while; Thro' this world..... we trav-el, mile by mile, Oh,
light to see; And per-haps..... a smile or two or three Would
1. And per-haps
CHORUS.
help him a-long, just a smile from you. S-M-I-L-E,
how much it means, just a cheer-ful smile.
help him to be what he ought to be.
That means smile; S-W-E-E-T, All the while; Hopes may be
shattered, It may sadden your song, But S-M-I-L-E, all day long.

No. 67. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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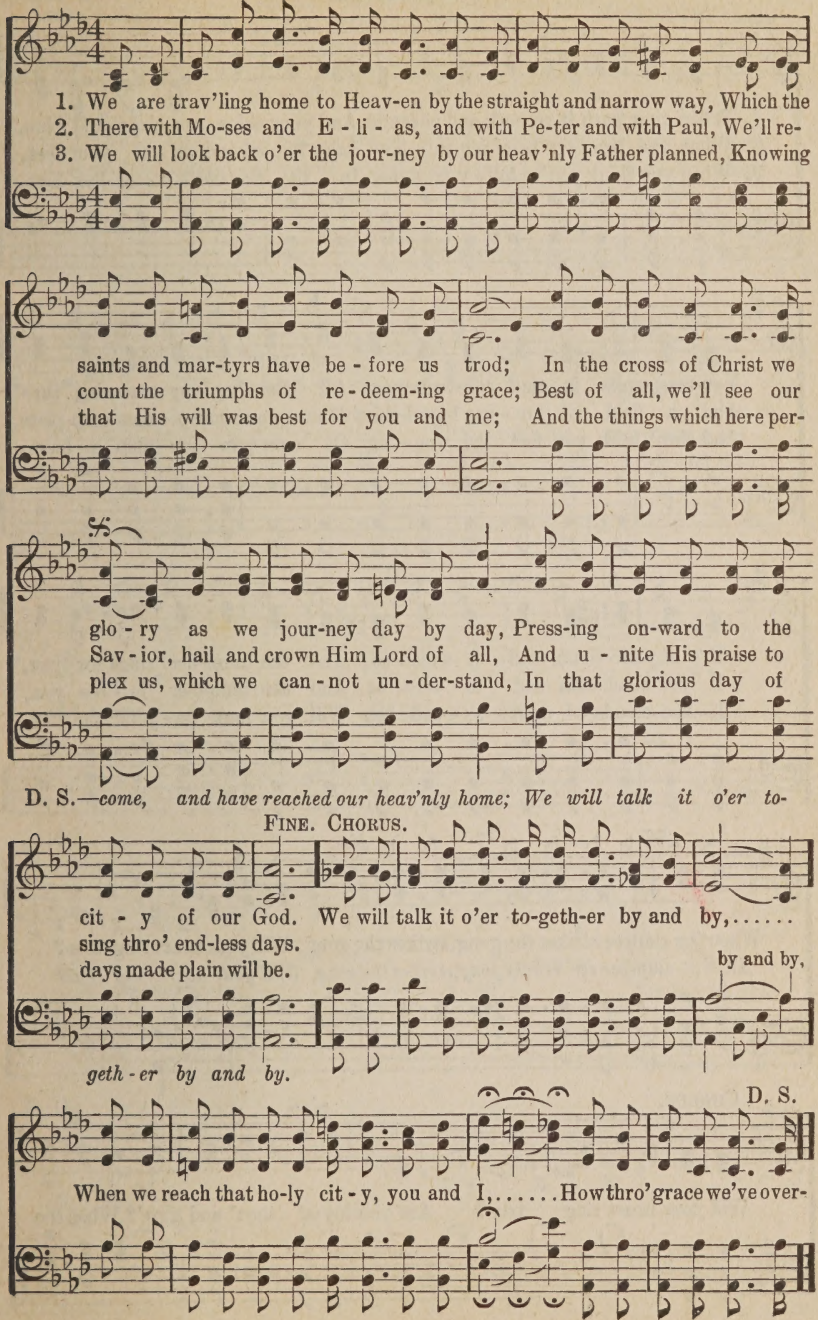
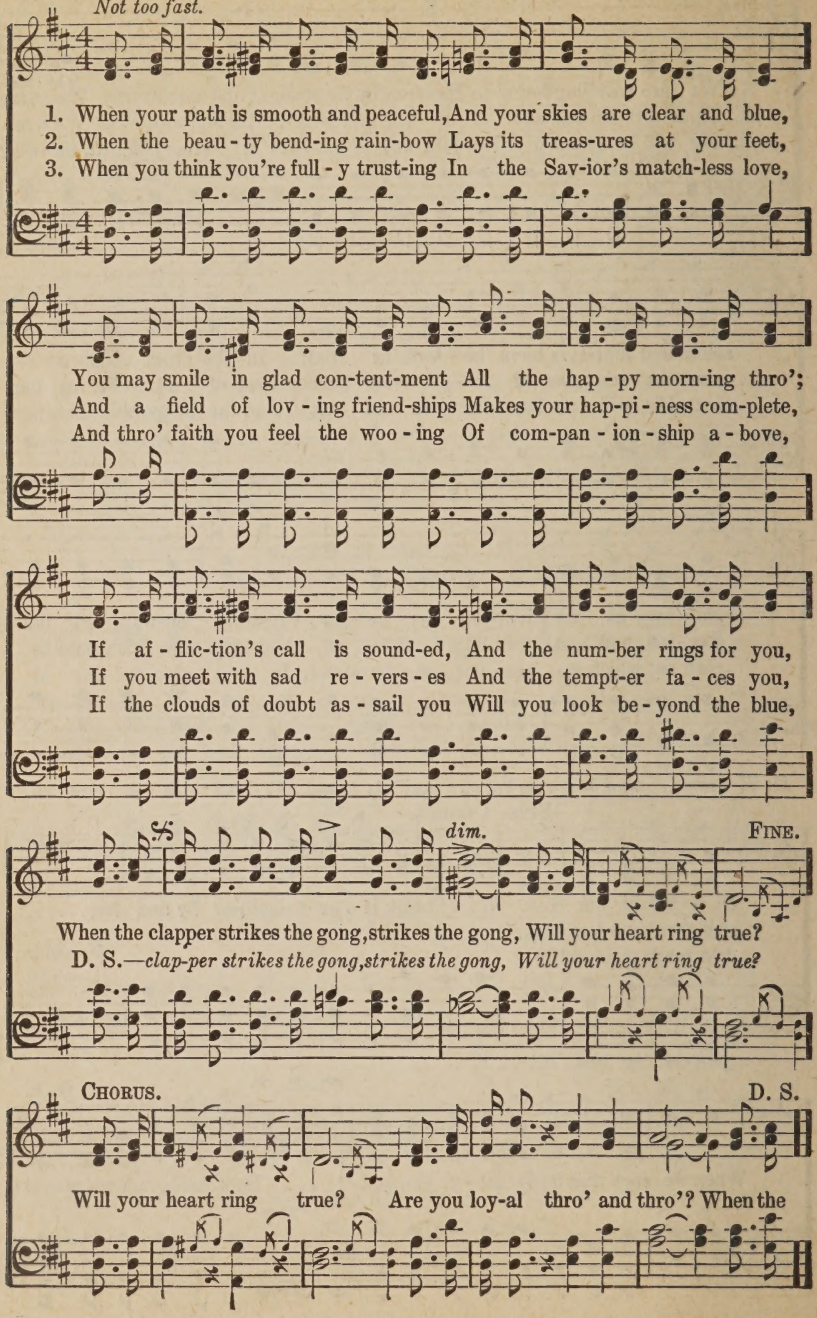
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re-
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing
saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we
count the triumphs of re - deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our
that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per-
glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
Sav - ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
plex us, which we can - not un - der-stand, In that glorious day of
D. S.—come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-
FINE. CHORUS.
cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be.
by and by,
geth - er by and by.
D. S.
When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-

No. 68. Will Your Heart Ring True?

Almeda Hall Tarrant. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Not too fast.

1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau - ty bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full - y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,
You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap - py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov - ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi - ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo - ing Of com-pan - ion - ship a - bove,
If af - flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you,
If you meet with sad re - vers - es And the tempt-er fa - ces you,
If the clouds of doubt as - sail you Will you look be - yond the blue,
dim.
FINE.
When the clapper strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?
D. S.—clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?
CHORUS.
D. S.
Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the

No. 69. He Knows It All.

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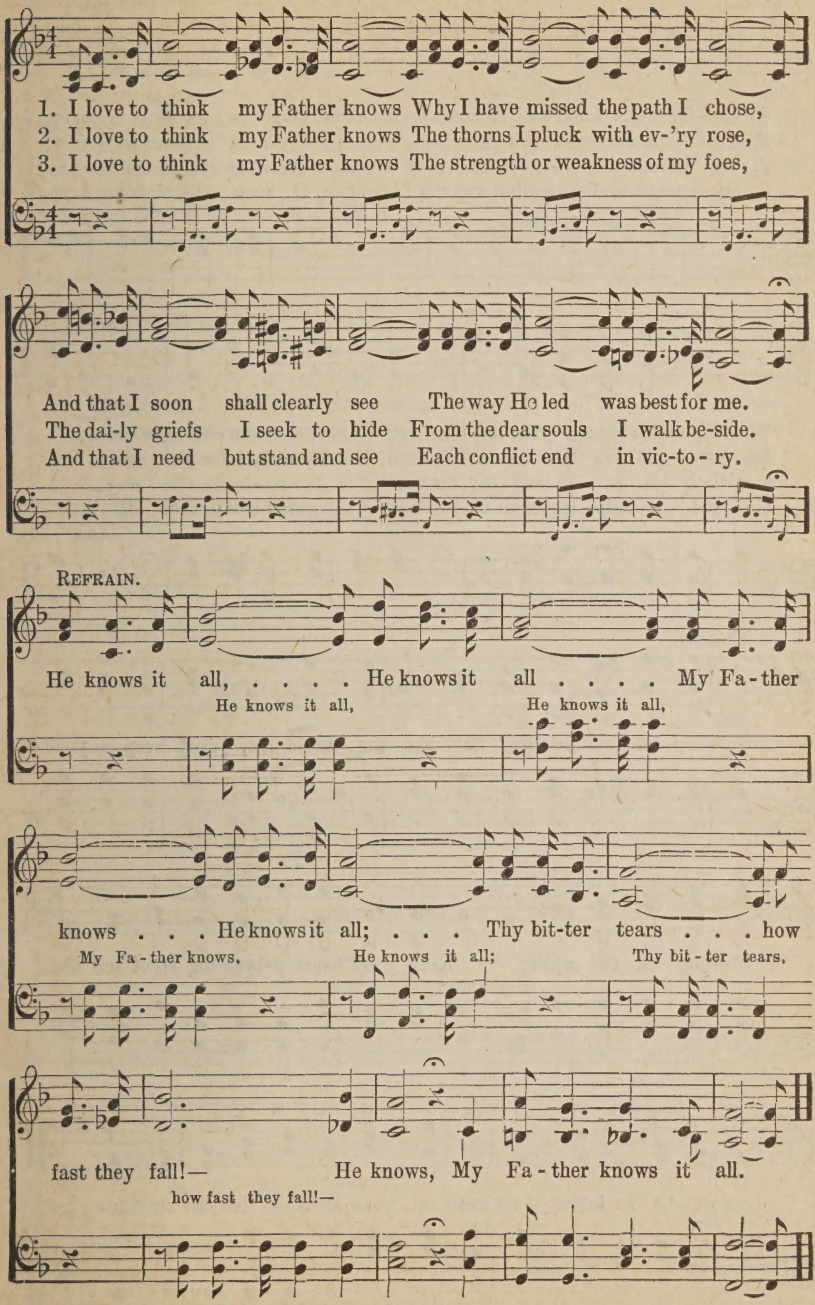
Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,
And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.
REFRAIN.
He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa-ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,
knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 70. Keep On Your Smiling, Let the Sunshine In.

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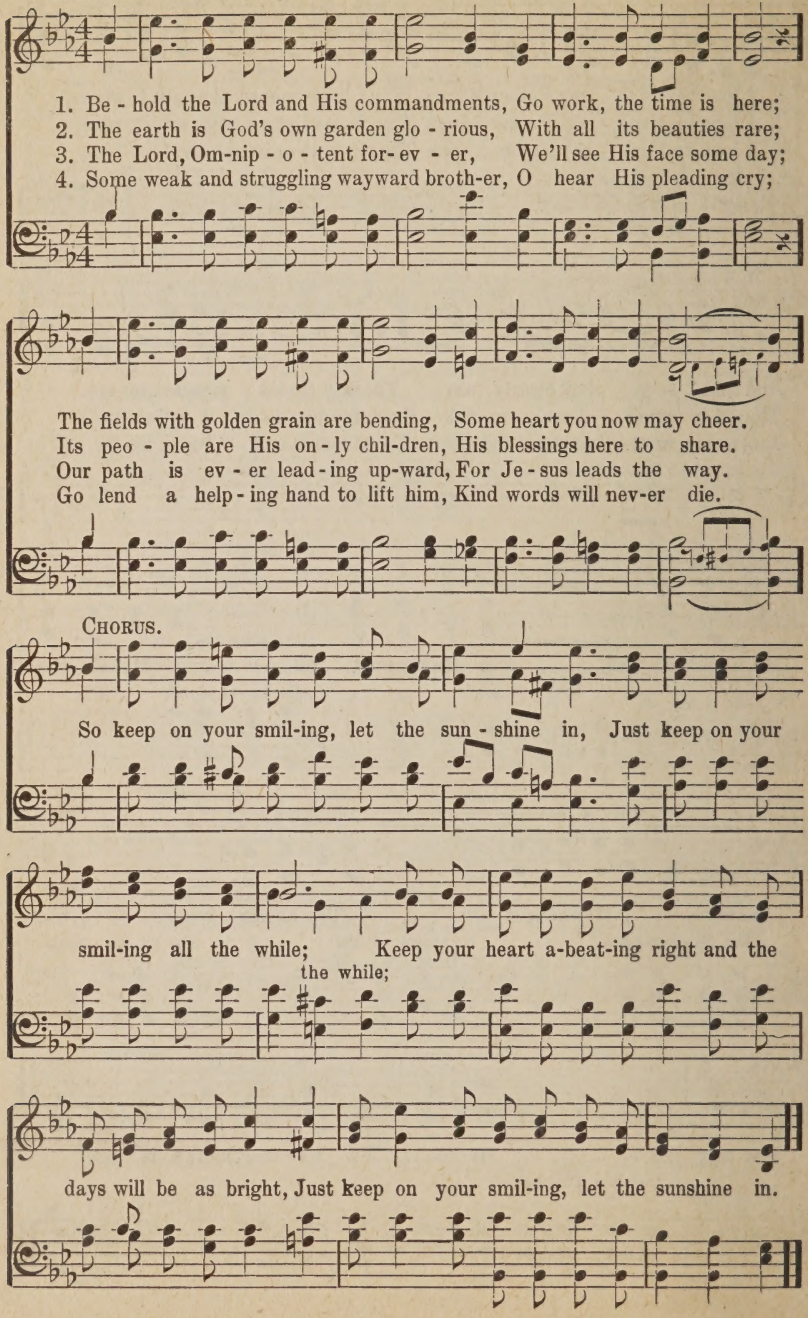
M. R. Max Rapp.


1. Be - hold the Lord and His commandments, Go work, the time is here;
2. The earth is God's own garden glo - rious, With all its beauties rare;
3. The Lord, Om-nip - o - tent for- ev - er, We'll see His face some day;
4. Some weak and struggling wayward broth-er, O hear His pleading cry;
The fields with golden grain are bending, Some heart you now may cheer.
Its peo - ple are His on - ly chil-dren, His blessings here to share.
Our path is ev - er lead - ing up-ward, For Je - sus leads the way.
Go lend a help - ing hand to lift him, Kind words will nev-er die.
CHORUS.
So keep on your smil-ing, let the sun - shine in, Just keep on your
smil-ing all the while; Keep your heart a-beat-ing right and the
the while;
days will be as bright, Just keep on your smil-ing, let the sunshine in.

No. 71. I Will Follow Thee.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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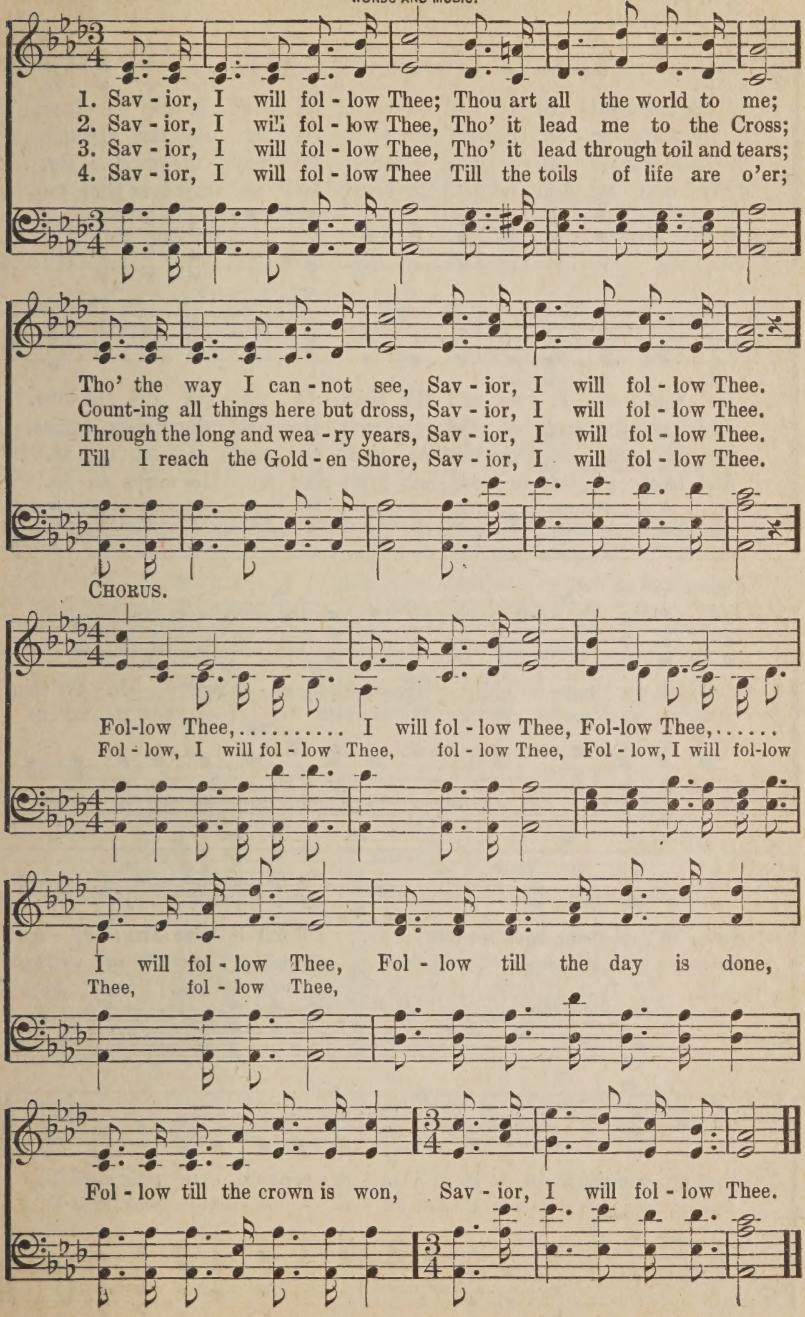
1. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee; Thou art all the world to me;
2. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Tho' it lead me to the Cross;
3. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Tho' it lead through toil and tears;
4. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee Till the toils of life are o'er;
Tho' the way I can - not see, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Count-ing all things here but dross, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Through the long and wea - ry years, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Till I reach the Gold - en Shore, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
CHORUS.
Fol-low Thee,..... I will fol - low Thee, Fol-low Thee,.....
Fol - low, I will fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee, Fol - low, I will fol-low
I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low till the day is done,
Thee, fol - low Thee,
Fol - low till the crown is won, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.

No. 72.

The Story Never Old.

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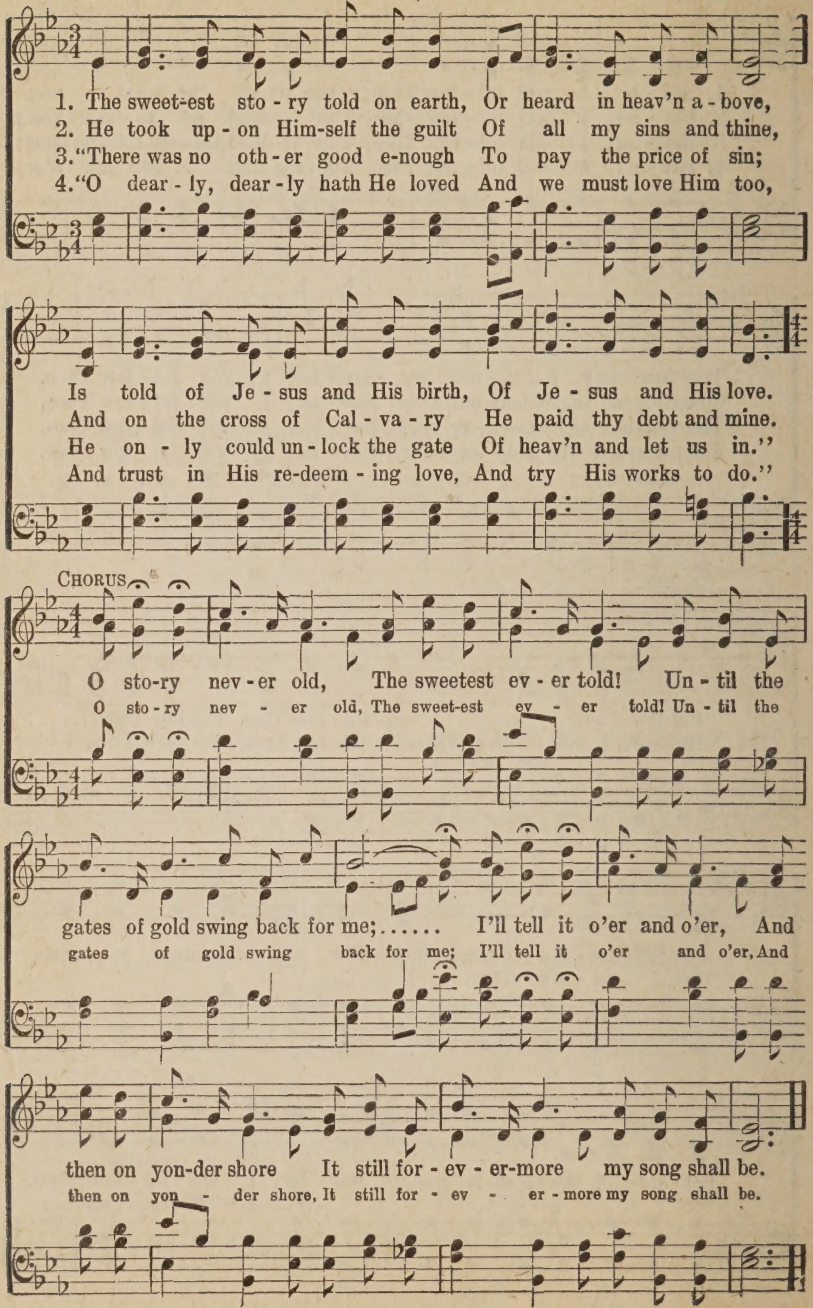
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The sweet-est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
2. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
3. "There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
4. "O dear - ly, dear - ly hath He loved And we must love Him too,
Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
And trust in His re-deem - ing love, And try His works to do."
CHORUS
O sto-ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweet-est ev - er told! Un - til the
gates of gold swing back for me;..... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me; I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
then on yon-der shore It still for - ev - er-more my song shall be.
then on yon - der shore, It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.

No. 73. Everybody Should Know.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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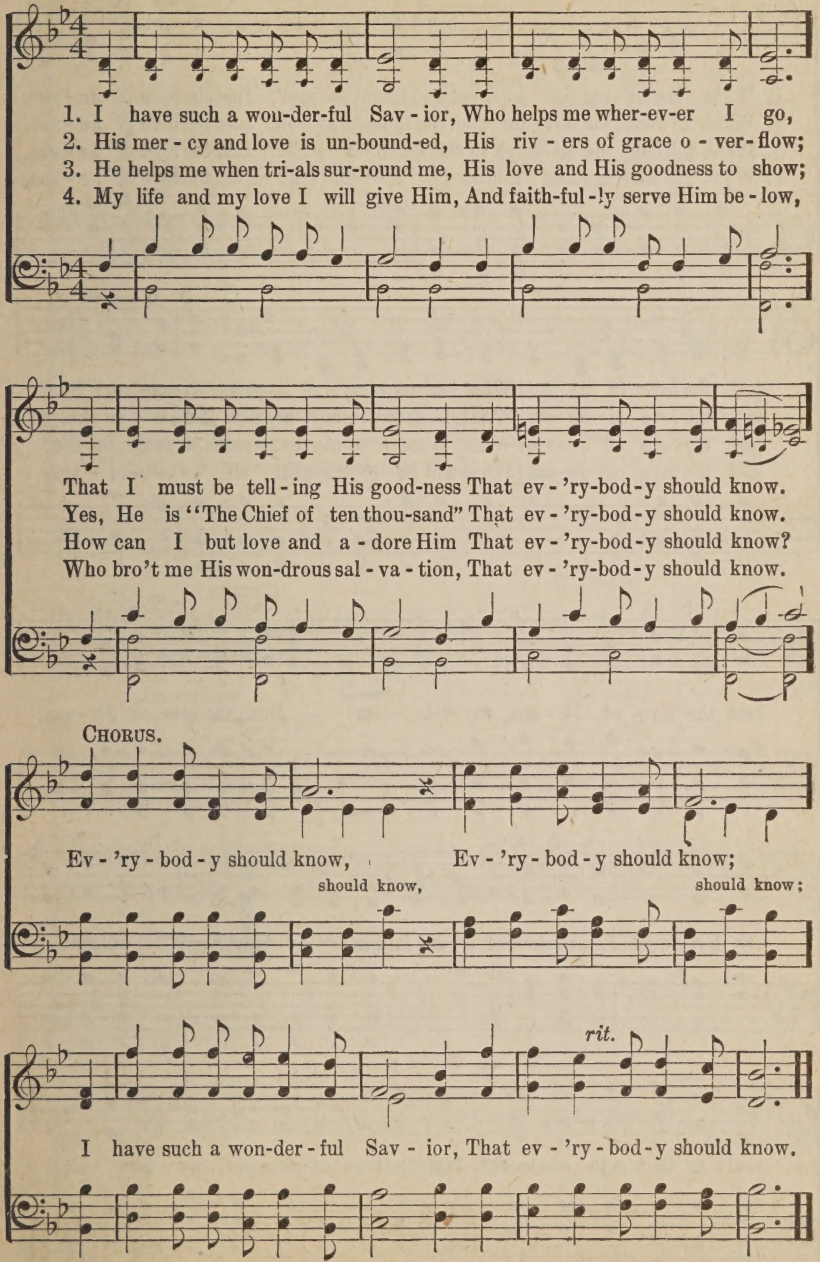
E. O. Excell.

1. I have such a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Who helps me wher-ev-er I go,
2. His mer - cy and love is un-bound-ed, His riv - ers of grace o - ver - flow;
3. He helps me when tri-als sur-round me, His love and His goodness to show;
4. My life and my love I will give Him, And faith-ful-ly serve Him be - low,
That I must be tell - ing His good-ness That ev - 'ry-bod-y should know.
Yes, He is "The Chief of ten thou-sand" That ev - 'ry-bod-y should know.
How can I but love and a - dore Him That ev - 'ry-bod-y should know?
Who bro't me His won-drous sal - va - tion, That ev - 'ry-bod-y should know.
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know, Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know;
should know, should know;
rit.
I have such a won-der - ful Sav - ior, That ev - 'ry - bod - y should know.

No. 74. Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe.

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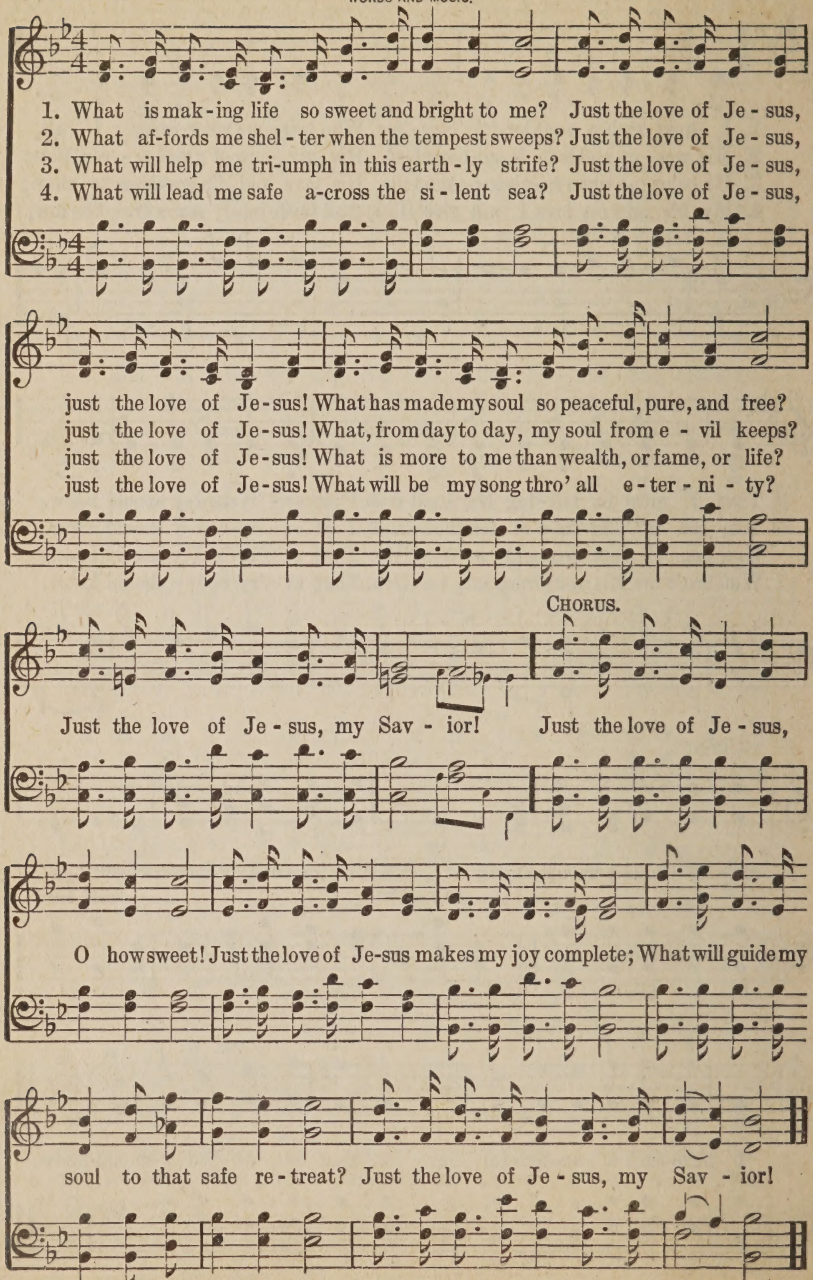
Wm. Edie Marks.

1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je-sus,
2. What af-fords me shel-ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je-sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth-ly strife? Just the love of Je-sus,
4. What will lead me safe a-cross the si-lent sea? Just the love of Je-sus,
just the love of Je-sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
just the love of Je-sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e-vil keeps?
just the love of Je-sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je-sus! What will be my song thro' all e-ter-ni-ty?
CHORUS.
Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Just the love of Je-sus,
O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my
soul to that safe re-treat? Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior!

No. 75. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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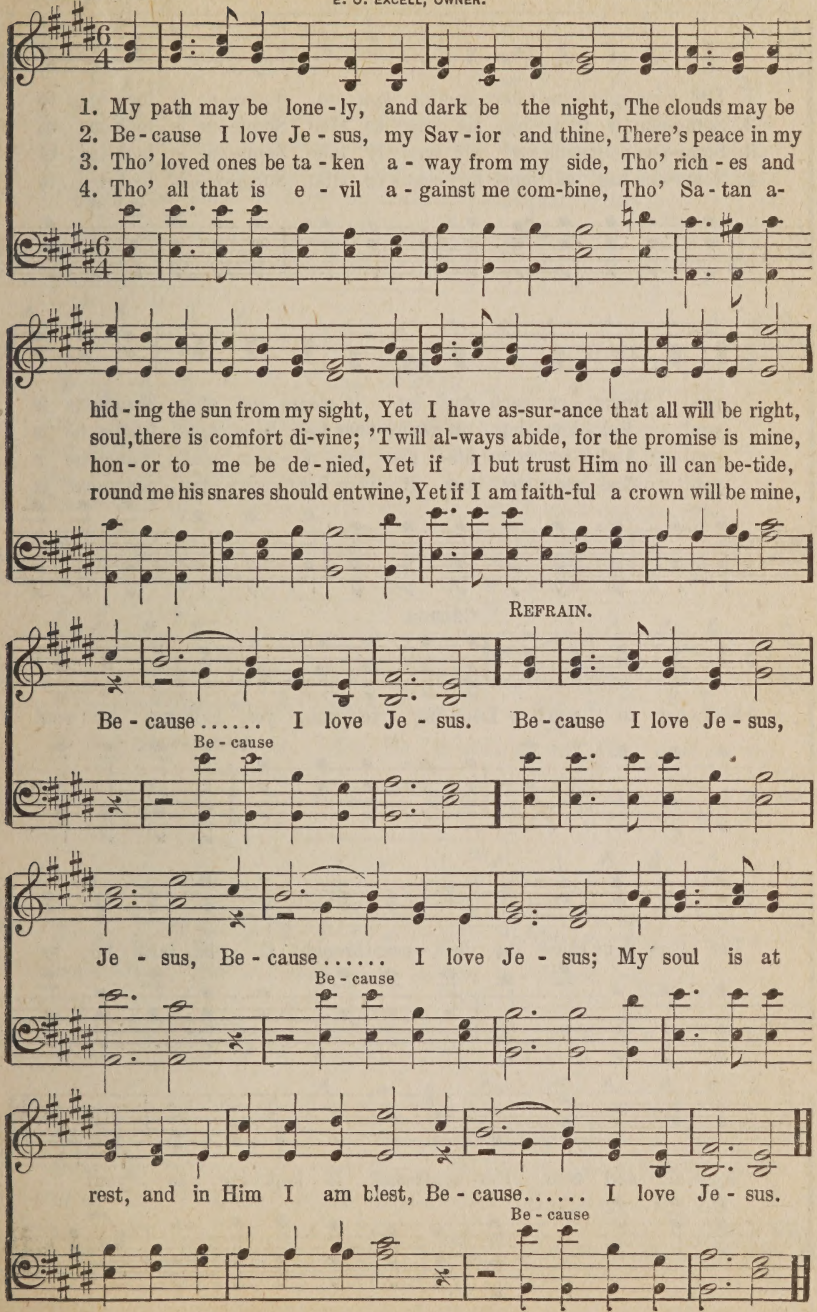
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-
hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,
REFRAIN.
Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,
Be-cause
Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at
Be-cause
rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.
Be-cause

No. 76. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

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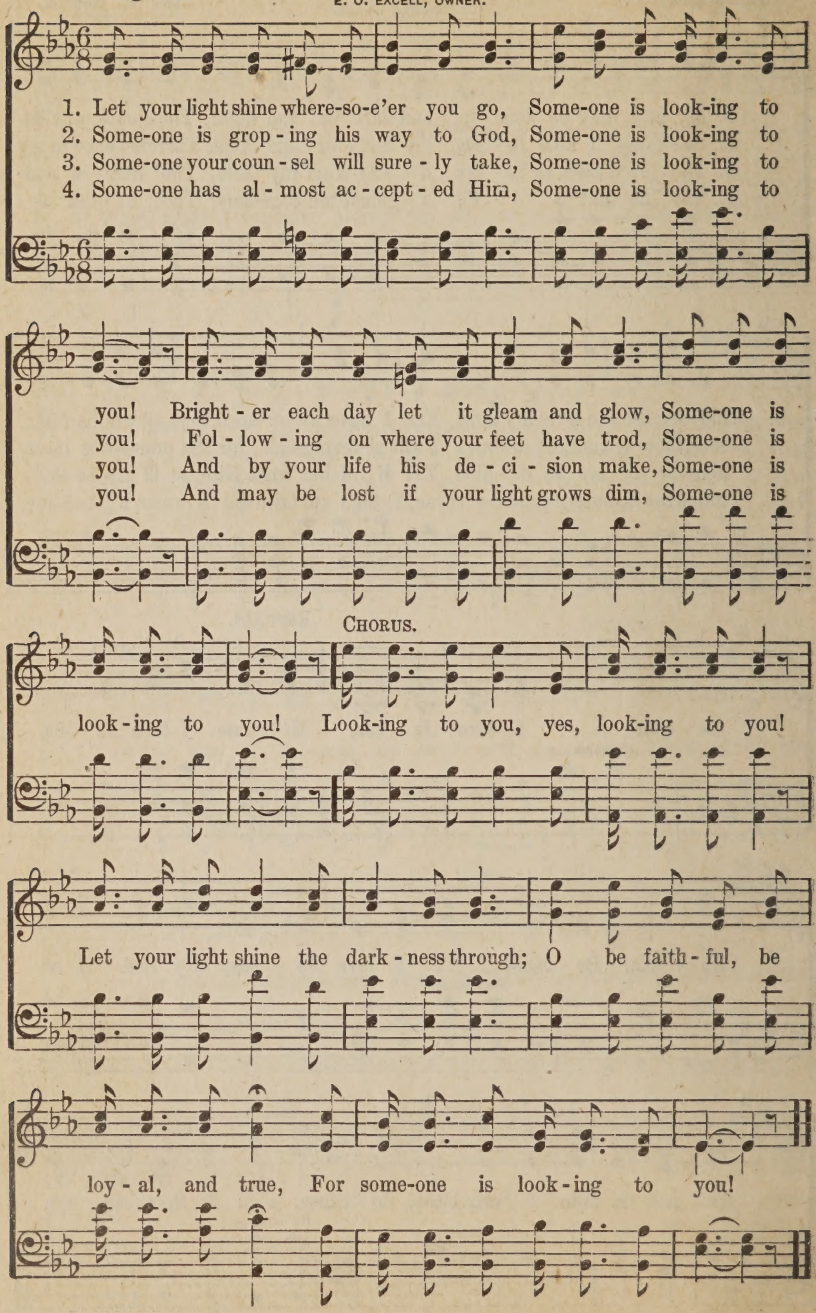
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop - ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al - most ac - cept - ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to
you! Bright - er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de - ci - sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is
CHORUS.
look - ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!
Let your light shine the dark - ness through; O be faith - ful, be
loy - al, and true, For some-one is look - ing to you!

No. 77. He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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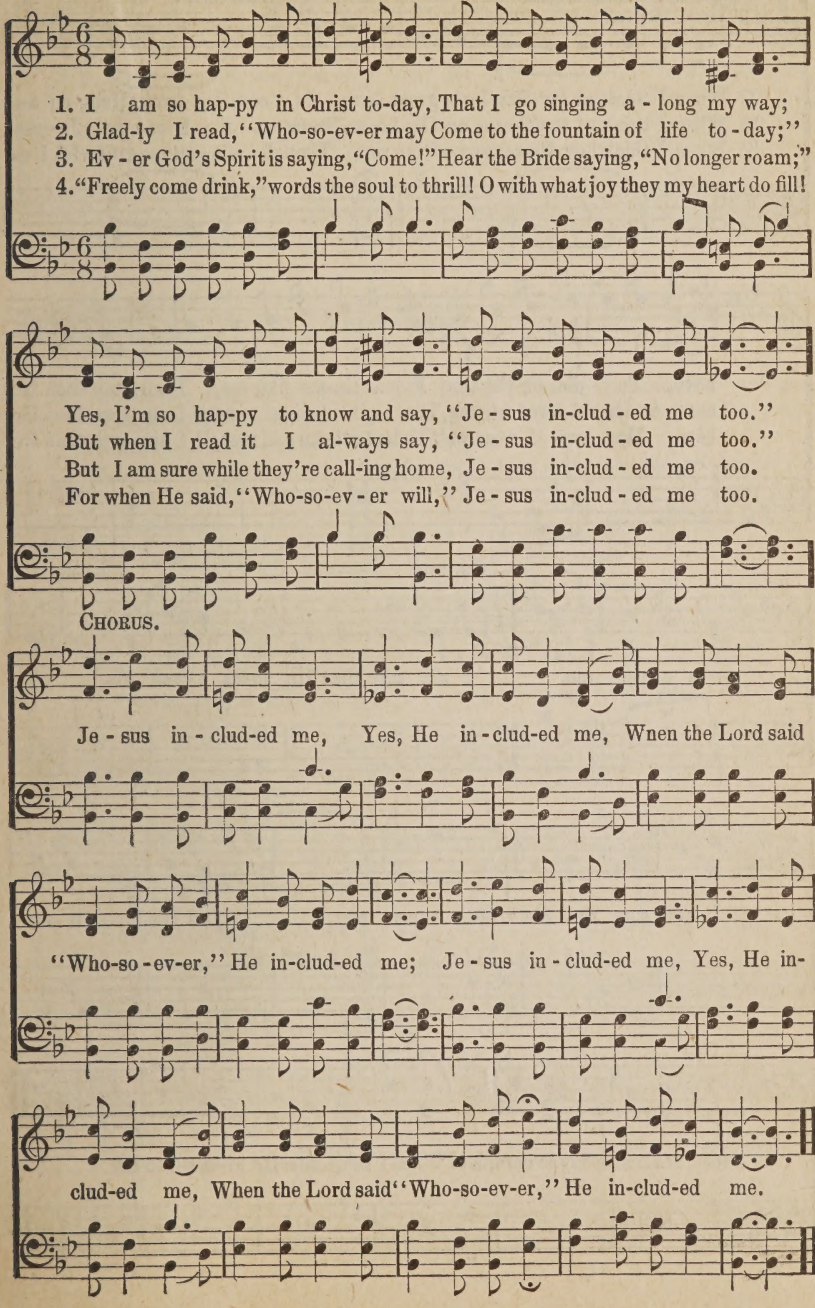
Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev - er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, Wnen the Lord said
"Who-so - ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 78.

He Loves Even Me.

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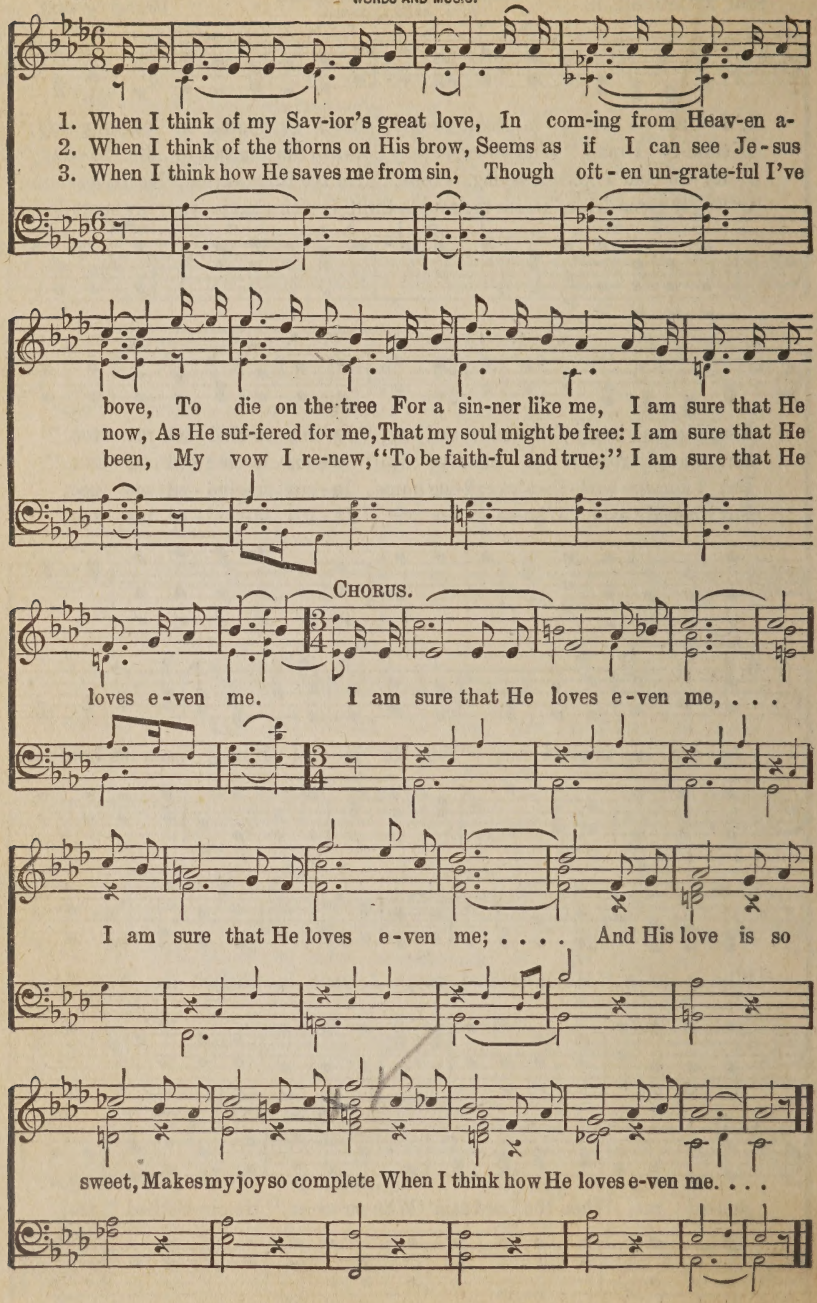
S. L.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.


1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've
bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He
CHORUS.
loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so
sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

No. 79. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)

When the clouds have rolled a - way; (a - way;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 80. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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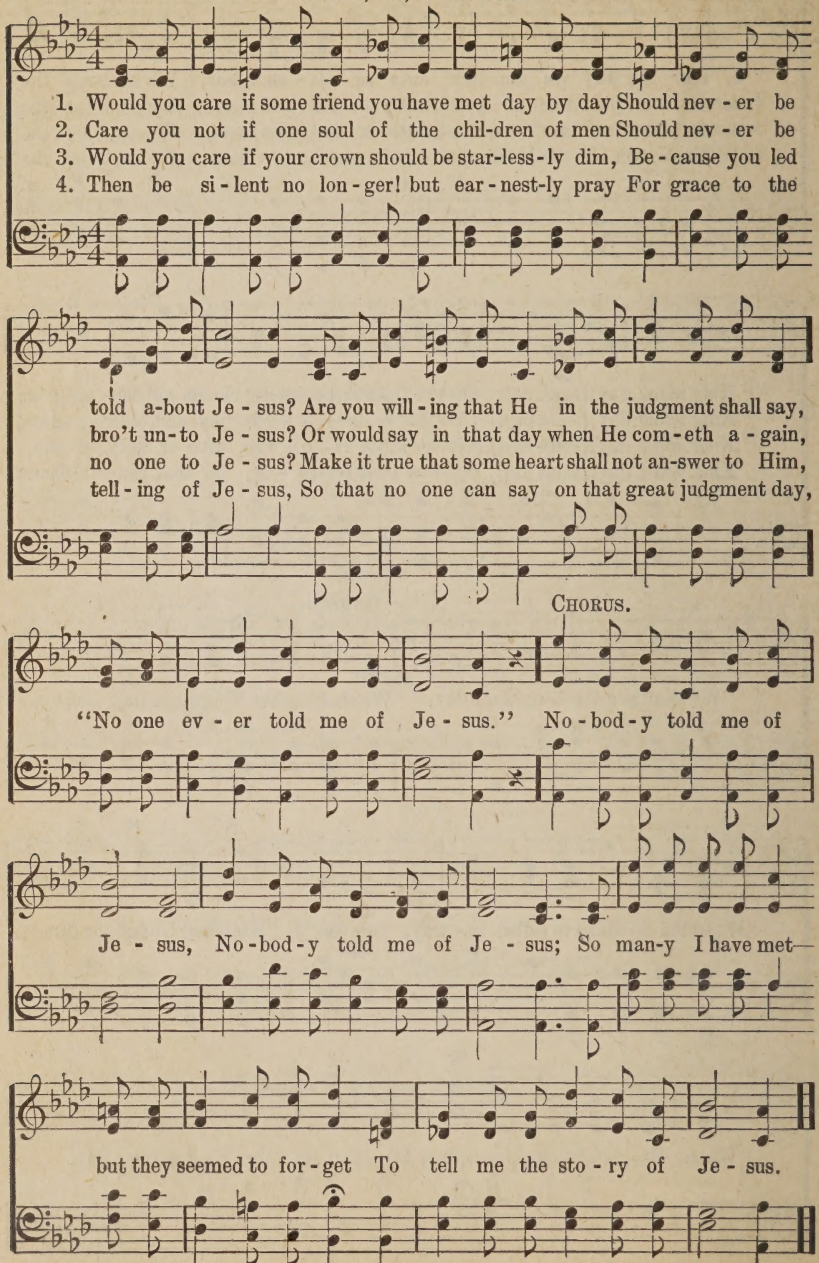
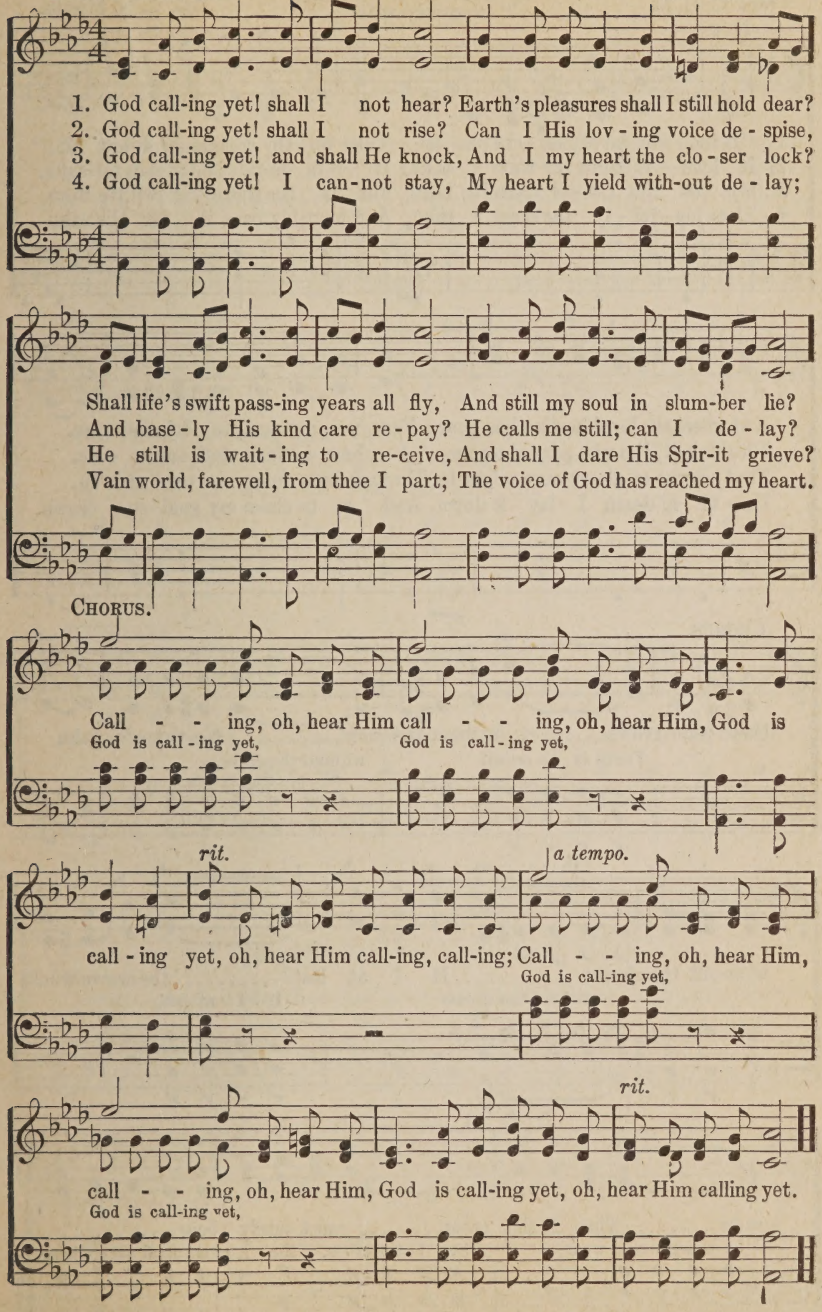
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say,
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be bro't un-to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com - eth a - gain,
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be - cause you led no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him,
4. Then be si - lent no lon - ger! but ear - nest-ly pray For grace to the tell - ing of Je - sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,
CHORUS.
"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of
Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So man-y I have met—
but they seemed to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

No. 81. God is Calling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo - ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de - lay;
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait - ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.
CHORUS.
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet,
rit.
a tempo.
call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing; Call - - ing, oh, hear Him,
God is call-ing yet,
rit.
call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.
God is call-ing yet,

No. 82. No Crown Without the Cross.

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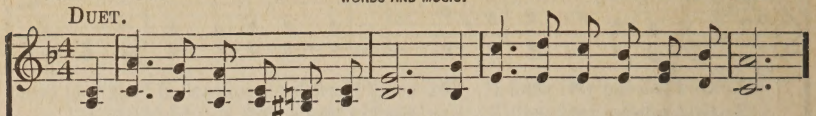
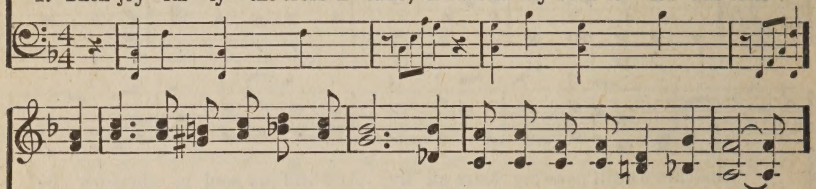
Mrs. C. H. M. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

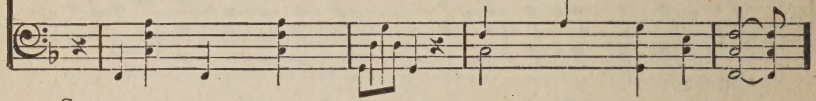
DUET.



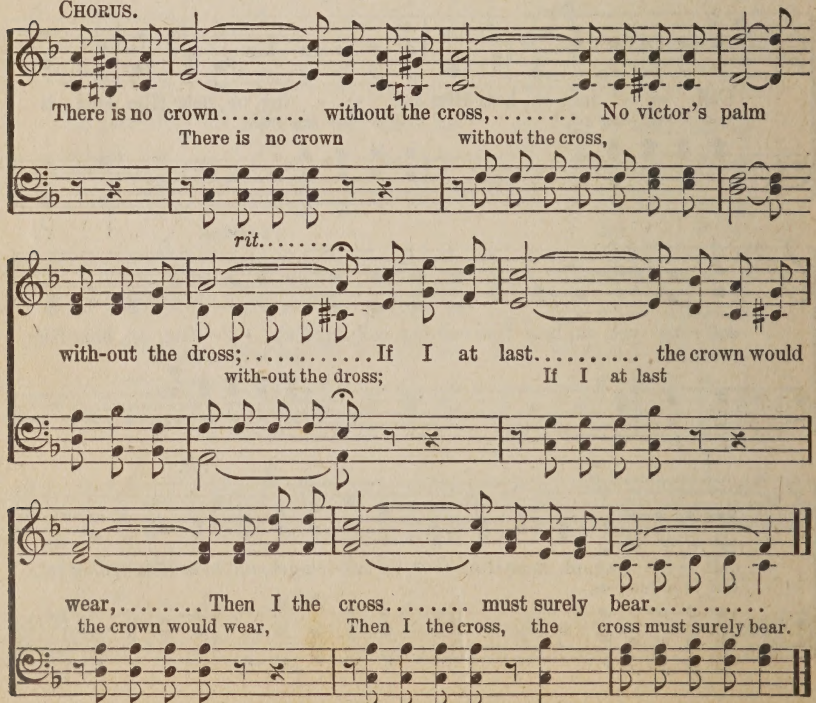
1. "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be, Take up thy cross and fol - low Me;"
2. If lone - ly seems the way I take, If foes de-ride and friends for-sake,
3. For us the cru - el cross He bore, For us the thorn-y crown He wore,
4. Then joy - ful - ly the cross I take, And hum-bly bear it for His sake



And where the Lord be-fore has gone, Fear not, my soul, to fol - low on.
I'll think of Him who prayed for me A - lone in dark Geth-sem-a - ne.
That crowns of glo-ry ours might be Throughout a long e - ter - ni - ty.
Un - til in death I lay it down, And go to claim my gold - en crown.



CHORUS.



There is no crown..... without the cross,..... No victor's palm
There is no crown without the cross,
rit......
with-out the dross;.....If I at last..... the crown would
with-out the dross; If I at last
wear,..... Then I the cross..... must surely bear.....
the crown would wear, Then I the cross, the cross must surely bear.

No. 83. Neither Height, Nor Depth, Nor Breadth.

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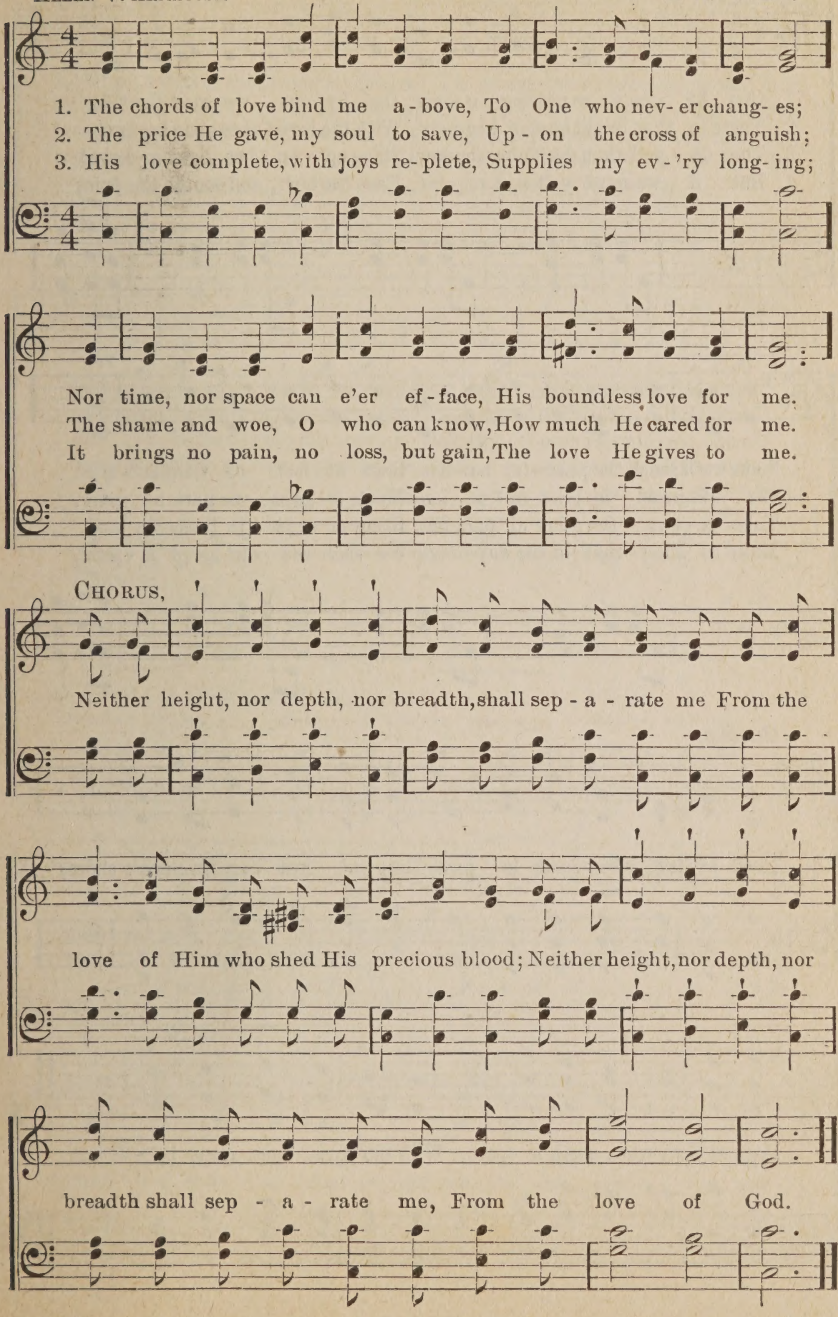
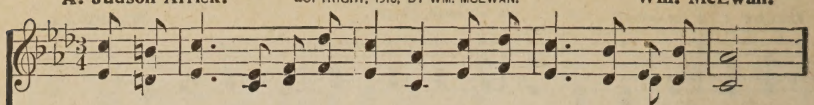
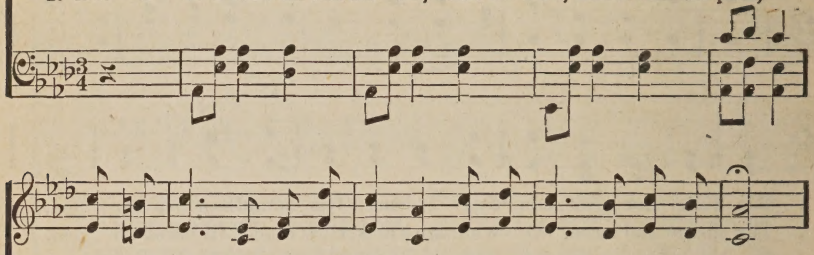
HELEN V. ARMACOST. A. H. ACKLEY.

1. The chords of love bind me a - bove, To One who nev- er chang- es;
2. The price He gave, my soul to save, Up - on the cross of anguish;
3. His love complete, with joys re- plete, Supplies my ev - 'ry long- ing;
Nor time, nor space can e'er ef - face, His boundless love for me.
The shame and woe, O who can know, How much He cared for me.
It brings no pain, no loss, but gain, The love He gives to me.
CHORUS.
Neither height, nor depth, nor breadth, shall sep - a - rate me From the
love of Him who shed His precious blood; Neither height, nor depth, nor
breadth shall sep - a - rate me, From the love of God.

No. 84. One By One, We're Passing Over.

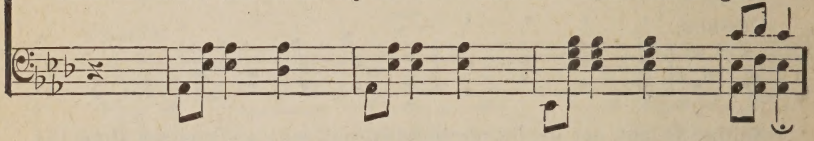
A. Judson Arrick. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. MCEWAN. Wm. McEwan.



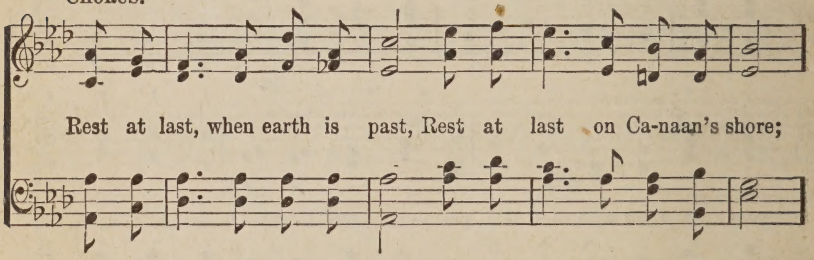
1. One by one we're passing o - ver, One by one we cross the tide;
2. There in that bright land of beau - ty, With the loved ones gone be-fore.
3. Then dis - pel! thou dark'ning shadow! Shine up - on us, light a - bove!
4. But if we must wait and suf - fer, Ease the hurt, and soothe the pain;



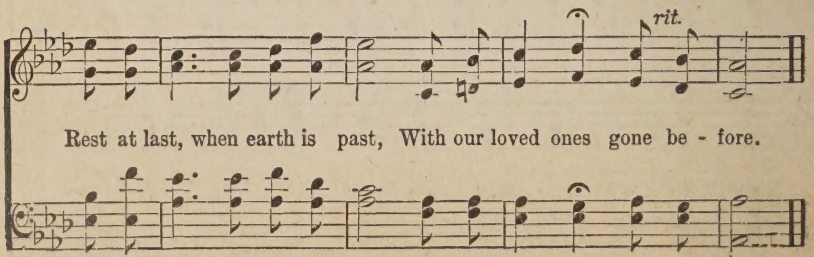
Soon we'll reach the peace-ful har-bor, Rest at last on Canaan's side.
We will meet in blest re - un - ion, Meet a - gain to part no more.
Take a - way the sting of part-ing, Bring us soon to those we love.
Make us know that in the day-break We shall see our loved a - gain.



CHORUS.



Rest at last, when earth is past, Rest at last on Ca-naan's shore;



Rest at last, when earth is past, With our loved ones gone be - fore.

No. 85. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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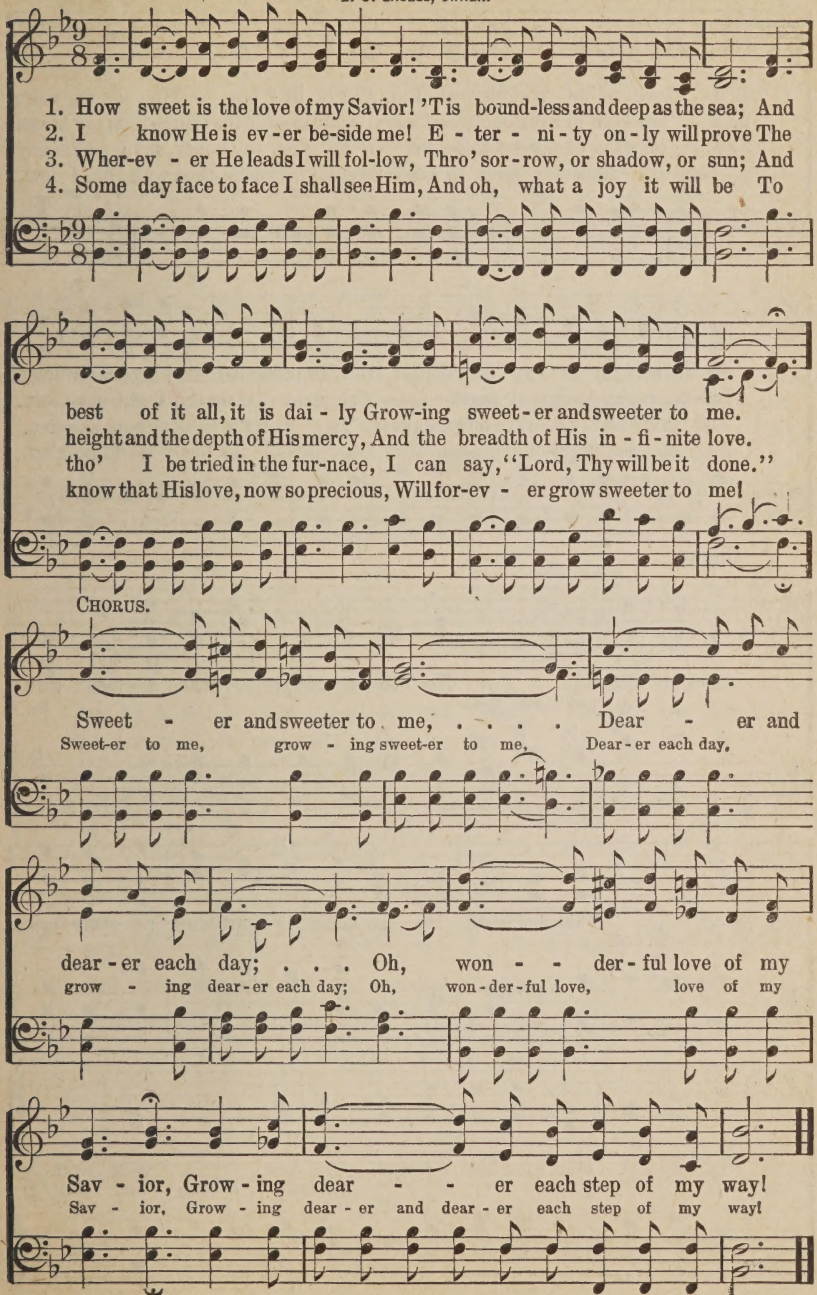
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 86. Alone With God.

G. H. C.

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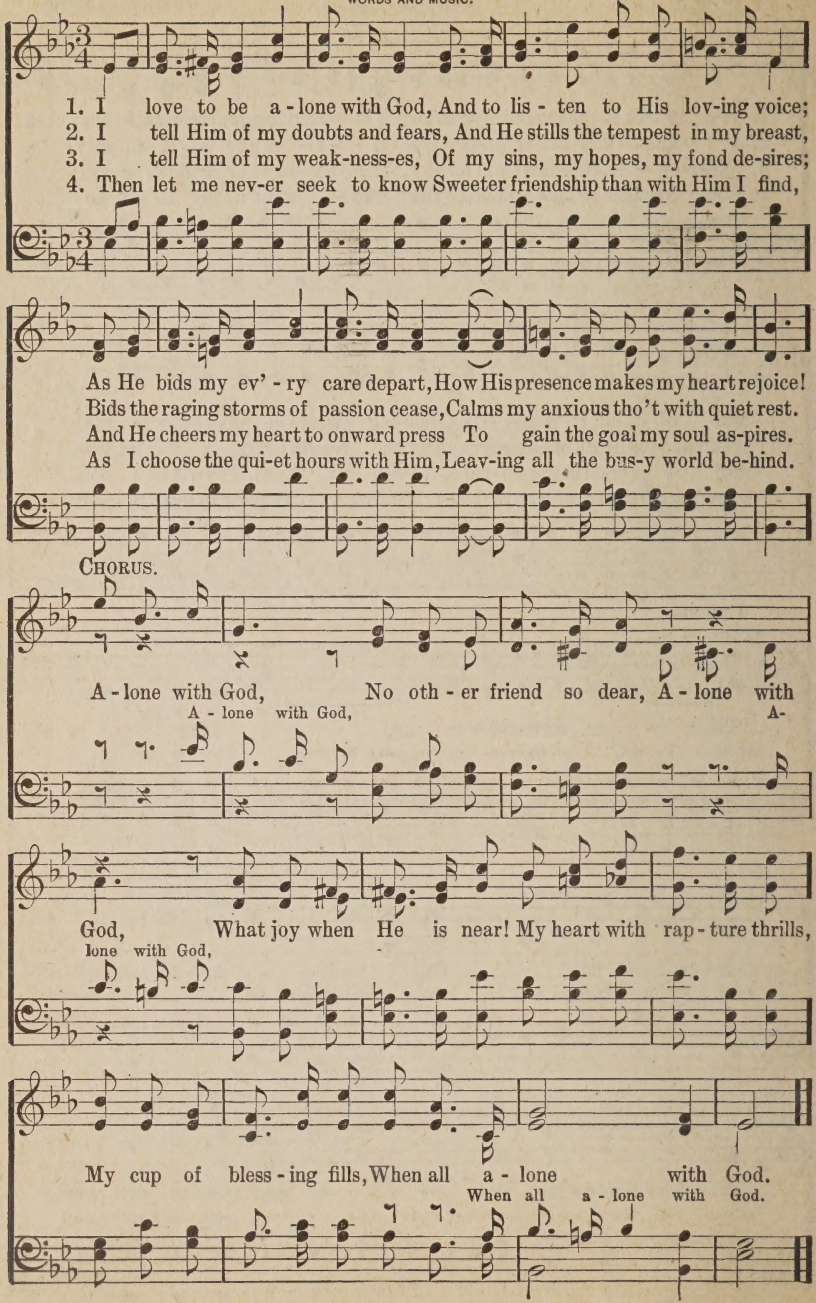
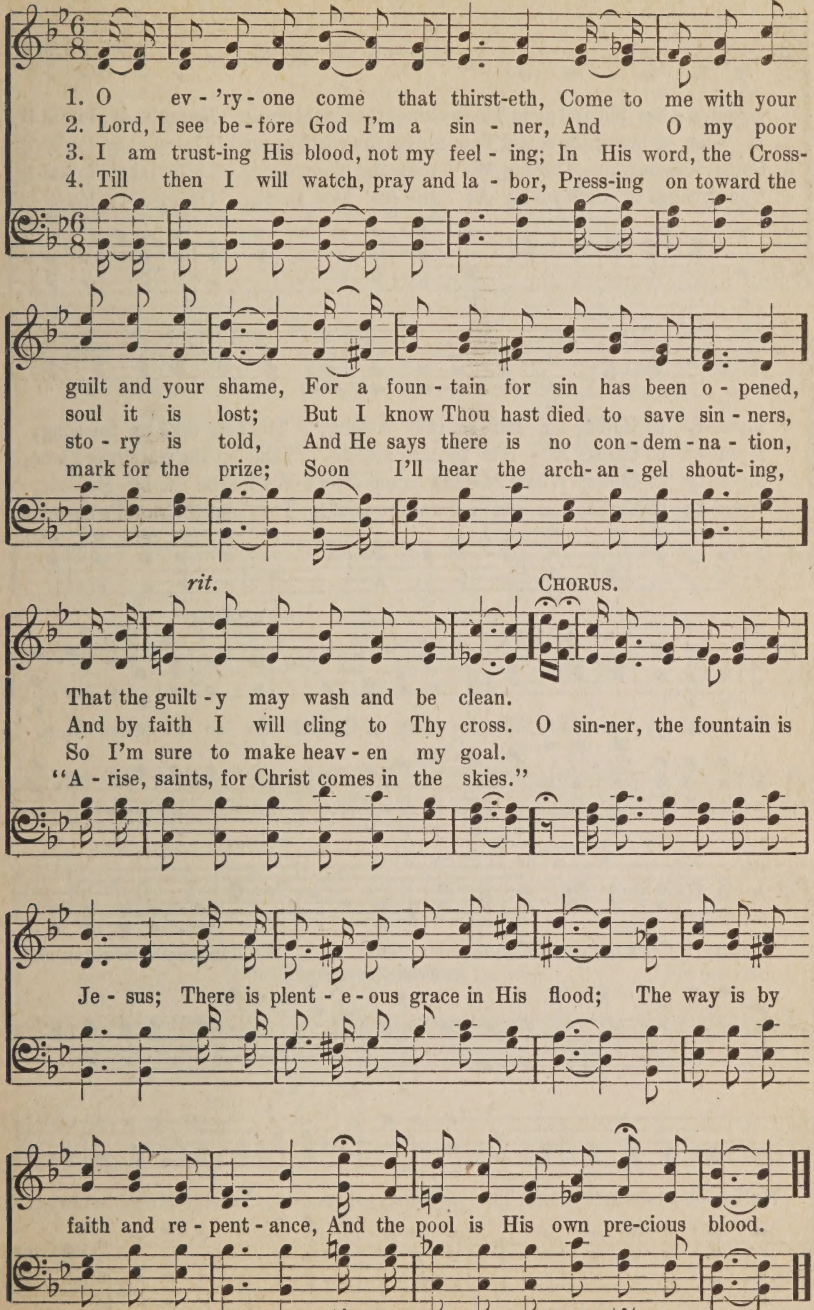
WORDS AND MUSIC.

George H. Carr.

1. I love to be a - lone with God, And to lis - ten to His lov-ing voice;
2. I tell Him of my doubts and fears, And He stills the tempest in my breast,
3. I tell Him of my weak-ness-es, Of my sins, my hopes, my fond de-sires;
4. Then let me nev-er seek to know Sweeter friendship than with Him I find,
As He bids my ev' - ry care depart, How His presence makes my heart rejoice!
Bids the raging storms of passion cease, Calms my anxious tho't with quiet rest.
And He cheers my heart to onward press To gain the goal my soul as-pires.
As I choose the qui-et hours with Him, Leav-ing all the bus-y world be-hind.
CHORUS.
A - lone with God, No oth - er friend so dear, A - lone with
A - lone with God, A-
God, What joy when He is near! My heart with rap - ture thrills,
lone with God,
My cup of bless - ing fills, When all a - lone with God.
When all a - lone with God.

No. 87. The Fountain is Jesus.

J. Clarence Greene. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY J. CLARENCE GREENE. E. E. Young.

1. O ev - 'ry - one come that thirst-eth, Come to me with your
guilt and your shame, For a foun - tain for sin has been o - pened,
2. Lord, I see be - fore God I'm a sin - ner, And O my poor
soul it is lost; But I know Thou hast died to save sin - ners,
3. I am trust-ing His blood, not my feel - ing; In His word, the Cross-
sto - ry is told, And He says there is no con - dem - na - tion,
4. Till then I will watch, pray and la - bor, Press-ing on toward the
mark for the prize; Soon I'll hear the arch - an - gel shout - ing,
rit.
CHORUS.
That the guilt - y may wash and be clean.
And by faith I will cling to Thy cross. O sin-ner, the fountain is
So I'm sure to make heav - en my goal.
"A - rise, saints, for Christ comes in the skies."
Je - sus; There is plent - e - ous grace in His flood; The way is by
faith and re - pent - ance, And the pool is His own pre-cious blood.

No. 88. Loyalty to Christ.

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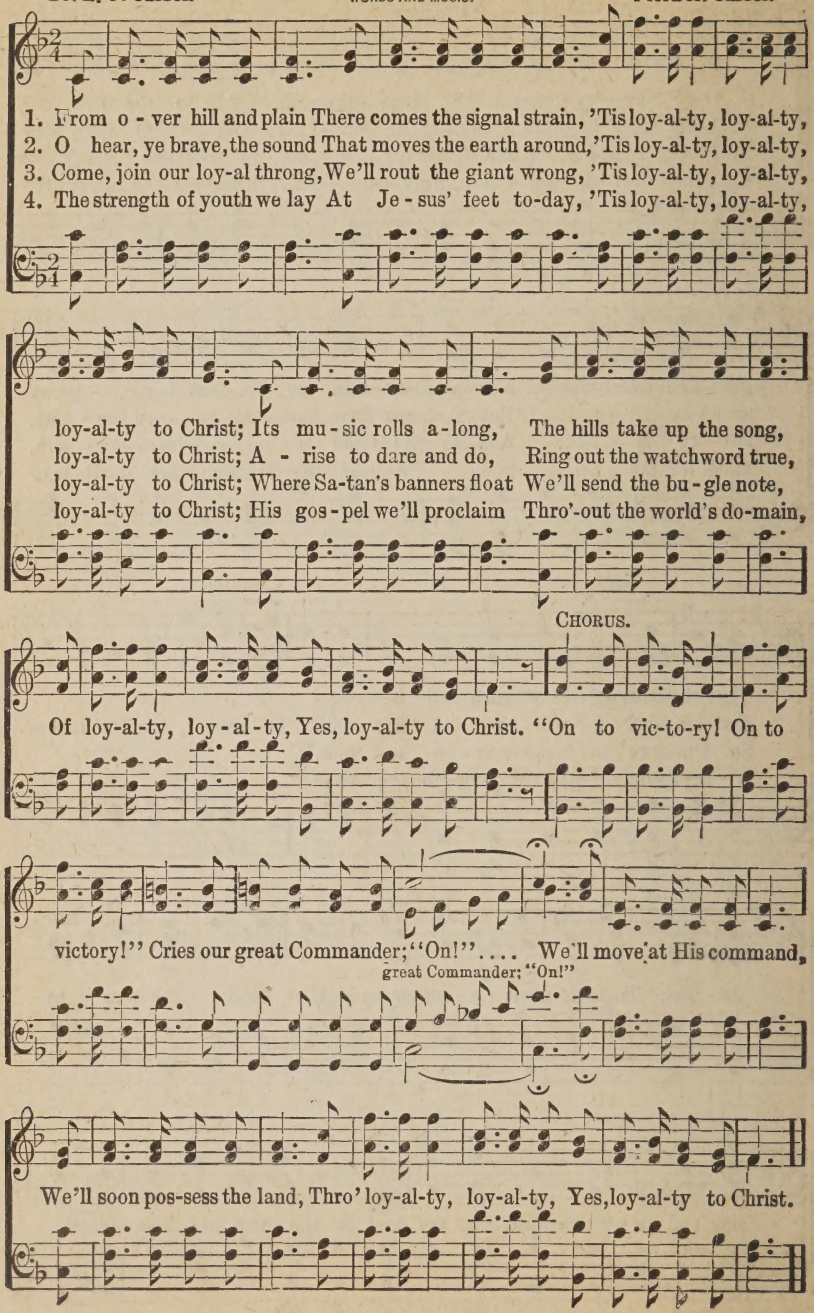
Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!".... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 89. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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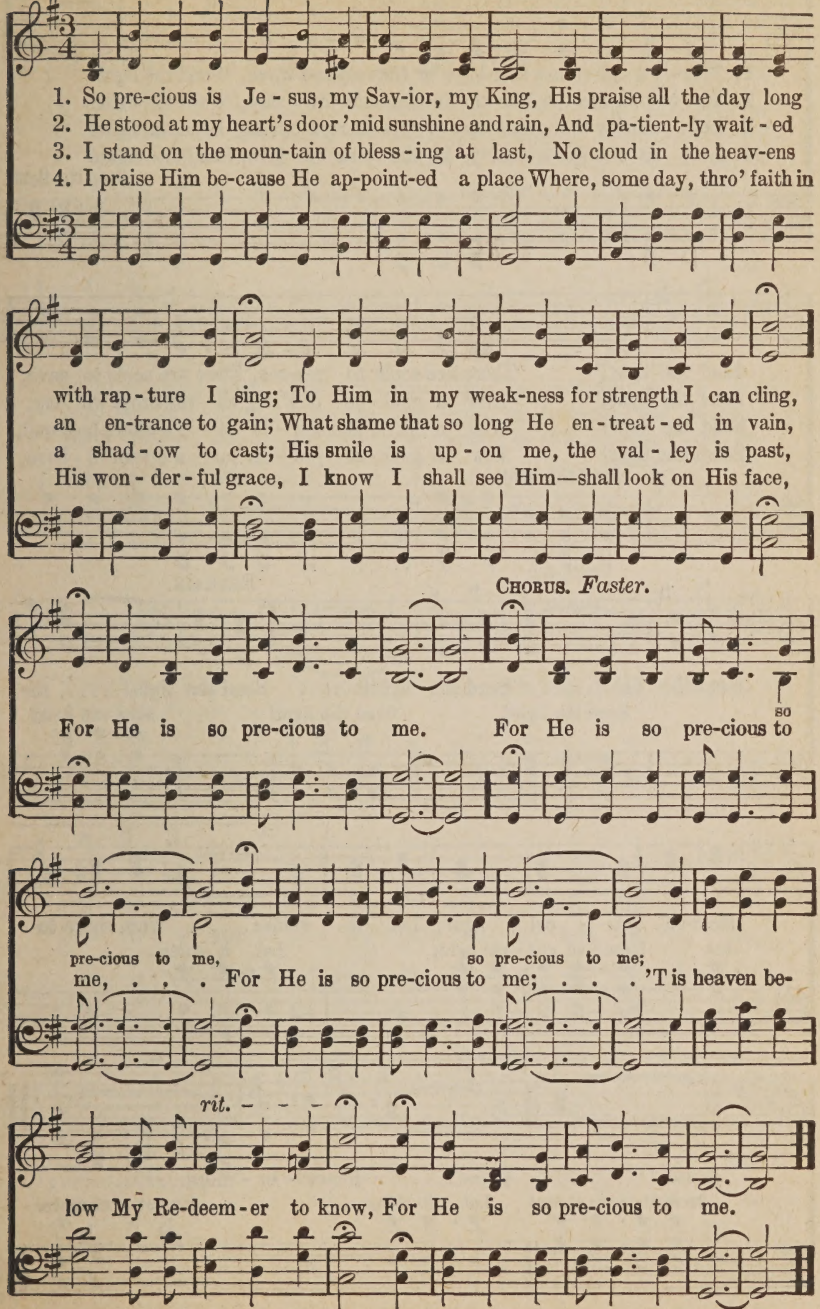
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in
with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
CHORUS. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
so
pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-
rit. - - -
low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 90.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

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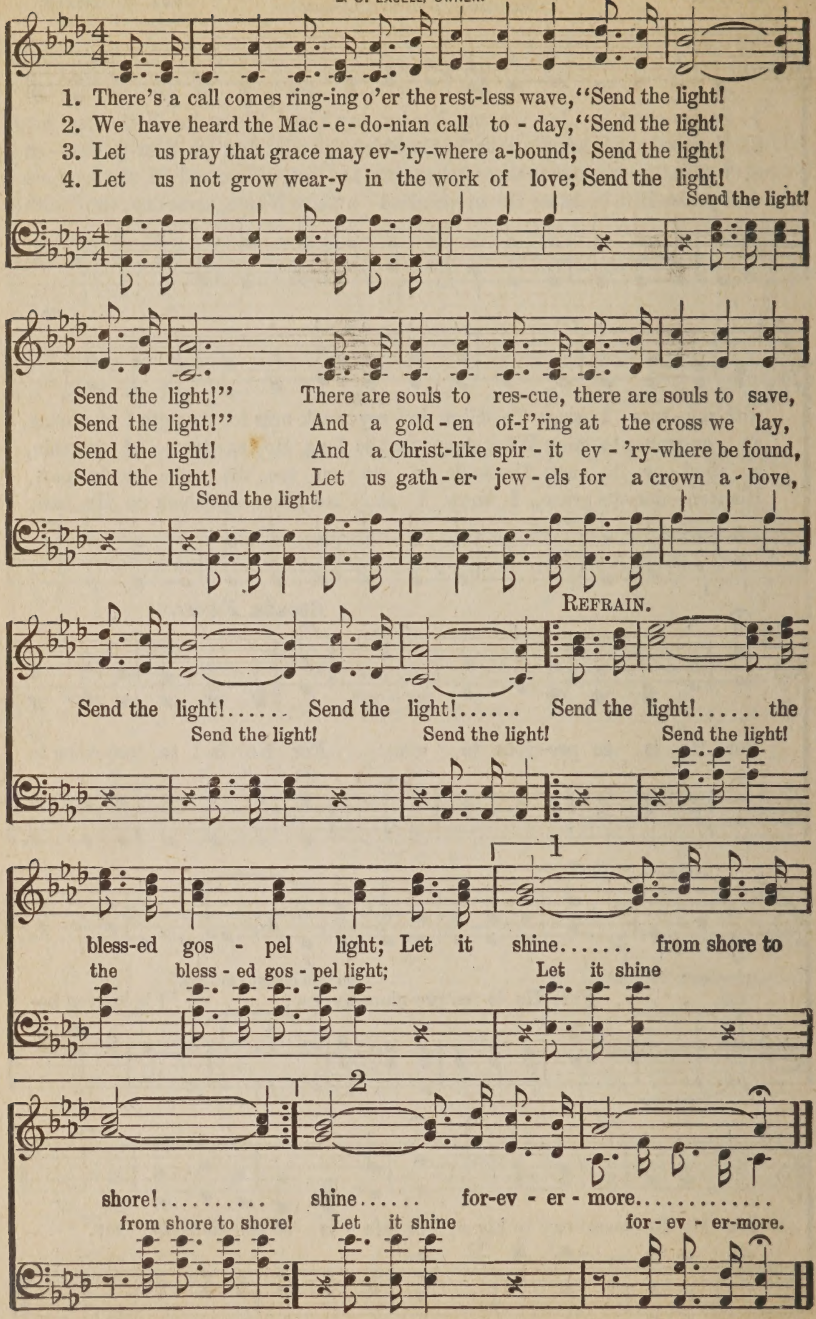
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love; Send the light!
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
Send the light!
REFRAIN.
Send the light!..... Send the light!..... Send the light!..... the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!
1
bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine..... from shore to
the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine
2
shore!..... shine..... for-ev-er-more.....
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev-er-more.

No. 91. None But Jesus.

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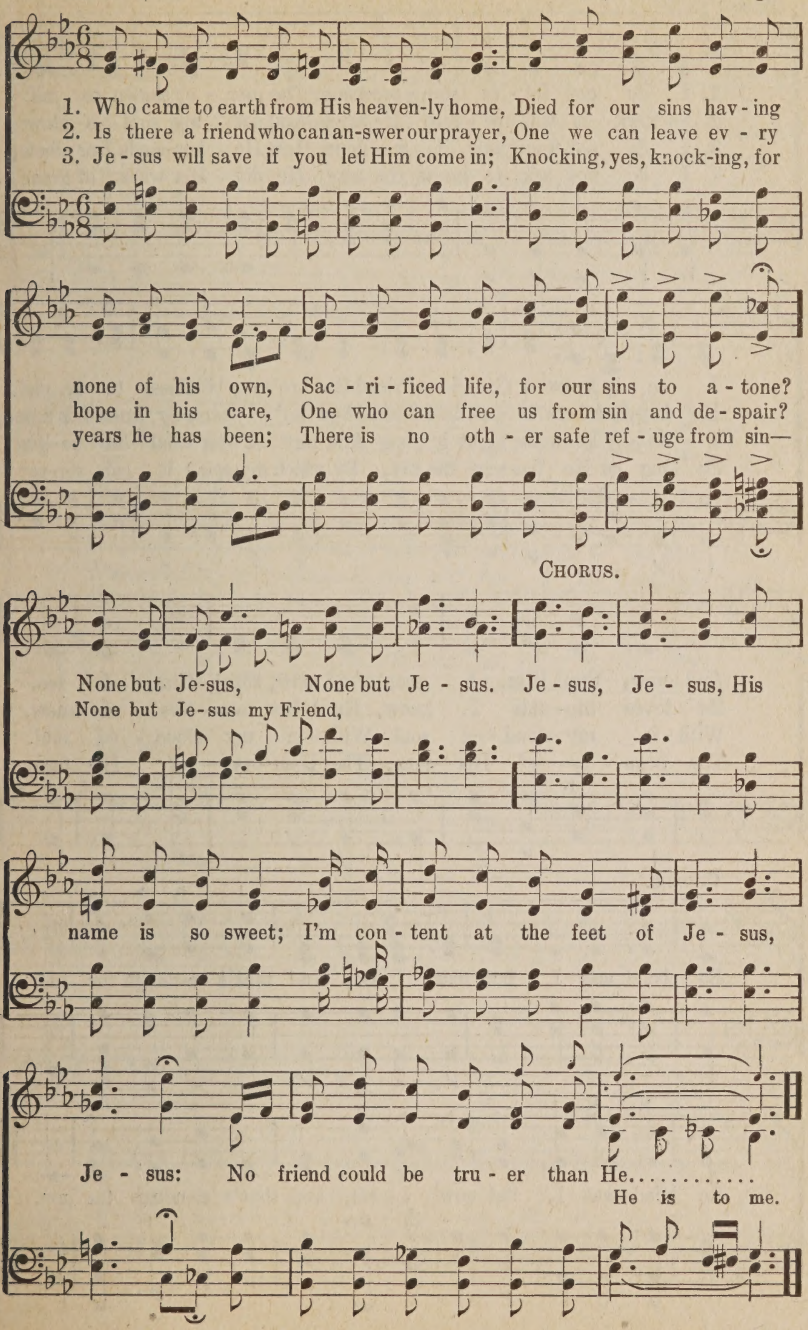
E. E. Y. Ensign Edwin Young.

1. Who came to earth from His heaven-ly home, Died for our sins hav - ing none of his own, Sac - ri - ficed life, for our sins to a - tone?
2. Is there a friend who can an-swer our prayer, One we can leave ev - ry hope in his care, One who can free us from sin and de - spair?
3. Je - sus will save if you let Him come in; Knocking, yes, knock-ing, for years he has been; There is no oth - er safe ref - uge from sin—
CHORUS.
None but Je-sus, None but Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, His name is so sweet; I'm con - tent at the feet of Je - sus,
None but Je-sus my Friend,
Je - sus: No friend could be tru - er than He.....
He is to me.

No. 92. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

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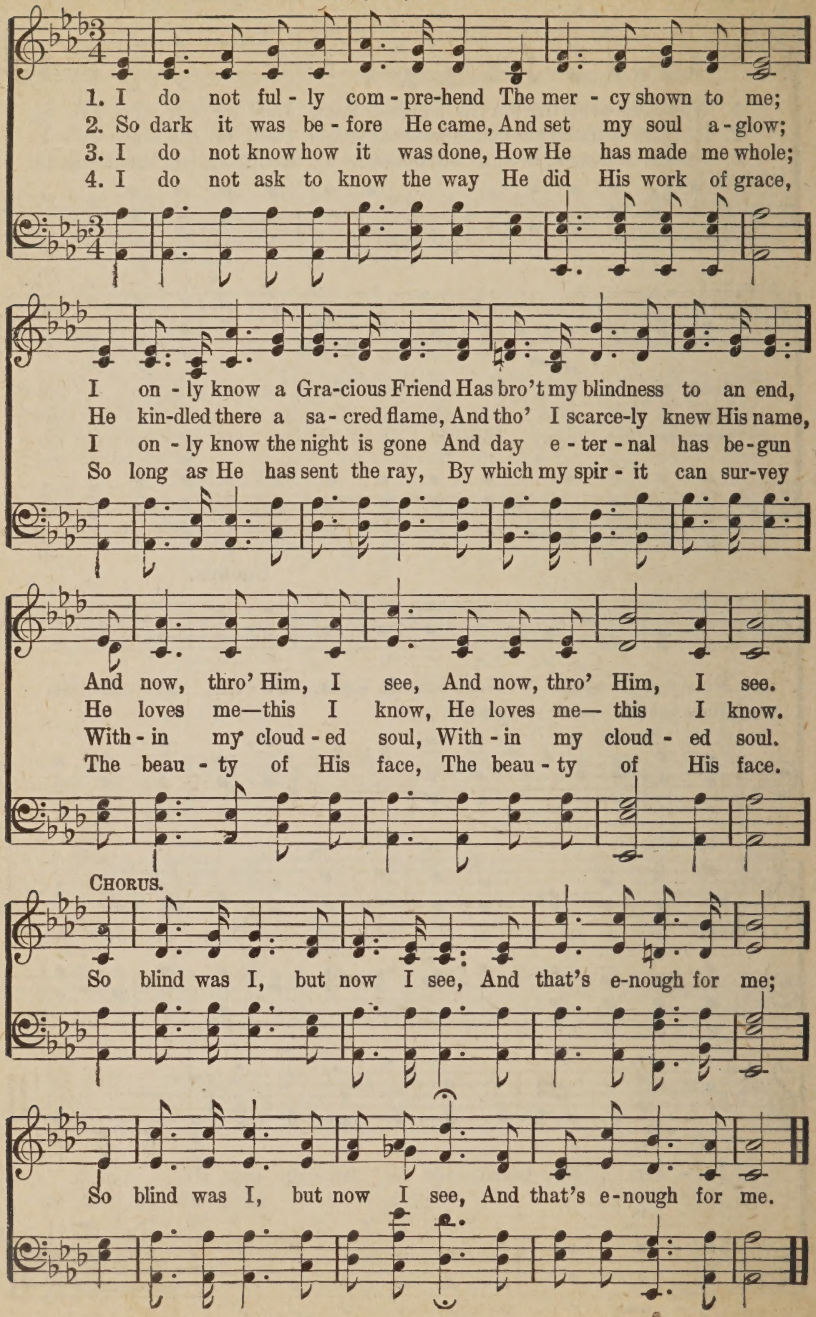
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,
I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey
And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.
CHORUS.
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 93.

He Died For Me.

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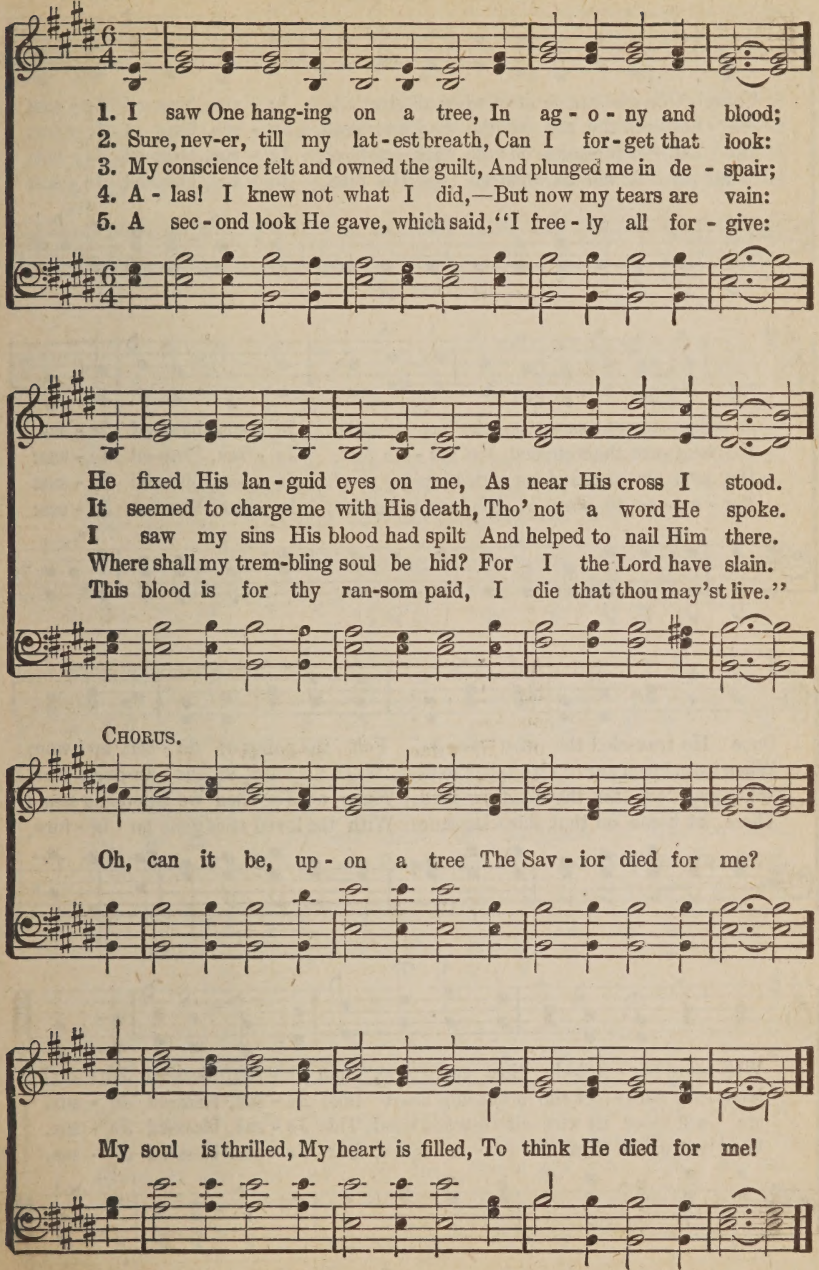
John Newton. E. O. Excell.


1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live."
CHORUS.
Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me?
My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me!

No. 94 Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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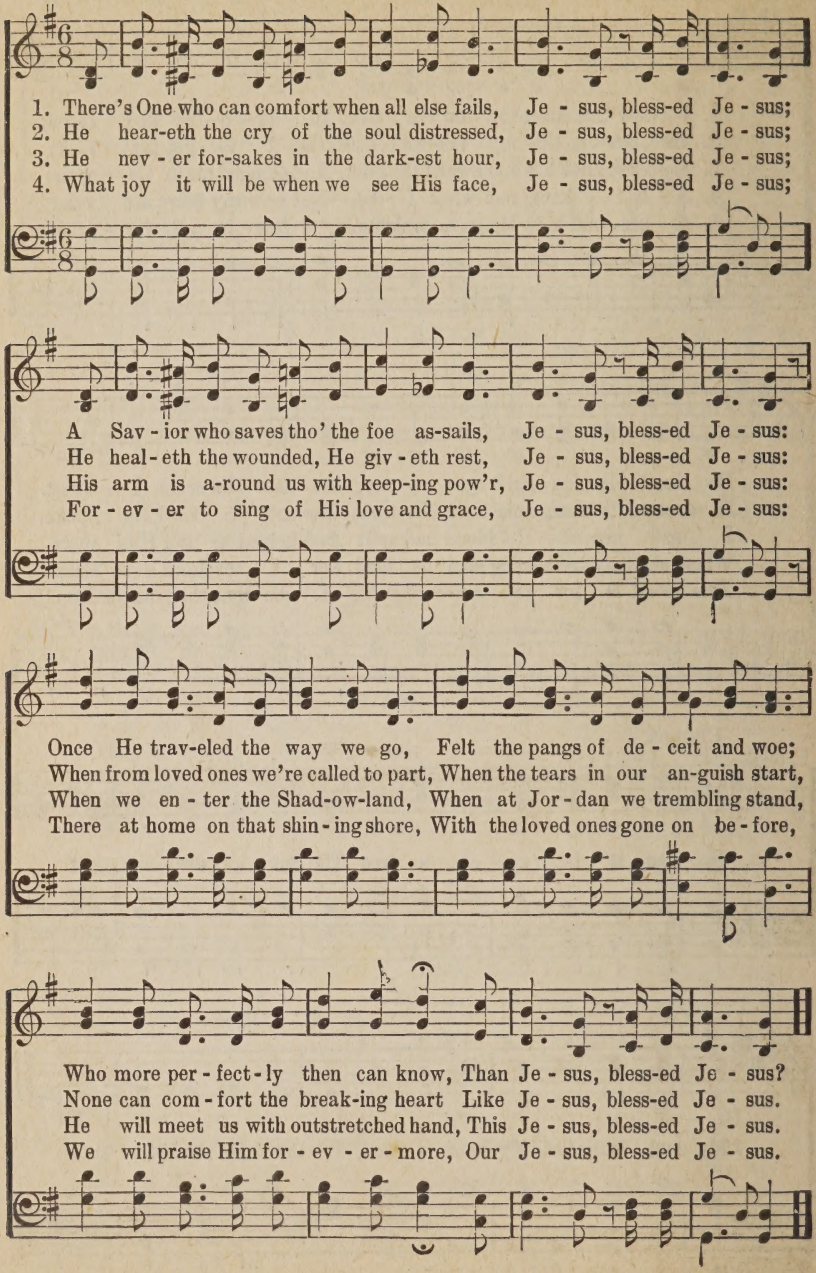
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,
Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com - fort the break-ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

No. 95. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
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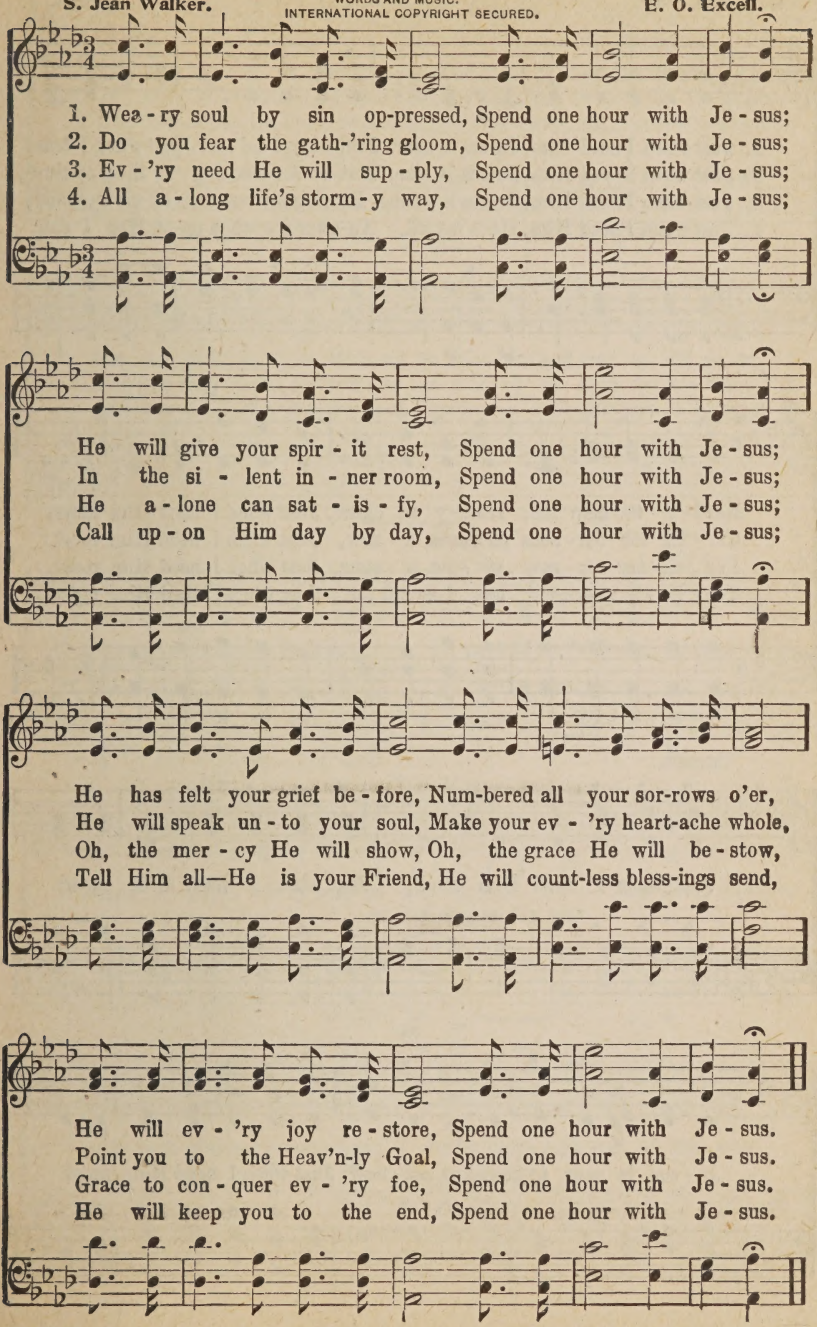
S. Jean Walker. E. O. Excell.

1. Wea-ry soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
3. Ev-'ry need He will sup-ply, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
4. All a-long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
He will give your spir-it rest, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
In the si-lent in-ner room, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
He a-lone can sat-is-fy, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
Call up-on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je-sus;
He has felt your grief be-fore, Num-bered all your sor-rows o'er,
He will speak un-to your soul, Make your ev-'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer-cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be-stow,
Tell Him all—He is your Friend, He will count-less bless-ings send,
He will ev-'ry joy re-store, Spend one hour with Je-sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal, Spend one hour with Je-sus.
Grace to con-quer ev-'ry foe, Spend one hour with Je-sus.
He will keep you to the end, Spend one hour with Je-sus.

No. 96. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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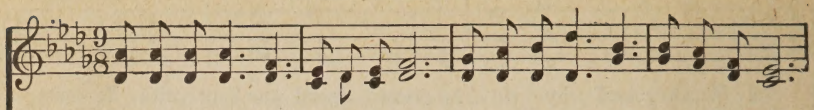
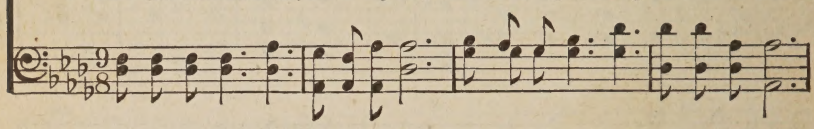
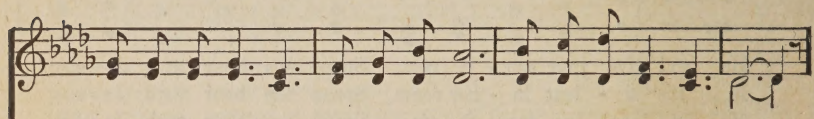
Chas. H. Gabriel.

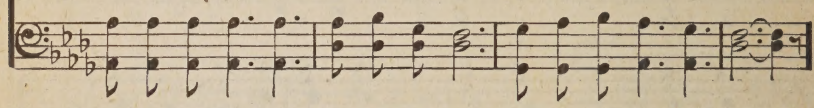


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

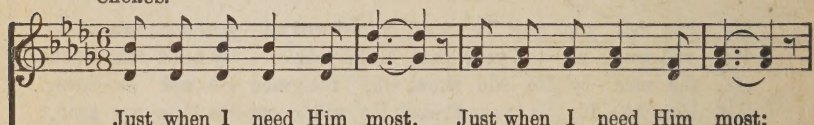


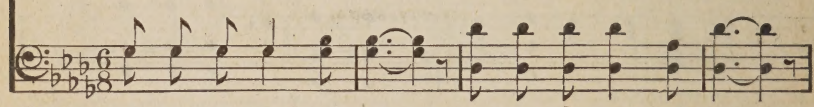
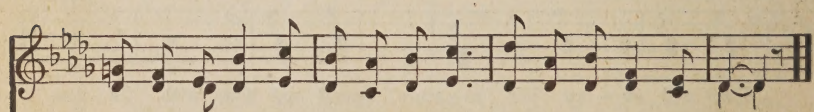


Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

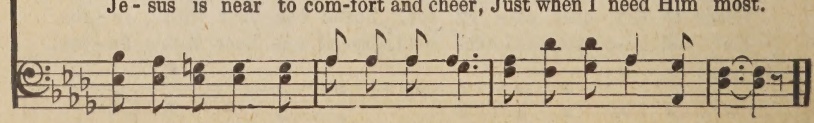


CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 97. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H.

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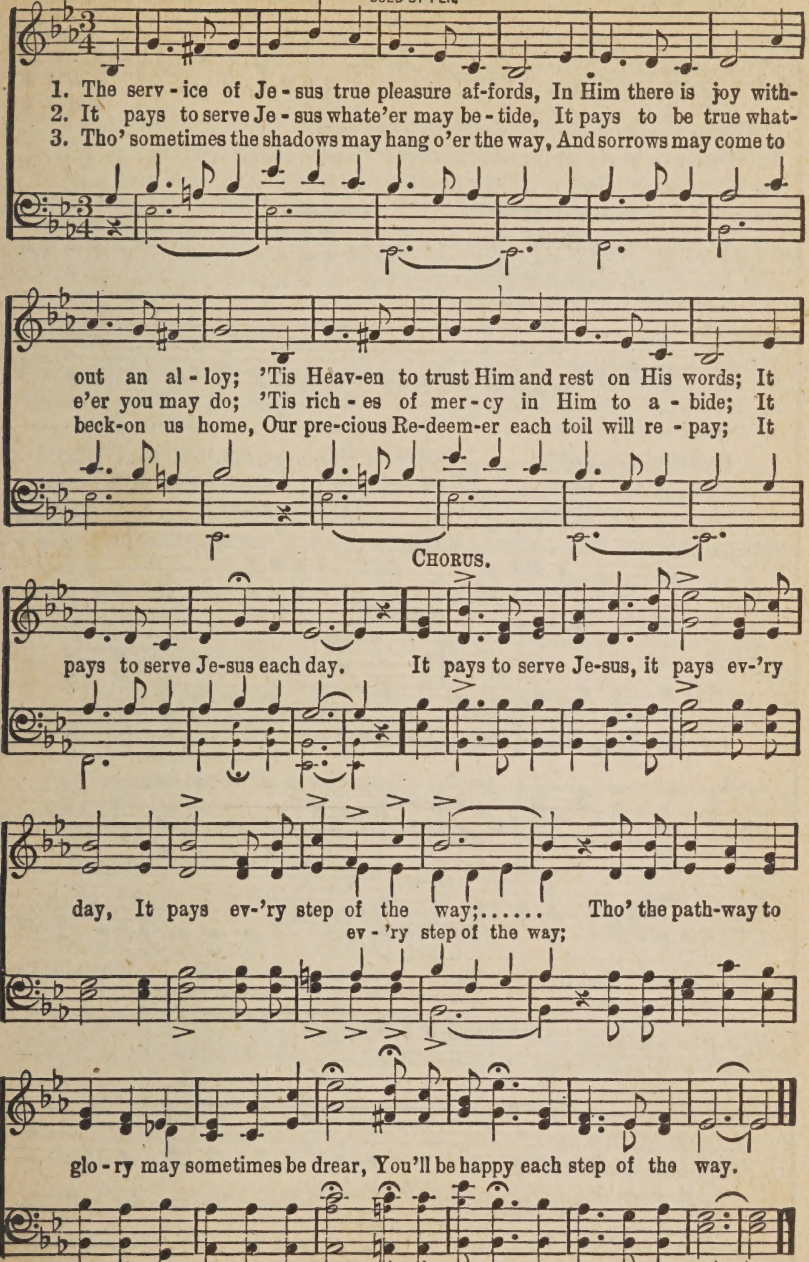
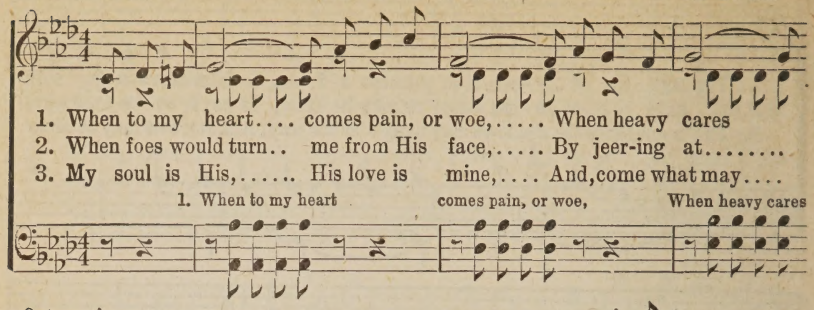
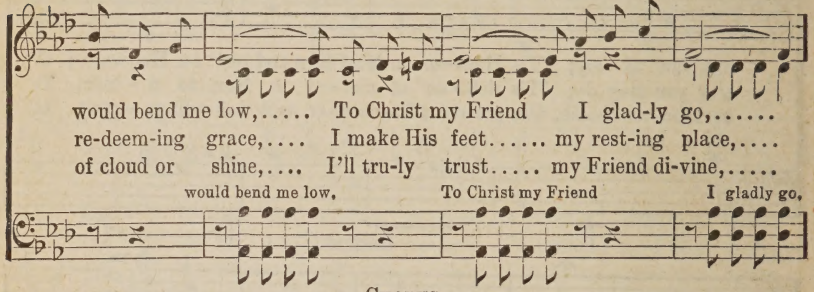
Frank C. Huston.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleasure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je - sus whate'er may be - tide, It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to
out an al - loy; 'Tis Heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a - bide; It
beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re - pay; It
CHORUS.
pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-'ry
day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
ev - 'ry step of the way;
glo - ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

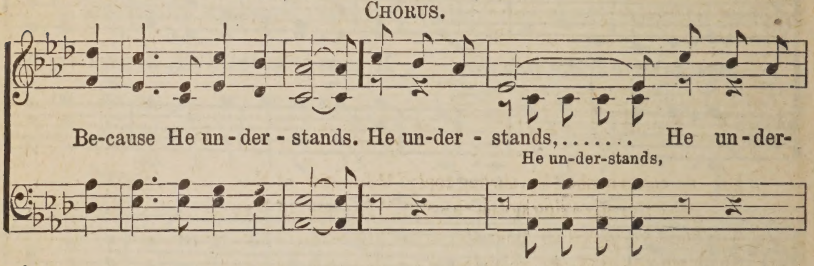
No. 98. Because He Understands.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. Wm. Mc Ewan.

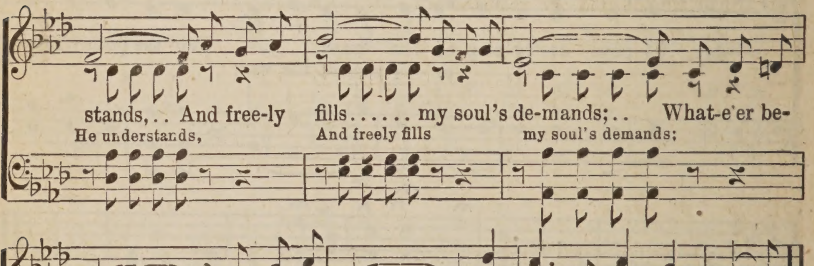
1. When to my heart.... comes pain, or woe,..... When heavy cares
2. When foes would turn.. me from His face,..... By jeer-ing at.....
3. My soul is His,..... His love is mine,.... And, come what may....



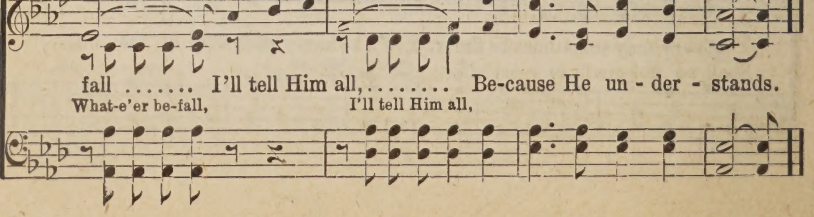
would bend me low,..... To Christ my Friend I glad-ly go,.....
re-deem-ing grace,..... I make His feet..... my rest-ing place,.....
of cloud or shine,..... I'll tru-ly trust..... my Friend di-vine,.....

CHORUS.



stands,.. And free-ly fills..... my soul's de-mands;.. What-e'er be-

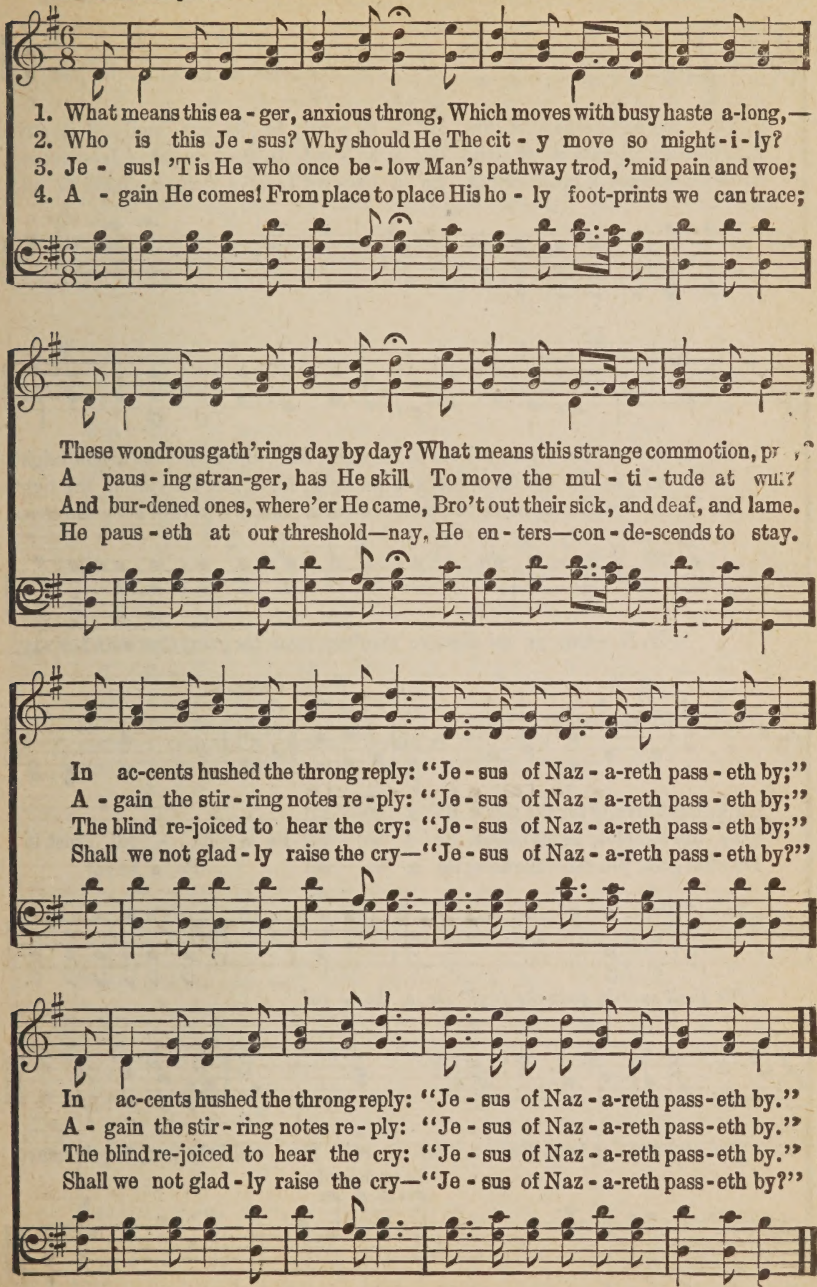


fall ..... I'll tell Him all,..... Be-cause He un-der-stands.



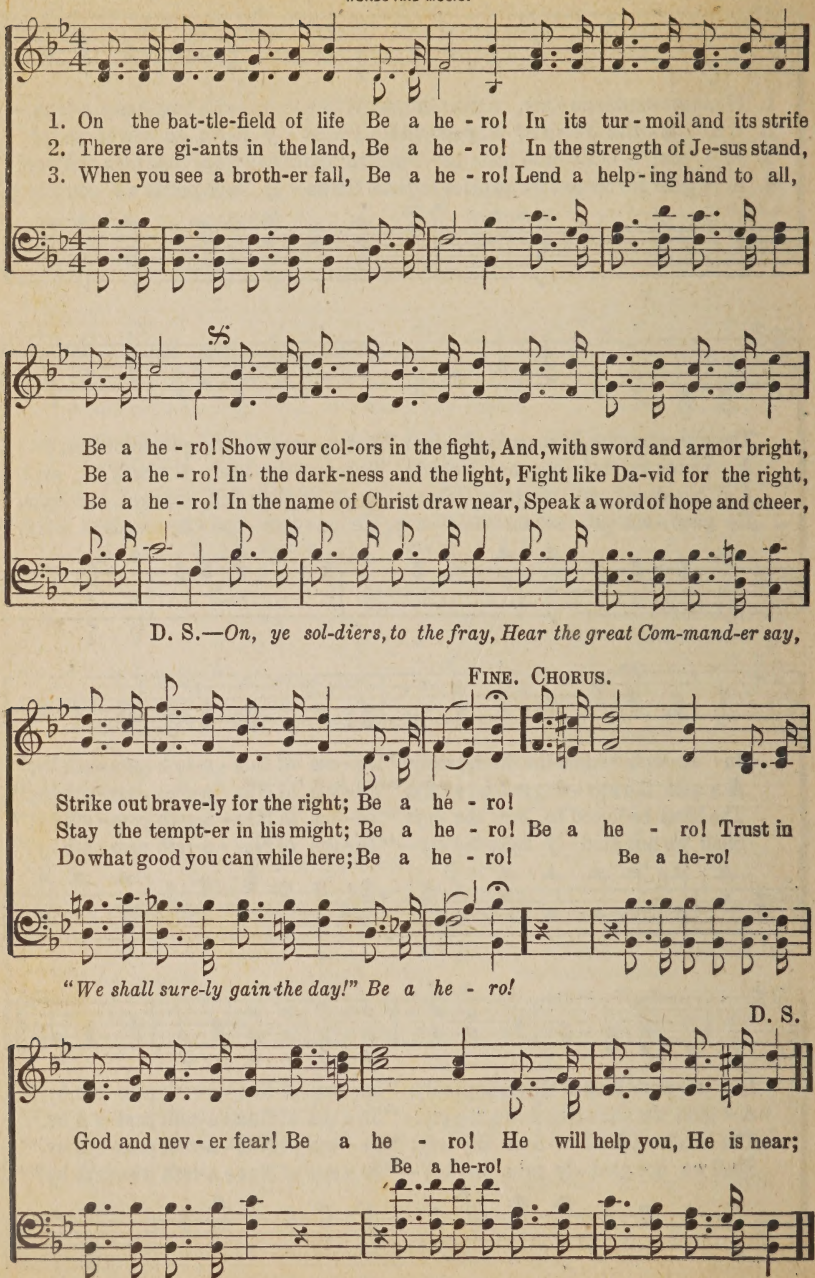
No. 99. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN R. CLEMENTS, OWNER. Theo. E. Perkins.


1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long,—
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?
3. Je - sus! 'T is He who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. A - gain He comes! From place to place His ho - ly foot-prints we can trace;
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pr
A paus - ing stran-ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
And bur-dened ones, where'er He came, Bro't out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—con - de-scends to stay.
In ac-cents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by;"
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by;"
The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by;"
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by?"
In ac-cents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by."
The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by."
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by?"

No. 100. Be a Hero.

Adam Craig. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur - moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Je-sus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help - ing hand to all,
Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,
D. S.—On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-mand-er say,
FINE. CHORUS.
Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro! Be a he-ro!
"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!
D. S.
God and nev - er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!

No. 101. Wonderful Peace.

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H. L. USED BY PERMISSION. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Com - ing to Je - sus my Sav - ior, I found Won - der - ful peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der - ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der - ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der - ful peace,

won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a -
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
won - der - ful peace: Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from

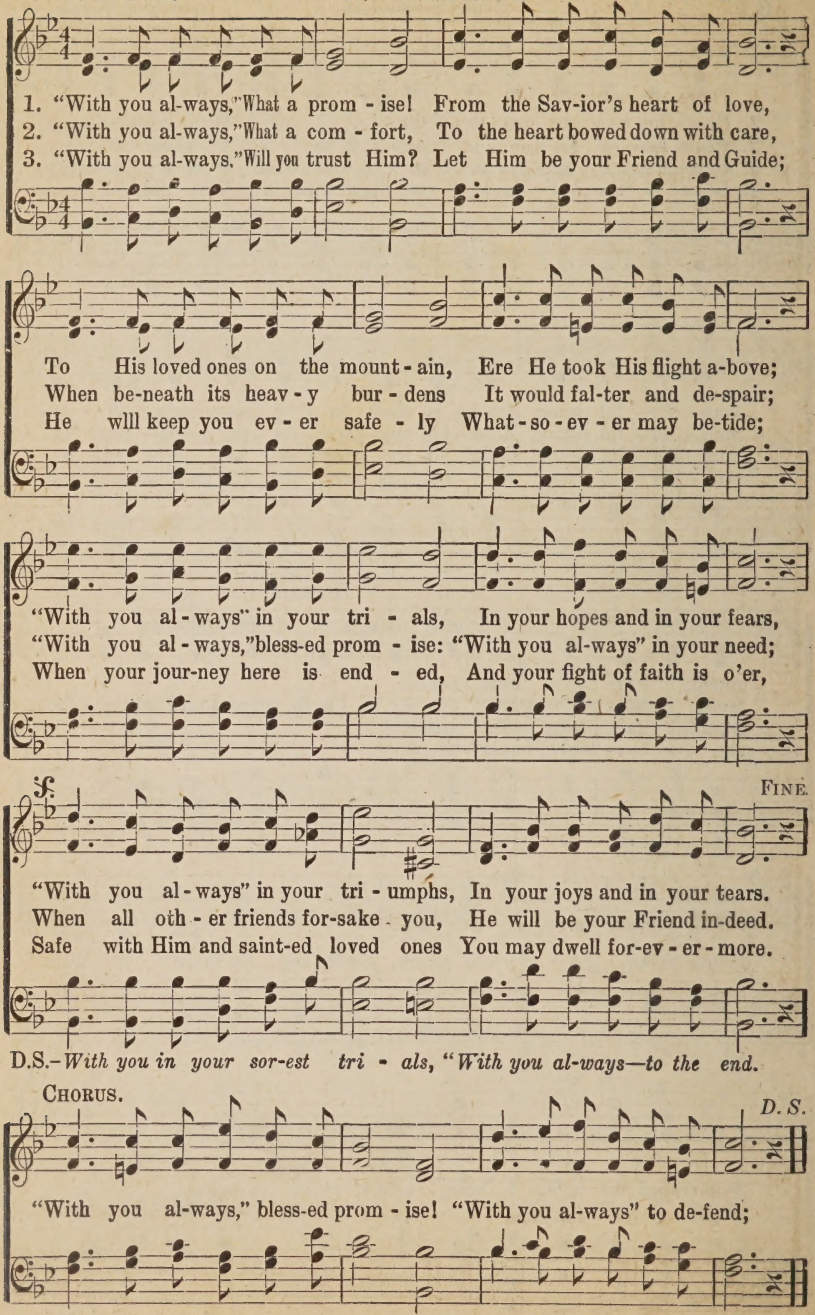
REFRAIN.

round, I have peace, sweet peace.
God, I have peace, sweet peace. Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has

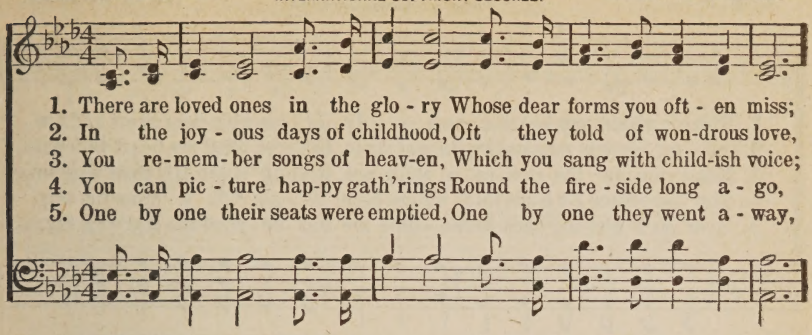
ran - somed my soul, I have peace, sweet peace.....
won - der - ful peace.

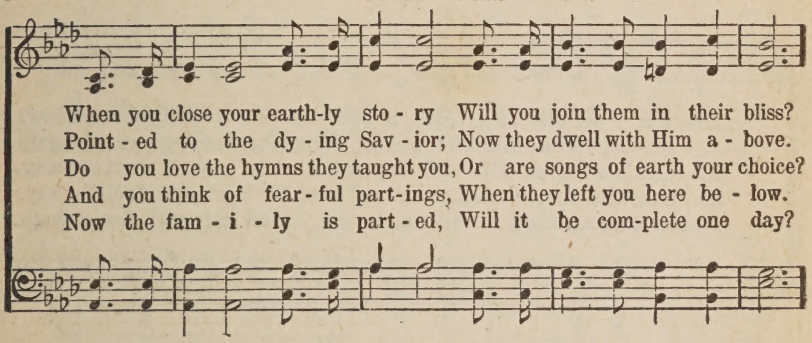
No. 102. With You Always.

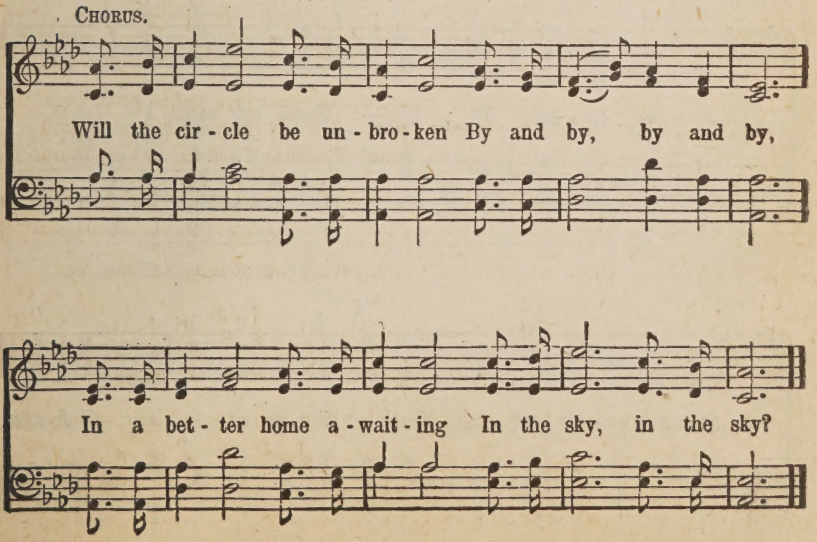
H. A. Gunn. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. Wm. Mc Ewan.

1. "With you al-ways," What a prom - ise! From the Sav-ior's heart of love,
2. "With you al-ways," What a com - fort, To the heart bowed down with care,
3. "With you al-ways." Will you trust Him? Let Him be your Friend and Guide;
To His loved ones on the mount - ain, Ere He took His flight a-bove;
When be-neath its heav - y bur - dens It would fal-ter and de-spair;
He will keep you ev - er safe - ly What - so - ev - er may be-tide;
"With you al - ways" in your tri - als, In your hopes and in your fears,
"With you al - ways," bless-ed prom - ise: "With you al-ways" in your need;
When your jour-ney here is end - ed, And your fight of faith is o'er,
FINE.
"With you al - ways" in your tri - umphs, In your joys and in your tears.
When all oth - er friends for-sake you, He will be your Friend in-deed.
Safe with Him and saint-ed loved ones You may dwell for-ev - er - more.
D.S.—With you in your sor-est tri - als, "With you al-ways—to the end.
CHORUS.
D. S.
"With you al-ways," bless-ed prom - ise! "With you al-ways" to de-fend;

No. 103. Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

Ada R. Habershon. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft - en miss;
2. In the joy - ous days of childhood, Oft they told of won-drous love,
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav-en, Which you sang with child-ish voice;
4. You can pic - ture hap-py gath'rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,


When you close your earth-ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - ior; Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of fear - ful part-ings, When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com-plete one day?

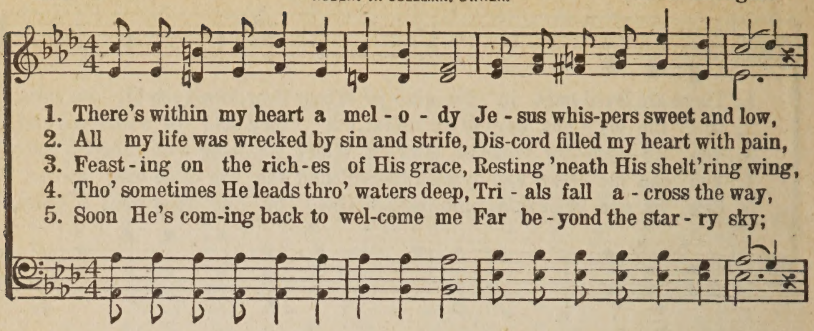


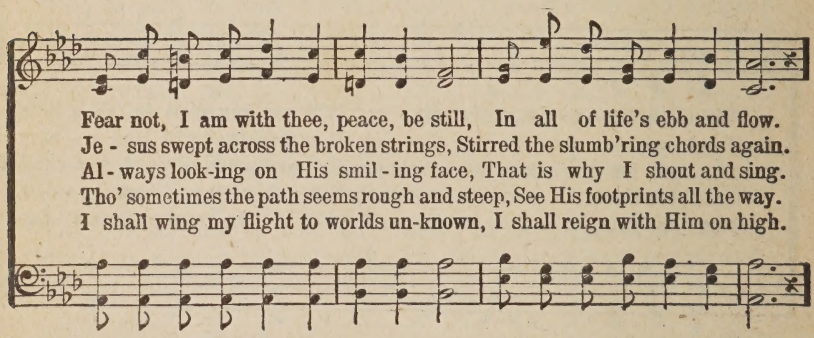
No. 104. **He Keeps Me Singing.**

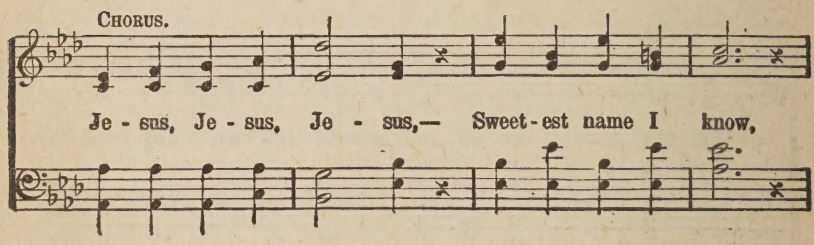
L. B. B.

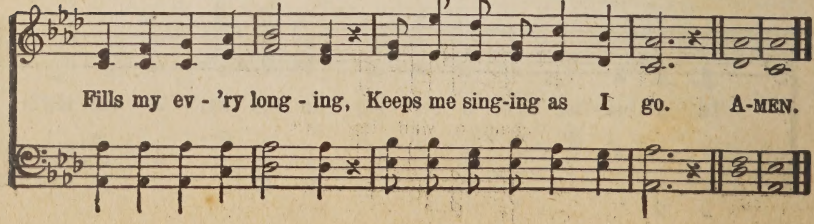
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY L. B. BRIDGERS,
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

L. B. Bridgers.


1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;


Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.

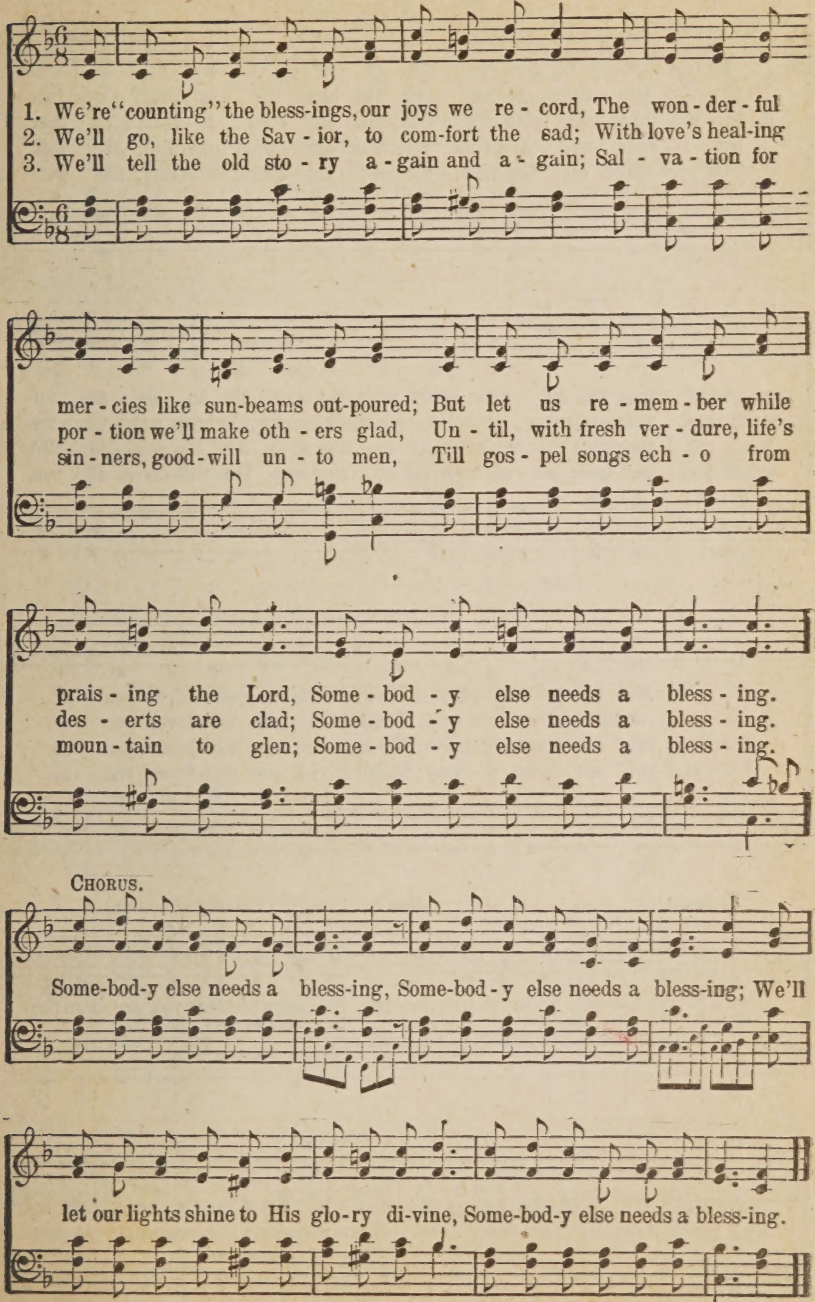




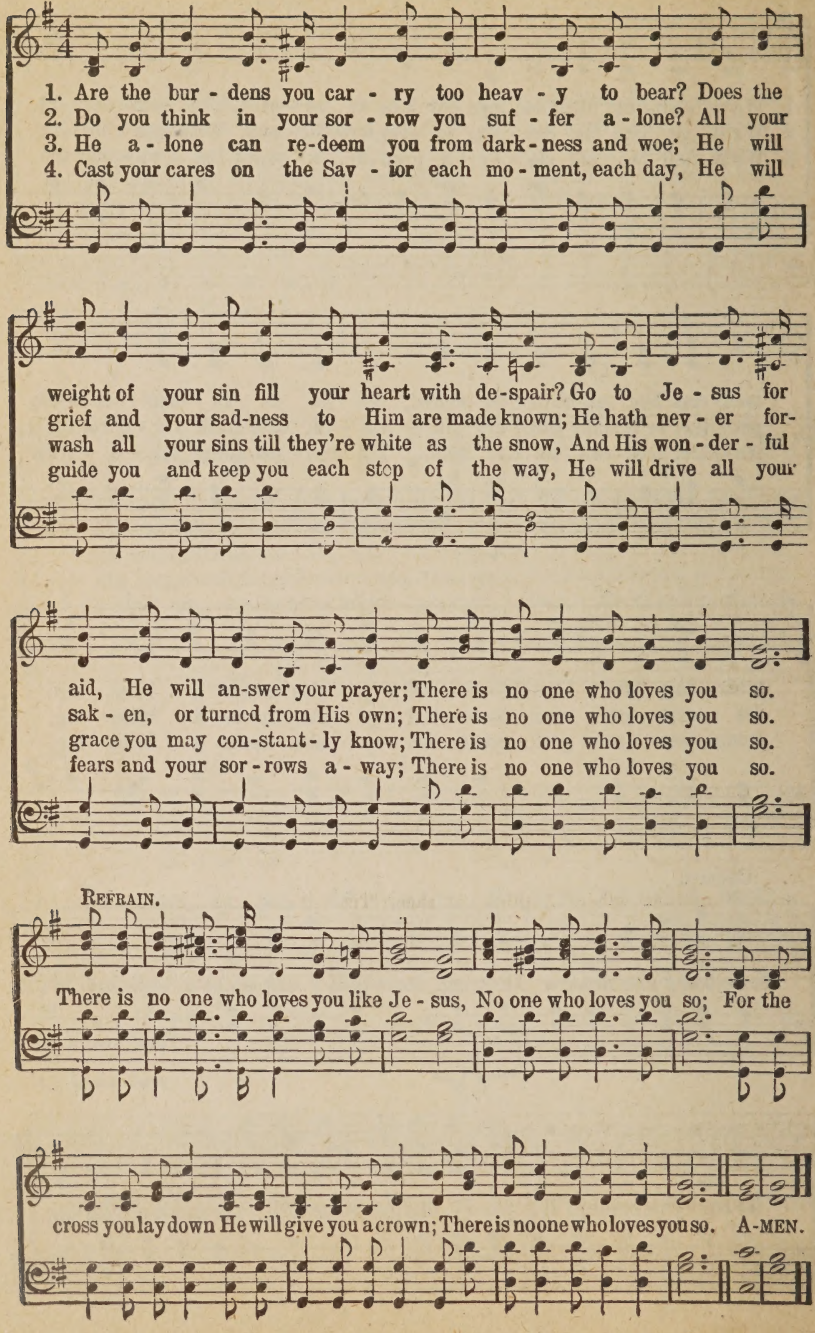
No. 105. Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS.

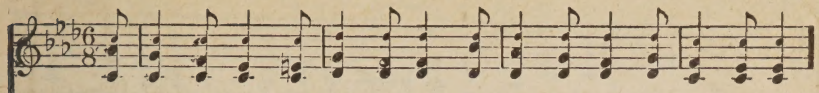
B. D. Ackley.

1. We're "counting" the bless-ings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav - ior, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for
mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
por - tion we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
sin - ners, good-will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from
prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
moun - tain to glen; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
CHORUS.
Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing; We'll
let our lights shine to His glo-ry di-vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

No. 106. No One Loves You So.

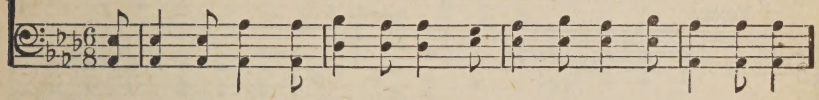
Rev. Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.

1. Are the bur - dens you car - ry too heav - y to bear? Does the
2. Do you think in your sor - row you suf - fer a - lone? All your
3. He a - lone can re-deem you from dark - ness and woe; He will
4. Cast your cares on the Sav - ior each mo - ment, each day, He will
weight of your sin fill your heart with de-spair? Go to Je - sus for
grief and your sad-ness to Him are made known; He hath nev - er for-
wash all your sins till they're white as the snow, And His won - der - ful
guide you and keep you each step of the way, He will drive all your
aid, He will an-swer your prayer; There is no one who loves you so.
sak - en, or turned from His own; There is no one who loves you so.
grace you may con-stant - ly know; There is no one who loves you so.
fears and your sor - rows a - way; There is no one who loves you so.
REFRAIN.
There is no one who loves you like Je - sus, No one who loves you so; For the
cross you lay down He will give you a crown; There is no one who loves you so. A-MEN.

No. 107. Memories of Mother.

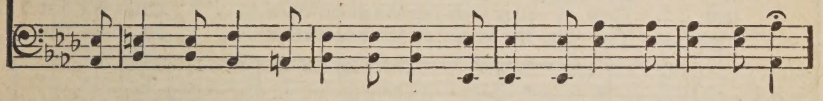
Fred P. Morris. COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1910, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.



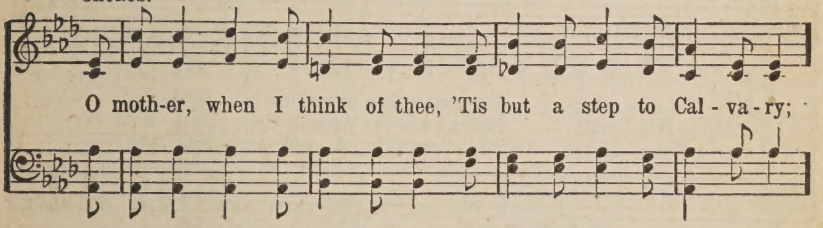
1. My moth-er's hand is on my brow, Her gen-tle voice is plead-ing now;
2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an-guish in those eyes a-gain;
3. While oth-ers scorned me in their pride She gen-tly drew me to her side;
4. The mem-o-ries of by-gone years, My moth-er's love, my mother's tears,
5. I'm com-ing home, by sin be-set, For Je-sus loves me e-ven yet;



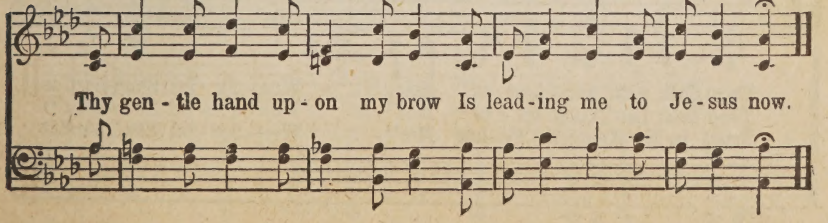
A-cross the years so marred by sin What mem-o-ries of love steal in!
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit-ter woe.
When all the world had turned a-way My moth-er stood by me that day.
The tho't of all her con-stant care Doth bring the an-swer to her prayer.
My moth-er's love brings home to me The great-er love of Cal-va-ry.



CHORUS.



O moth-er, when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Cal-va-ry;



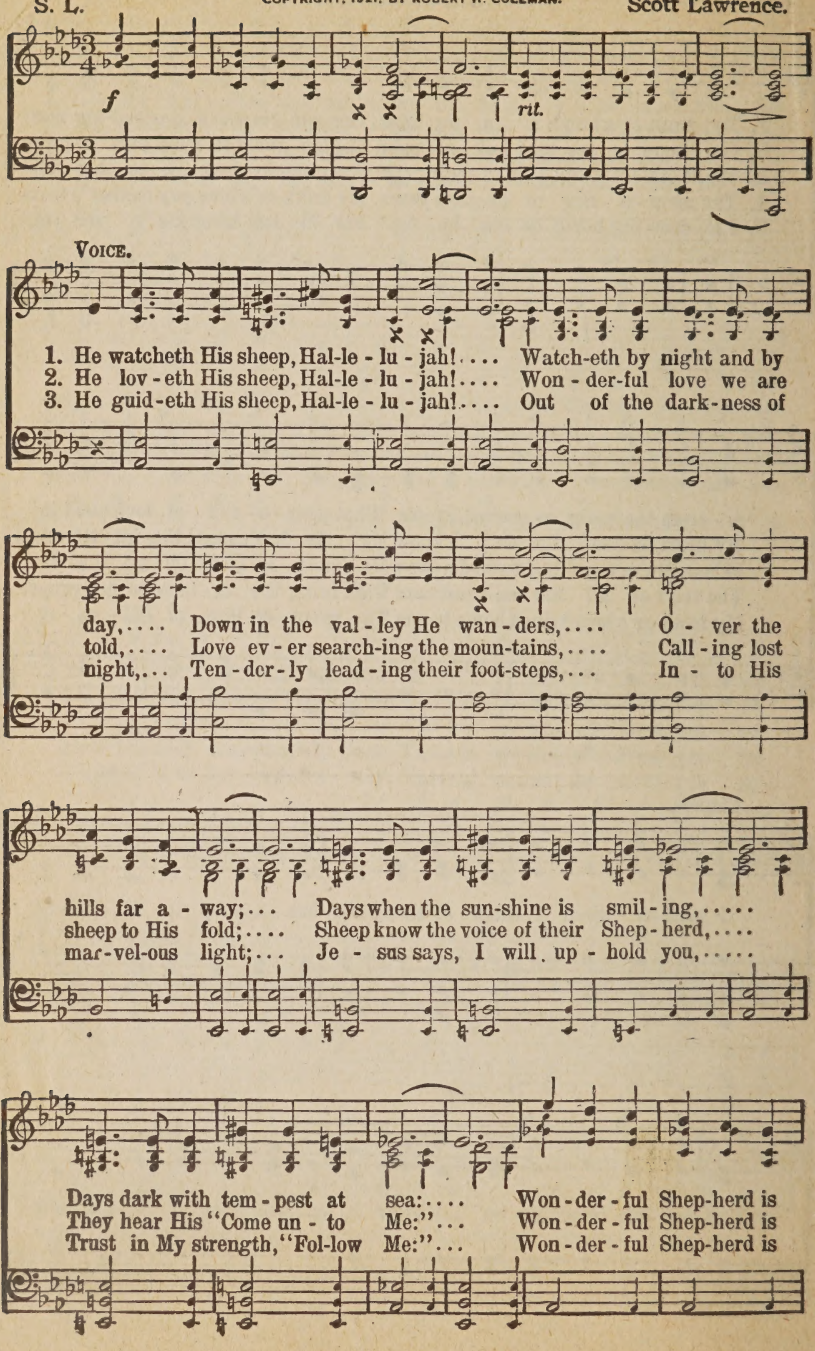
Thy gen-tle hand up-on my brow Is lead-ing me to Je-sus now.

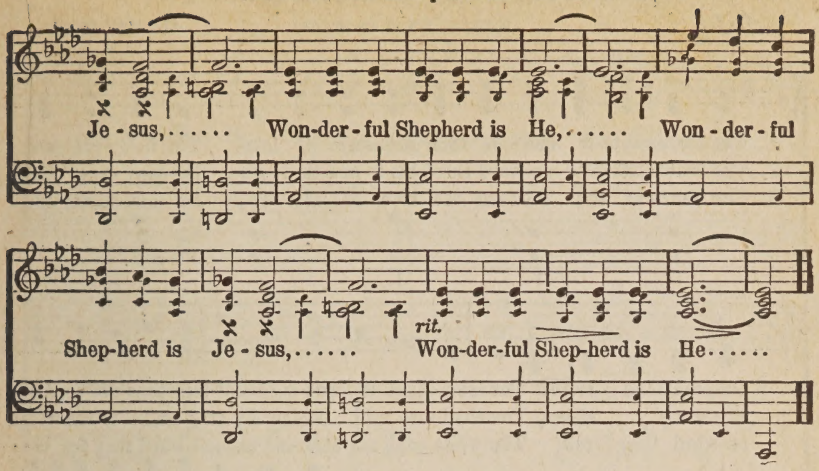
No. 108.

Wonderful Shepherd Is He.

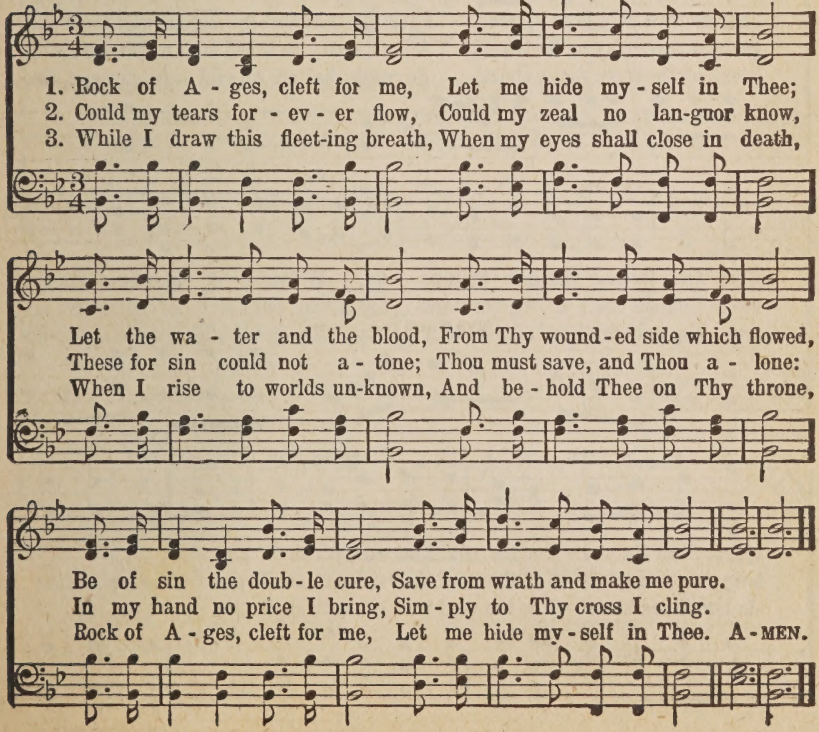
Dedicated to Dr. S. E. Furry.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

f
rit.
VOICE.
1. He watcheth His sheep, Hal-le - lu - jah!.... Watch-eth by night and by
2. He lov - eth His sheep, Hal-le - lu - jah!.... Won - der-ful love we are
3. He guid-eth His sheep, Hal-le - lu - jah!.... Out of the dark-ness of
day,.... Down in the val - ley He wan - ders,.... O - ver the
told,.... Love ev - er search-ing the moun-tains,.... Call - ing lost
night,... Ten - der - ly lead - ing their foot-steps,... In - to His
hills far a - way;... Days when the sun-shine is smil - ing,.....
sheep to His fold;.... Sheep know the voice of their Shep - herd,....
mar-vel-ous light;... Je - sus says, I will up - hold you,.....
Days dark with tem - pest at sea:.... Won - der - ful Shep-herd is
They hear His "Come un - to Me:"... Won - der - ful Shep-herd is
Trust in My strength, "Fol-low Me:"... Won - der - ful Shep-herd is

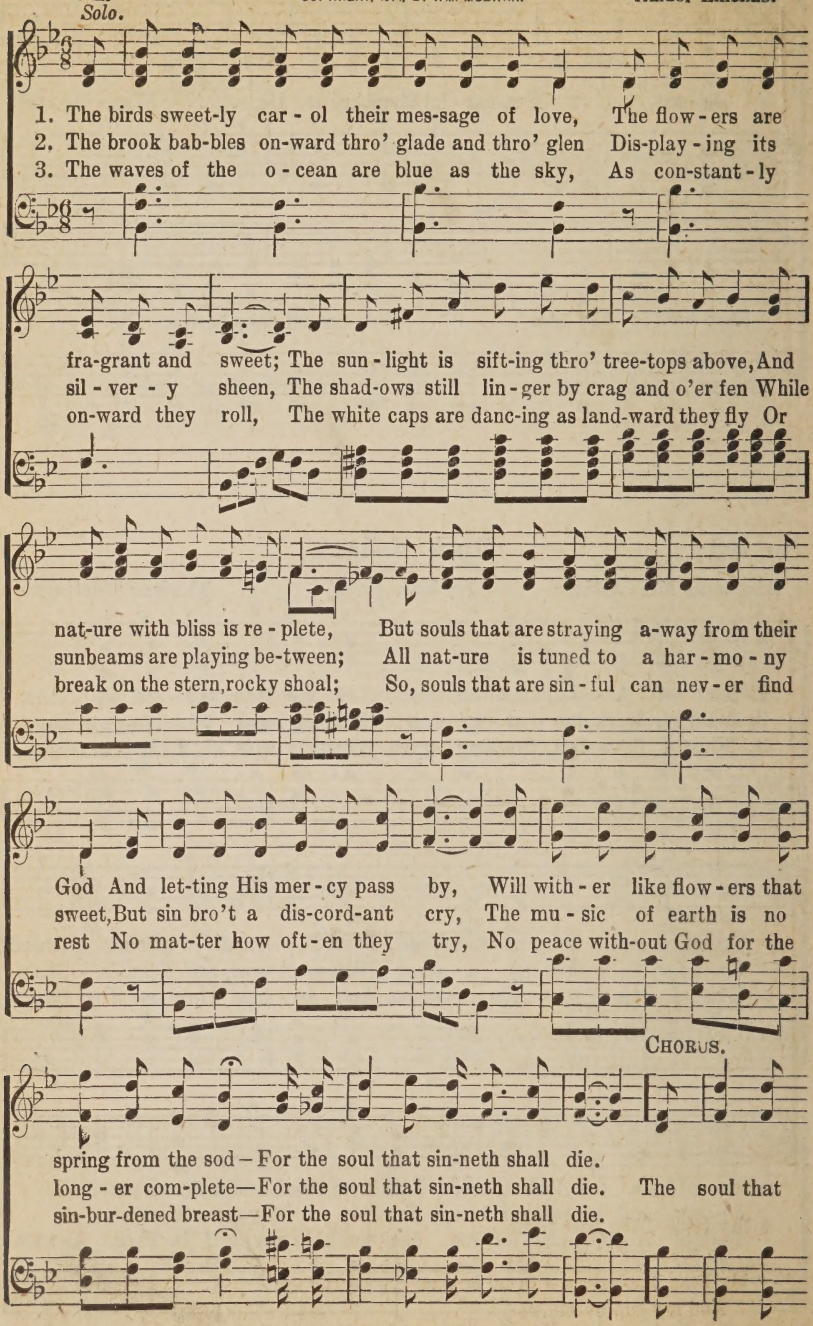
Wonderful Shepherd Is He.

No. 109. Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.

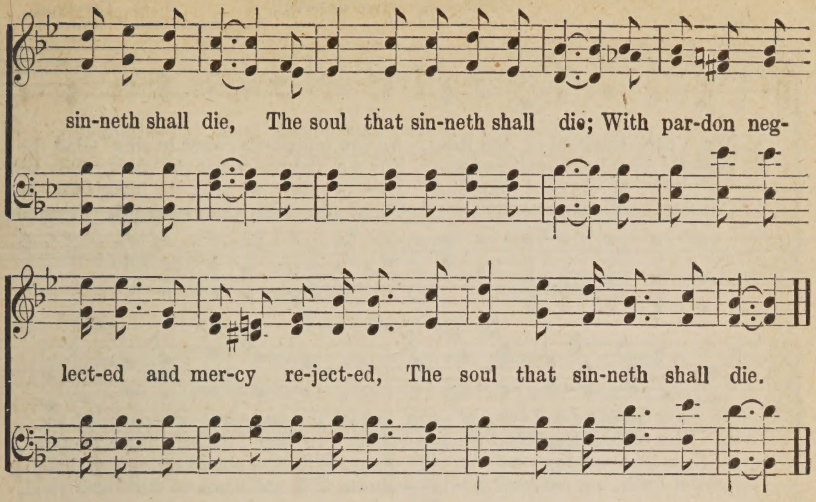

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

No. 110. The Soul That Sinneth Shall Die.

H. L. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MCEWAN. Haldor Lillenas.

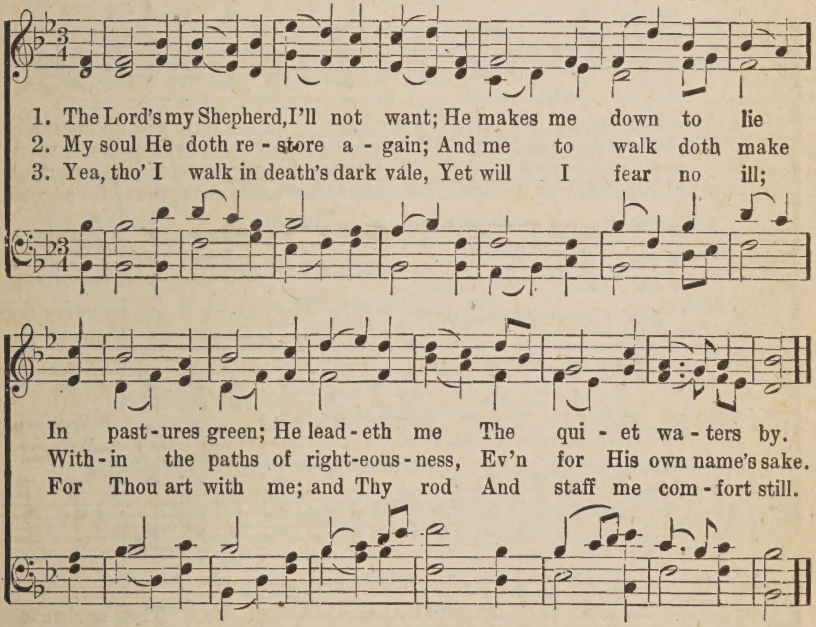
Solo.

1. The birds sweet-ly car - ol their mes-sage of love, The flow - ers are
2. The brook bab-bles on-ward thro' glade and thro' glen Dis-play - ing its
3. The waves of the o - cean are blue as the sky, As con-stant - ly
fra-grant and sweet; The sun - light is sift-ing thro' tree-tops above, And
sil - ver - y sheen, The shad-ows still lin - ger by crag and o'er fen While
on-ward they roll, The white caps are danc-ing as land-ward they fly Or
nat-ure with bliss is re - plete, But souls that are straying a-way from their
sunbeams are playing be-tween; All nat-ure is tuned to a har - mo - ny
break on the stern, rocky shoal; So, souls that are sin - ful can nev - er find
God And let-ting His mer - cy pass by, Will with - er like flow - ers that
sweet, But sin bro't a dis-cord-ant cry, The mu - sic of earth is no
rest No mat-ter how oft - en they try, No peace with-out God for the
CHORUS.
spring from the sod—For the soul that sin-neth shall die.
long - er com-plete—For the soul that sin-neth shall die. The soul that
sin-bur-dened breast—For the soul that sin-neth shall die.

The Soul That Sinneth Shall Die.


sin-neth shall die, The soul that sin-neth shall die; With par-don neg-
lect-ed and mer-cy re-ject-ed, The soul that sin-neth shall die.

No. 111. The Lord's my Shepherd.

23rd Psalm. WILTSHIRE. C. M. Sir George Smart.

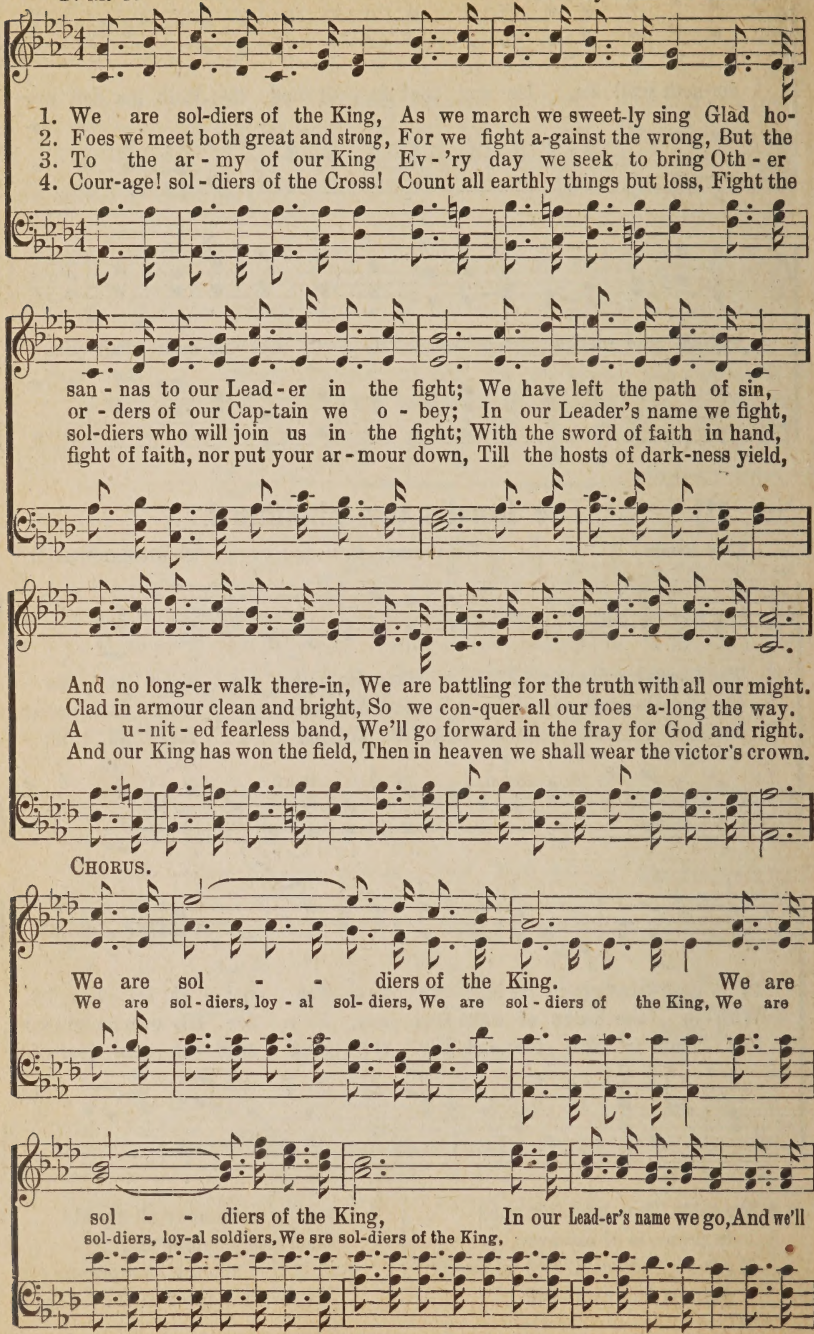

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
In past-ures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, Ev'n for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

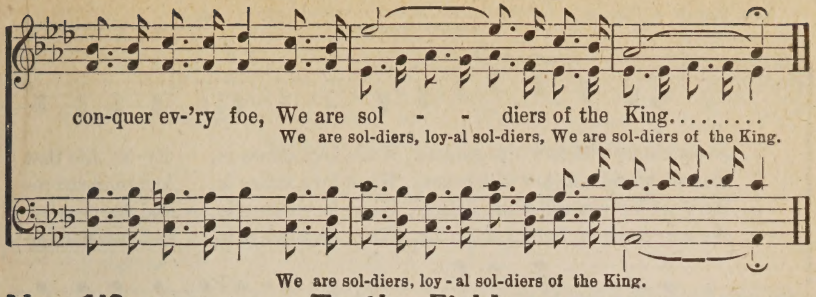
5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 112. Soldiers of the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN.

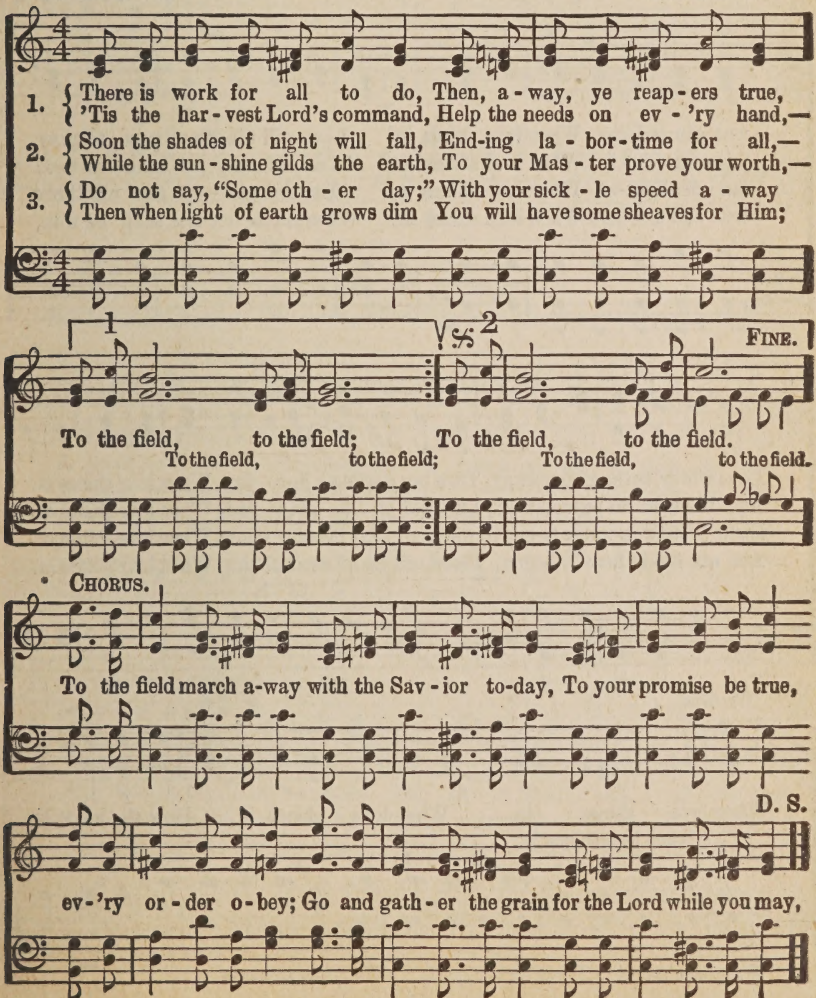
D. M. T. D. M. Thomson.
Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol-diers of the King, As we march we sweet-ly sing Glad ho-
2. Foes we meet both great and strong, For we fight a-gainst the wrong, But the
3. To the ar - my of our King Ev - 'ry day we seek to bring Oth - er
4. Cour-age! sol - diers of the Cross! Count all earthly things but loss, Fight the
san - nas to our Lead - er in the fight; We have left the path of sin,
or - ders of our Cap-tain we o - bey; In our Leader's name we fight,
sol-diers who will join us in the fight; With the sword of faith in hand,
fight of faith, nor put your ar - mour down, Till the hosts of dark-ness yield,
And no long-er walk there-in, We are battling for the truth with all our might.
Clad in armour clean and bright, So we con-quer all our foes a-long the way.
A u - nit - ed fearless band, We'll go forward in the fray for God and right.
And our King has won the field, Then in heaven we shall wear the victor's crown.
CHORUS.
We are sol - - - diers of the King. We are
We are sol - diers, loy - al sol - diers, We are sol - diers of the King, We are
sol - - - diers of the King, In our Lead-er's name we go, And we'll
sol-diers, loy-al soldiers, We are sol-diers of the King,

Soldiers of the King.


con-quer ev-'ry foe, We are sol - - diers of the King.....
We are sol-diers, loy-al sol-diers, We are sol-diers of the King.
We are sol-diers, loy-al sol-diers of the King.

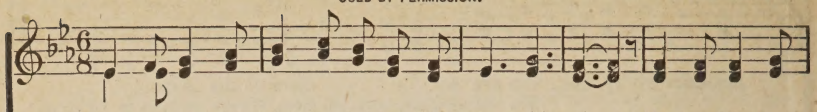
No. 113 To the Field.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. Wm. McEwan.

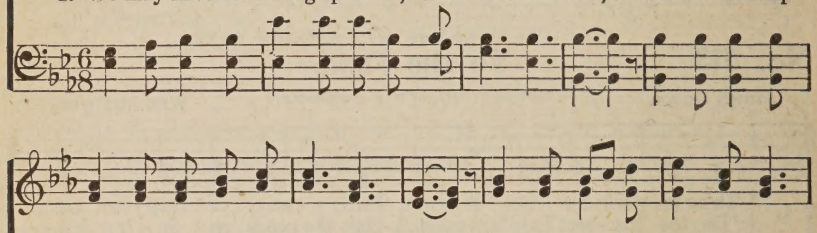

1. There is work for all to do, Then, a-way, ye reap-ers true,
'Tis the har-vest Lord's command, Help the needs on ev-'ry hand,—
2. Soon the shades of night will fall, End-ing la-bor-time for all,—
While the sun-shine gilds the earth, To your Mas-ter prove your worth,—
3. Do not say, "Some oth-er day;" With your sick-le speed a-way
Then when light of earth grows dim You will have some sheaves for Him;
1
2
FINE.
To the field, to the field; To the field, to the field.
To the field, to the field; To the field, to the field.
CHORUS.
To the field march a-way with the Sav-ior to-day, To your promise be true,
D. S.
ev-'ry or-der o-bey; Go and gath-er the grain for the Lord while you may,

No. 114. When Love Shines In.

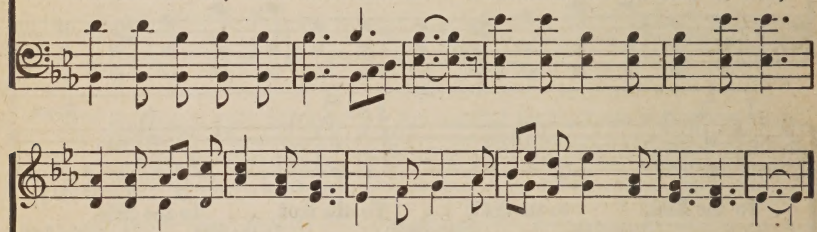
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



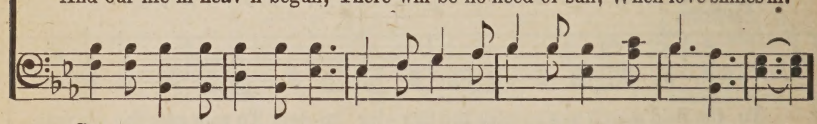
1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



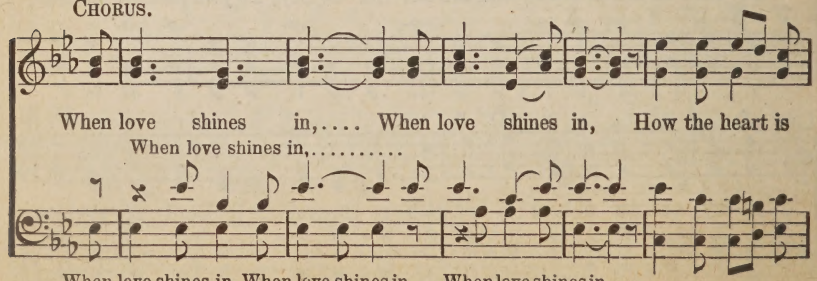
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

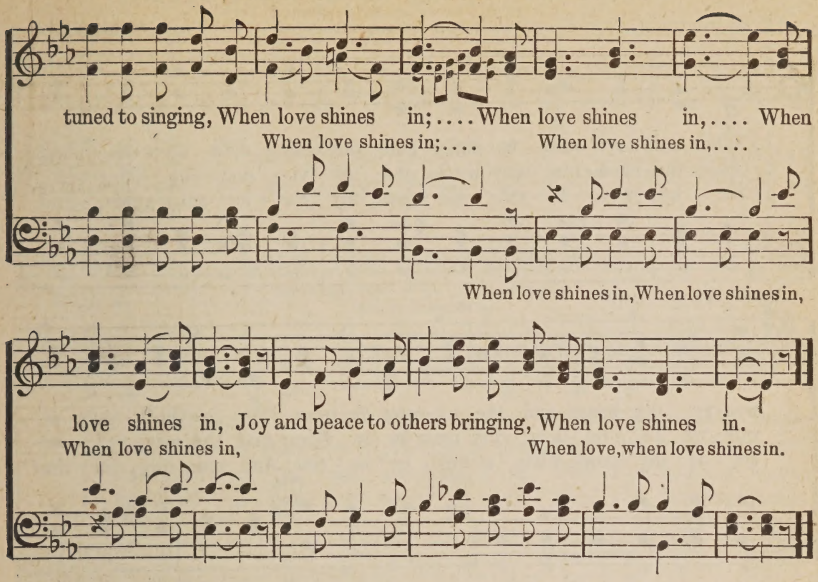


CHORUS.



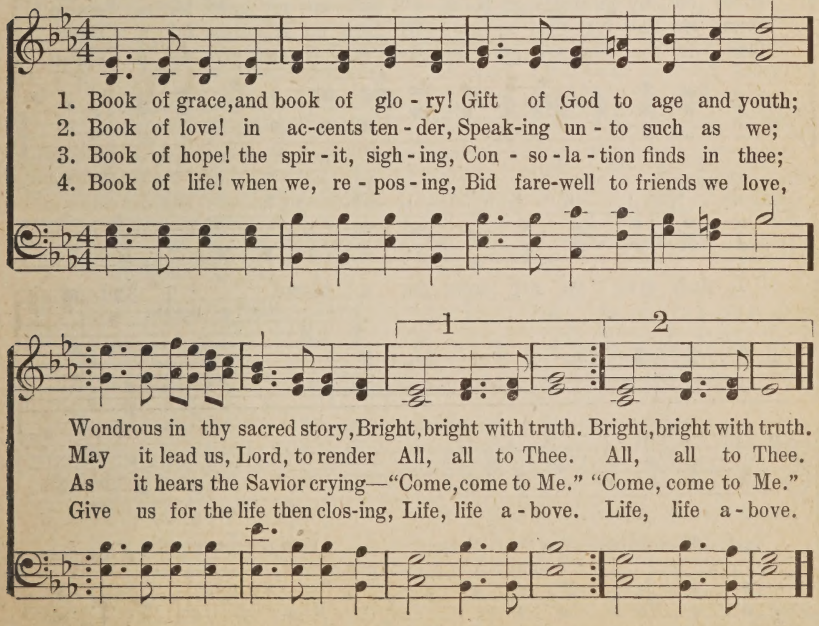
When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.

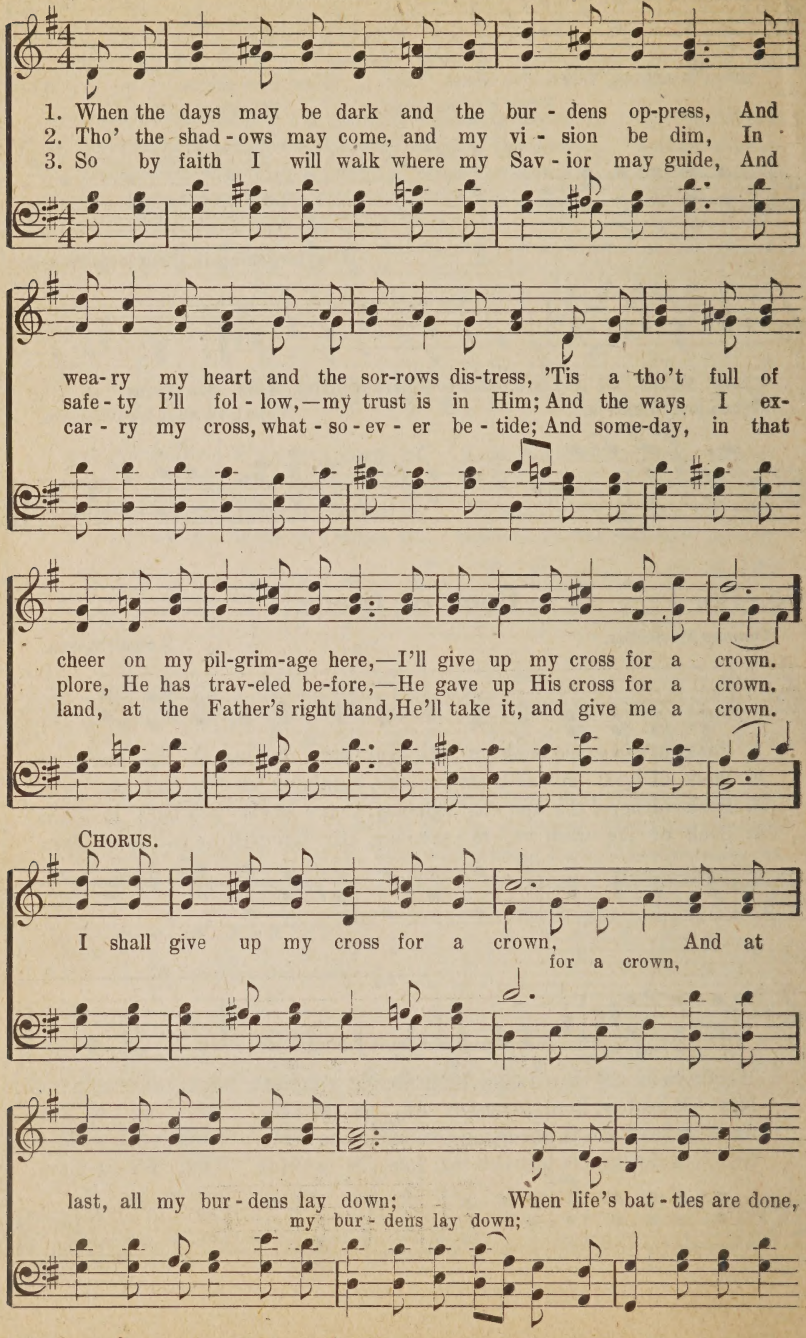

tuned to singing, When love shines in;.... When love shines in,.... When
When love shines in;.... When love shines in,....
When love shines in, When love shines in,
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in, When love, when love shines in.

No. 115. Book of Grace.

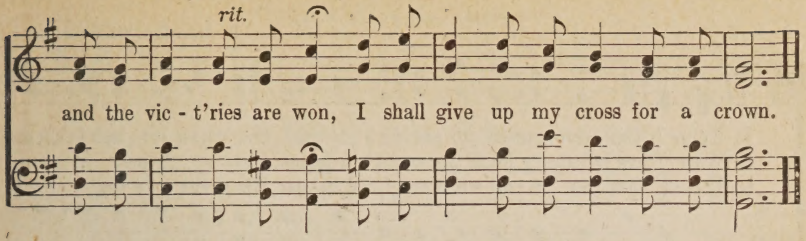
Thomas MacKellar. **Lowell Mason.**


1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth;
2. Book of love! in ac-cents ten - der, Speak-ing un - to such as we;
3. Book of hope! the spir - it, sigh - ing, Con - so - la - tion finds in thee;
4. Book of life! when we, re - pos - ing, Bid fare-well to friends we love,
1
2
Wondrous in thy sacred story, Bright, bright with truth. Bright, bright with truth.
May it lead us, Lord, to render All, all to Thee. All, all to Thee.
As it hears the Savior crying—"Come, come to Me." "Come, come to Me."
Give us for the life then clos-ing, Life, life a - bove. Life, life a - bove.

No. 116. I Shall Give Up My Cross for a Crown.

F. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY FRANK C. HUSTON. Frank C. Huston.

1. When the days may be dark and the bur - dens op-press, And
wea-ry my heart and the sor-rows dis-tress, 'Tis a tho't full of
cheer on my pil-grim-age here,—I'll give up my cross for a crown.
CHORUS.
I shall give up my cross for a crown, And at
last, all my bur - dens lay down; When life's bat - tles are done,
2. Tho' the shad - ows may come, and my vi - sion be dim, In
safe - ty I'll fol - low,—my trust is in Him; And the ways I ex-
plore, He has trav-eled be-fore,—He gave up His cross for a crown.
for a crown,
my bur - dens lay down;
3. So by faith I will walk where my Sav - ior may guide, And
car - ry my cross, what - so - ev - er be - tide; And some-day, in that
land, at the Father's right hand, He'll take it, and give me a crown.

I Shall Give Up My Cross for a Crown!



No. 117. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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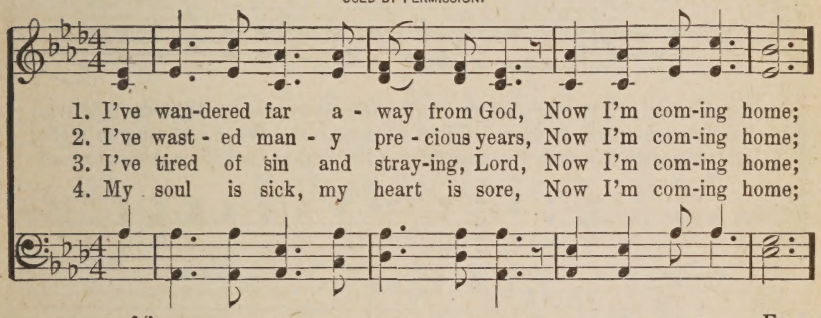
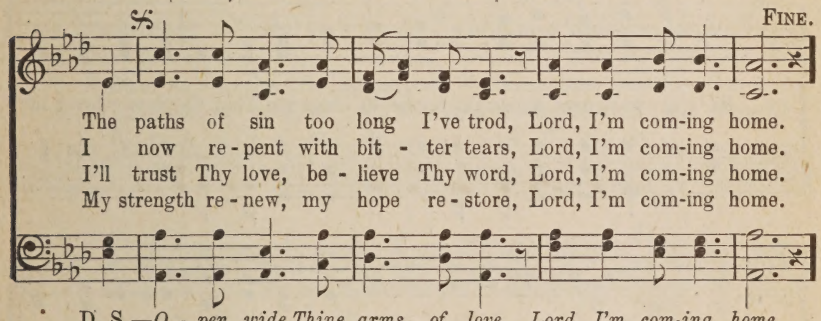
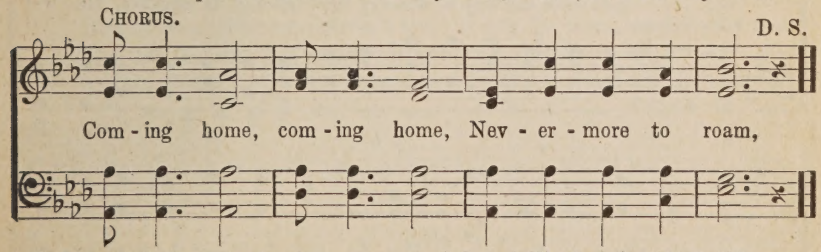
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;


FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



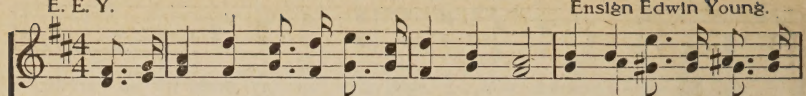
5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

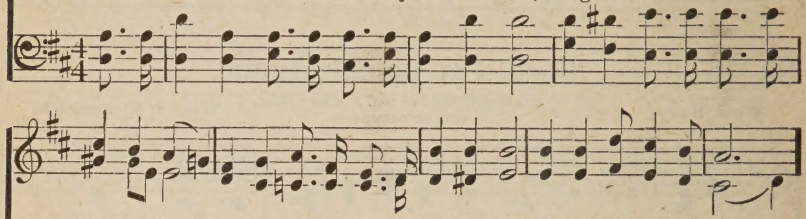
No. 118. One Who Loves Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG.

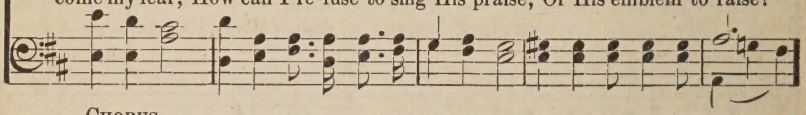
E. E. Y. Ensign Edwin Young.



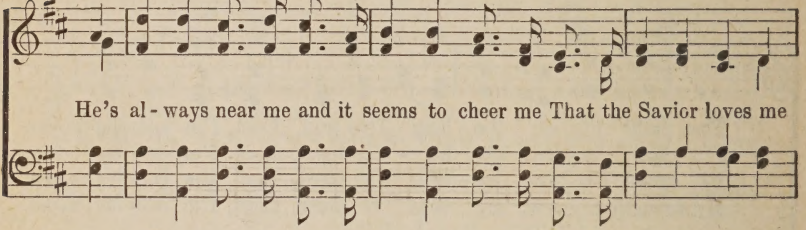
1. There is One who sym-pa-thi-zes with my grief, One whose love can bring me
2. Now I live in safe-ty from the world's a-larms, Held so firm-ly in my
3. I will fear no e-vil when my Lord is near, His great love will o-ver-



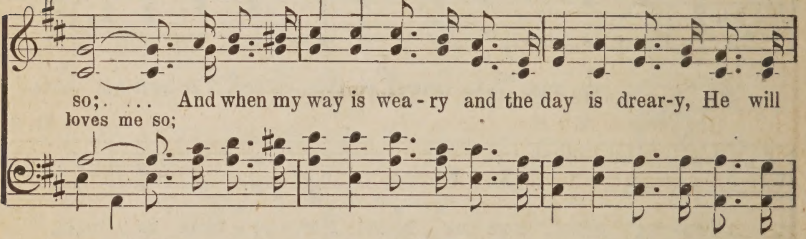
sweet re-lief, One who calls me from the world a-way; Je-sus lightens my day.
Savior's arms; Hal-le-lu-jah! What a Friend is He! What a blessing to me!
come my fear; How can I re-fuse to sing His praise, Or His emblem to raise?



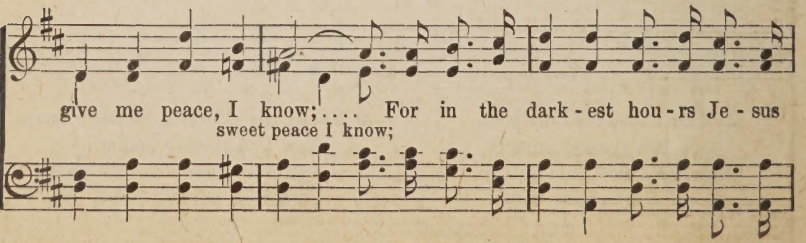
CHORUS.



He's al-ways near me and it seems to cheer me That the Savior loves me

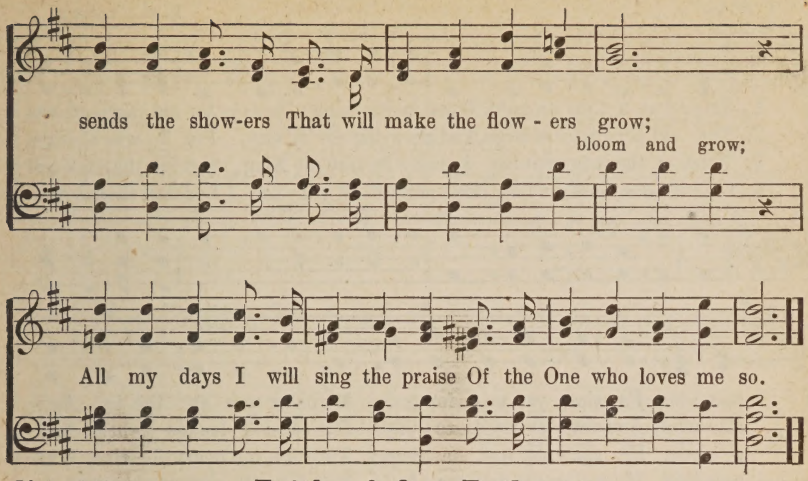


so; . . . And when my way is wea-ry and the day is drear-y, He will
loves me so;



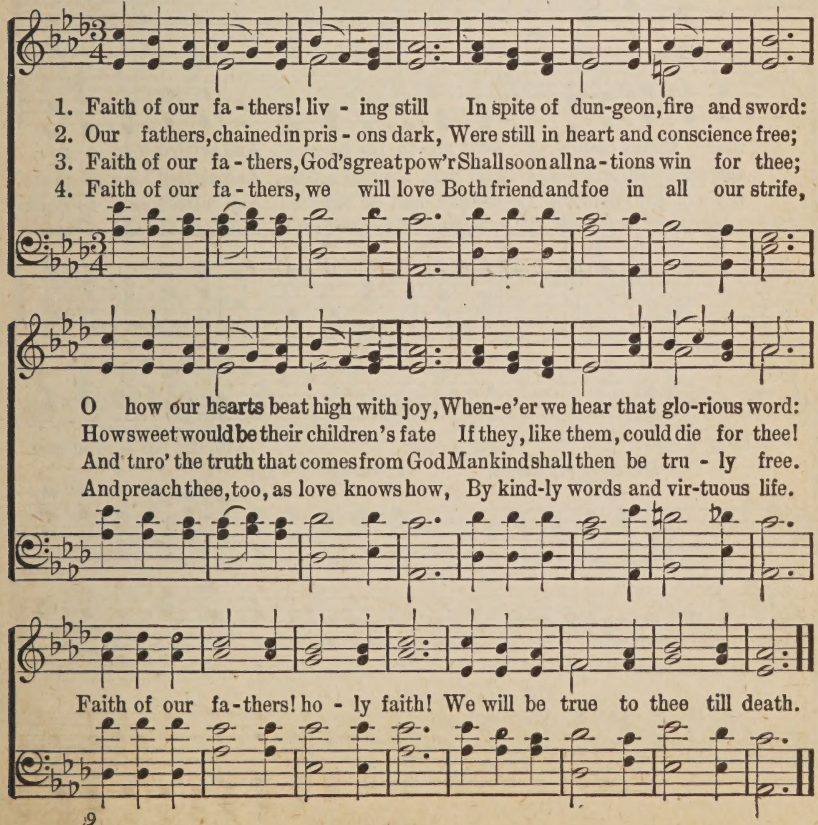
give me peace, I know; . . . . For in the dark-est hou-rs Je-sus
sweet peace I know;

One Who Loves Me.


sends the show-ers That will make the flow - ers grow;
bloom and grow;
All my days I will sing the praise Of the One who loves me so.

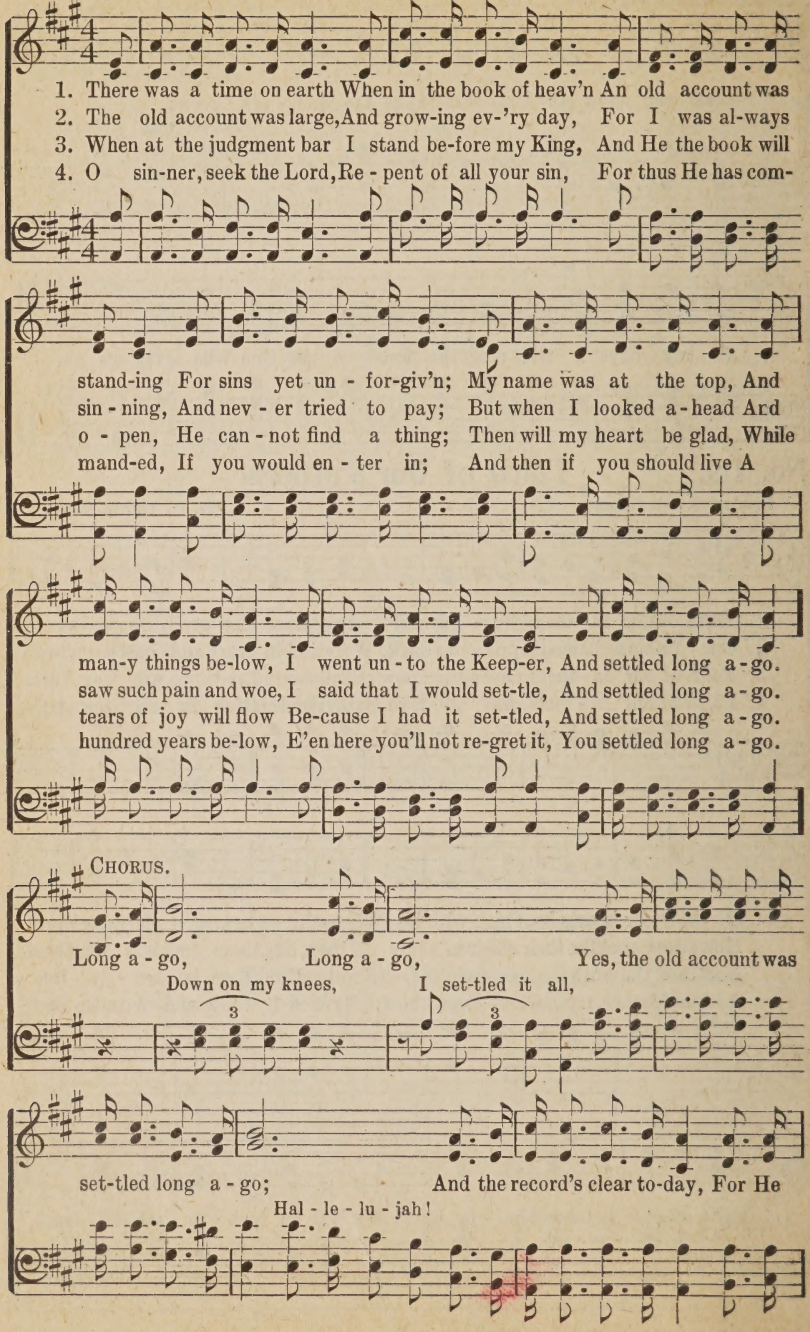
No. 119. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

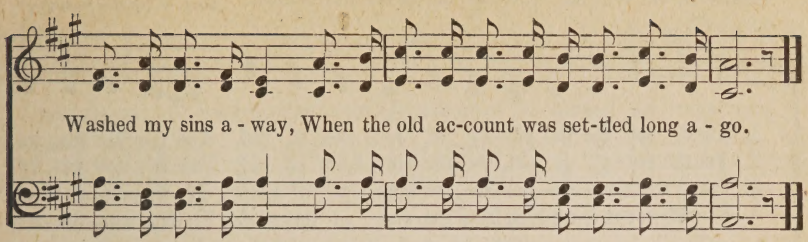

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 120. An Old Account Settled.

F. M. G. F. M. Graham.

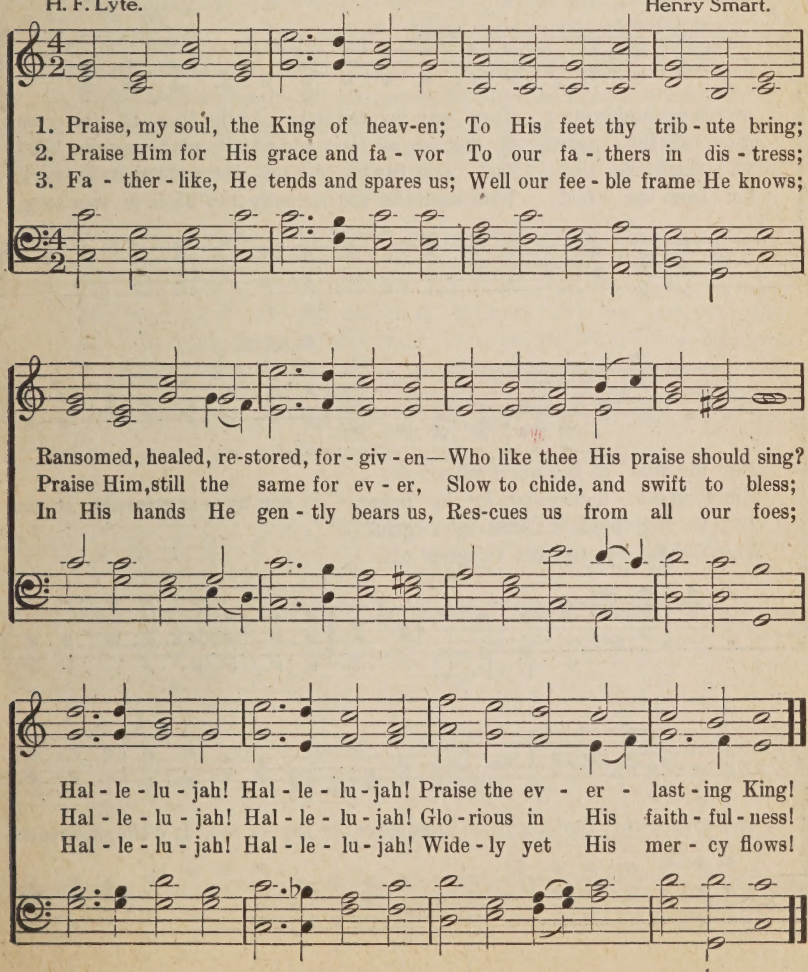

1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was
2. The old account was large, And grow-ing ev-'ry day, For I was al-ways
3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will
4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re - pent of all your sin, For thus He has com-
stand-ing For sins yet un - for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And
sin - ning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked a - head And
o - pen, He can - not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While
mand-ed, If you would en - ter in; And then if you should live A
man-y things be-low, I went un - to the Keep-er, And settled long a - go.
saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle, And settled long a - go.
tears of joy will flow Be-cause I had it set-tled, And settled long a - go.
hundred years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You settled long a - go.
CHORUS.
Long a - go, Long a - go, Yes, the old account was
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,
3
3
set-tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

An Old Account Settled.

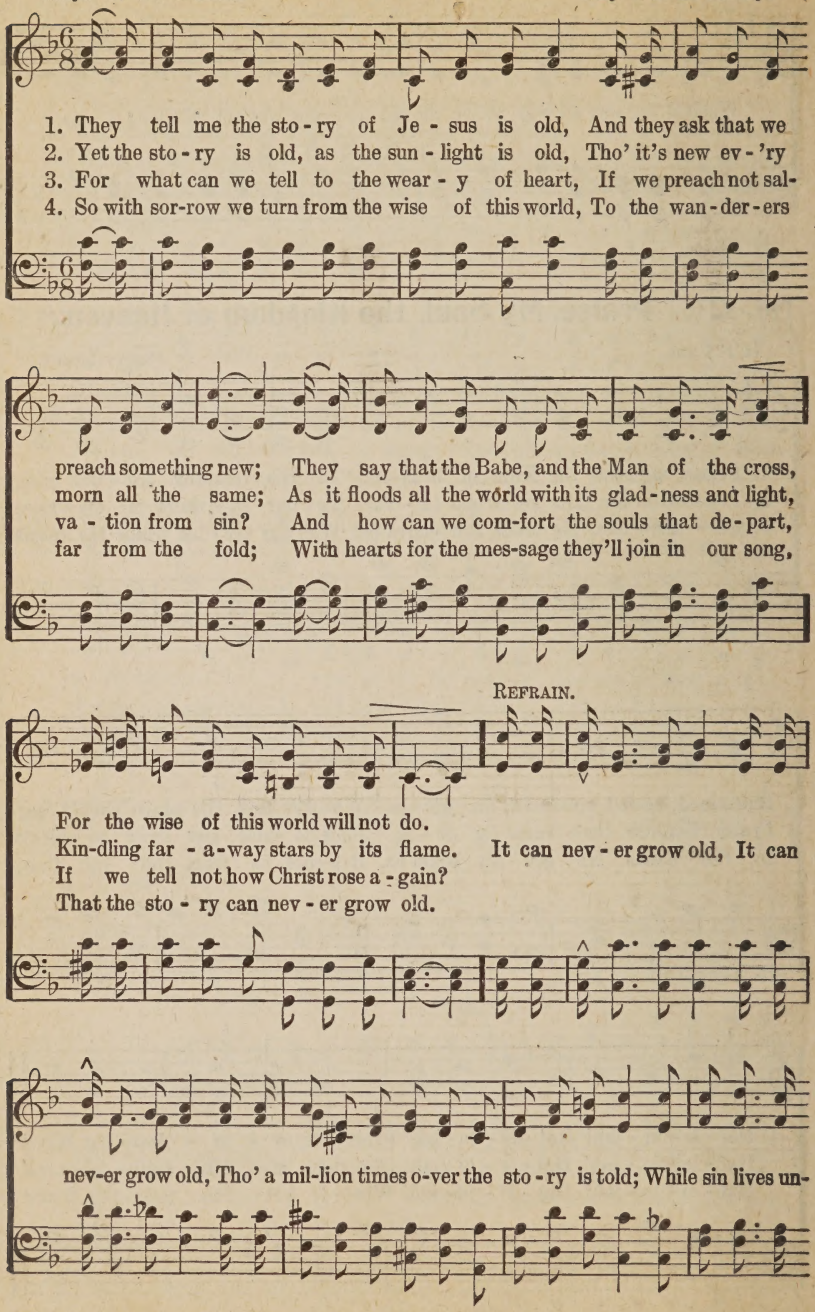


No. 121. Praise, My Soul, the Kingdom of Heaven.

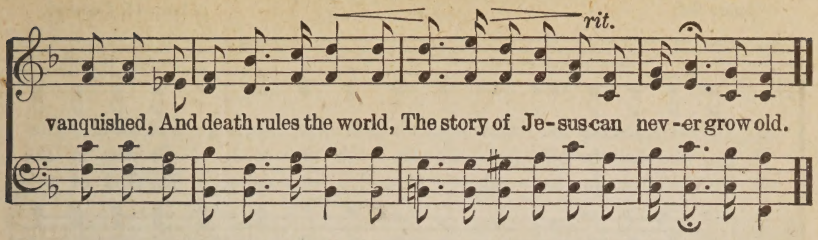
H. F. Lyte. Henry Smart.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for - giv - en—Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him,still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes;
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows!

No. 122. The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old.

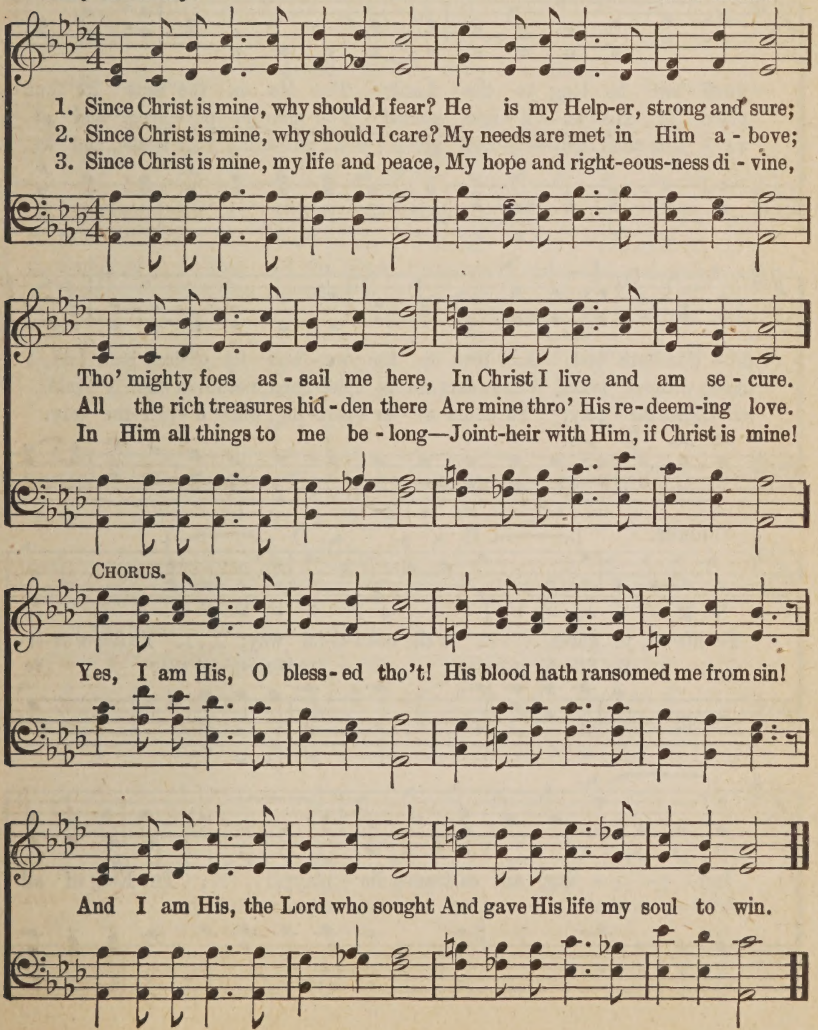
Major D. W. Whittle. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MAY WHITTLE MOODY. May Whittle Moody.

1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we
preach something new; They say that the Babe, and the Man of the cross,
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun - light is old, Tho' it's new ev - 'ry
morn all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad - ness and light,
3. For what can we tell to the wear - y of heart, If we preach not sal-
va - tion from sin? And how can we com-fort the souls that de - part,
4. So with sor-row we turn from the wise of this world, To the wan - der - ers
far from the fold; With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song,
REFRAIN.
For the wise of this world will not do.
Kin-dling far - a-way stars by its flame. It can nev - er grow old, It can
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.
nev-er grow old, Tho' a mil-lion times o-ver the sto - ry is told; While sin lives un-

The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old.



No. 123. Since Christ is Mine.

Mary A. Moody. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS. E. O. Sellers.


1. Since Christ is mine, why should I fear? He is my Help-er, strong and sure;
2. Since Christ is mine, why should I care? My needs are met in Him a-bove;
3. Since Christ is mine, my life and peace, My hope and right-eous-ness di-vine,
Tho' mighty foes as-sail me here, In Christ I live and am se-cure.
All the rich treasures hid-den there Are mine thro' His re-deem-ing love.
In Him all things to me be-long—Joint-heir with Him, if Christ is mine!
CHORUS.
Yes, I am His, O bless-ed tho't! His blood hath ransomed me from sin!
And I am His, the Lord who sought And gave His life my soul to win.

No. 124. The Earth is the Lord's.

Psalm 24.

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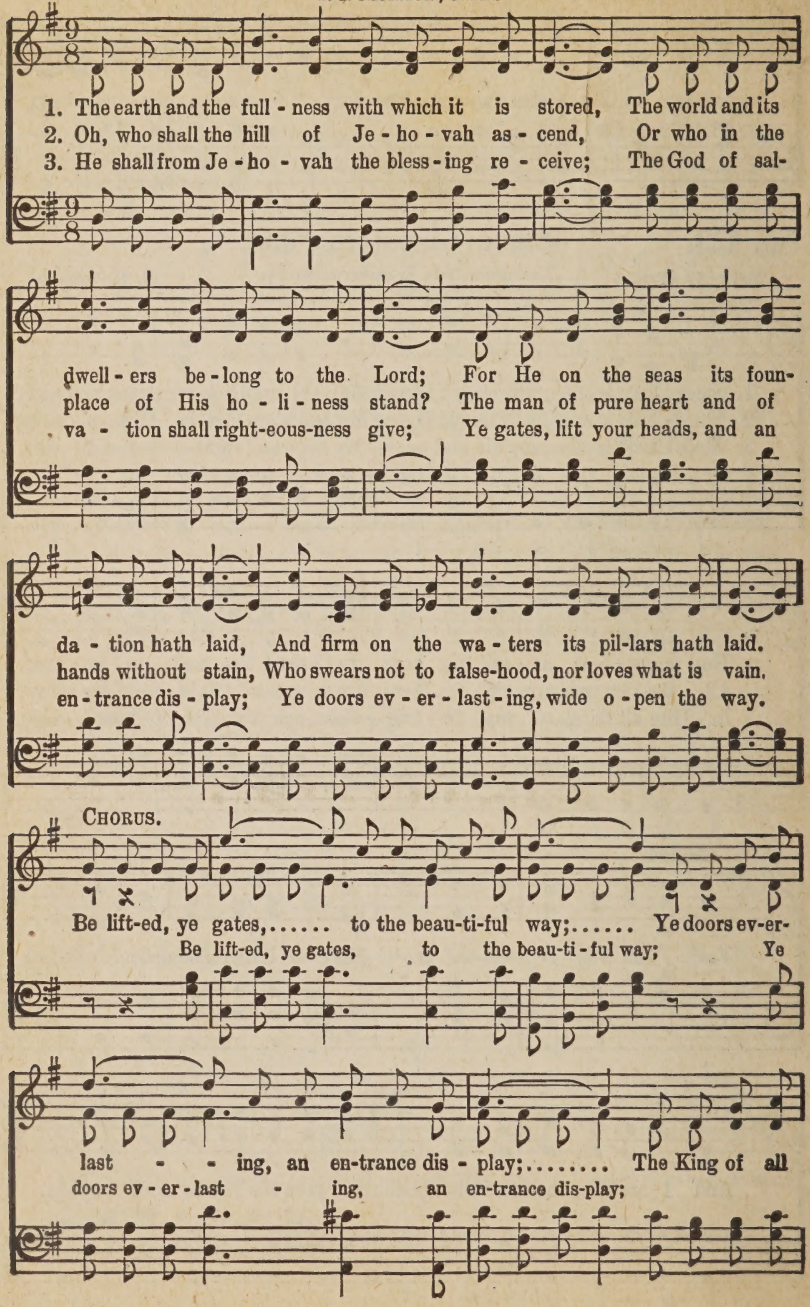
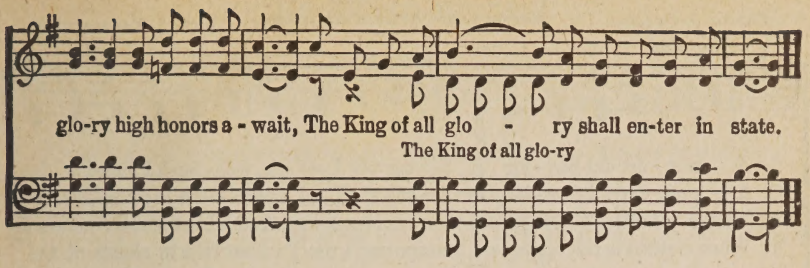
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The earth and the full - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
dwell - ers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun-
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart and of
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless - ing re - ceive; The God of sal-
va - tion shall right-eous-ness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an
da - tion hath laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil-lars hath laid.
hands without stain, Who swears not to false-hood, nor loves what is vain.
en - trance dis - play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.
CHORUS.
Be lift-ed, ye gates,..... to the beau-ti-ful way;..... Ye doors ev-er-
Be lift-ed, ye gates, to the beau-ti-ful way; Ye
last - - ing, an en-trance dis - play;..... The King of all
doors ev - er - last - ing, an en-trance dis-play;

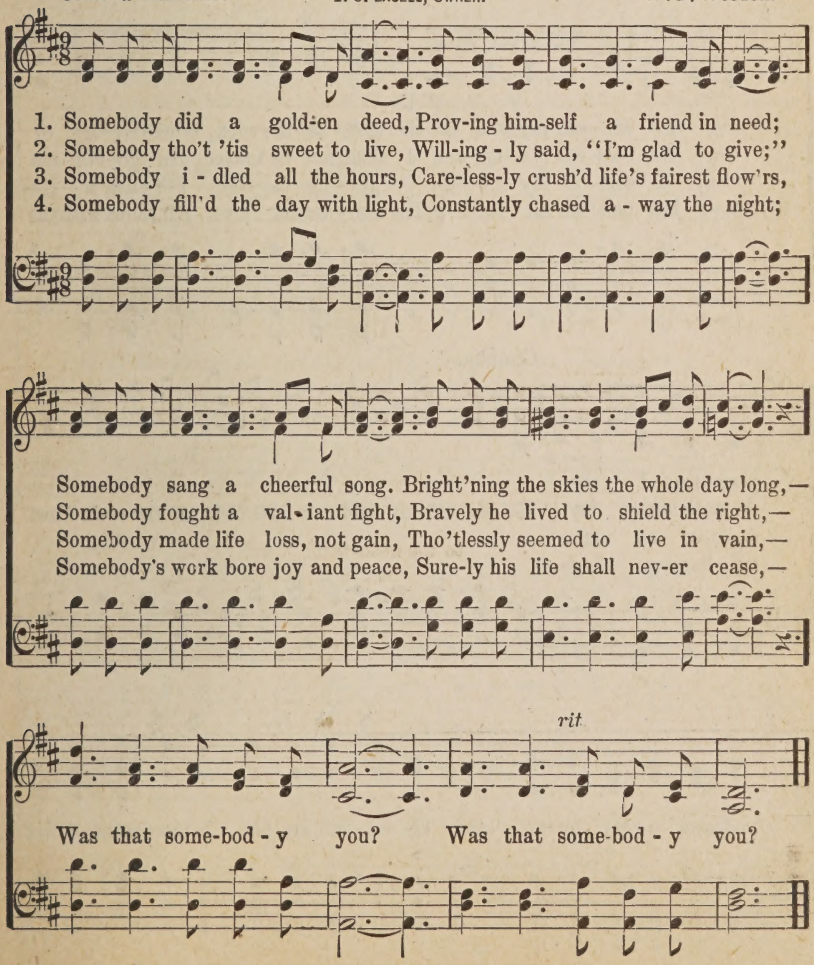
The Earth is the Lord's.



No. 125. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

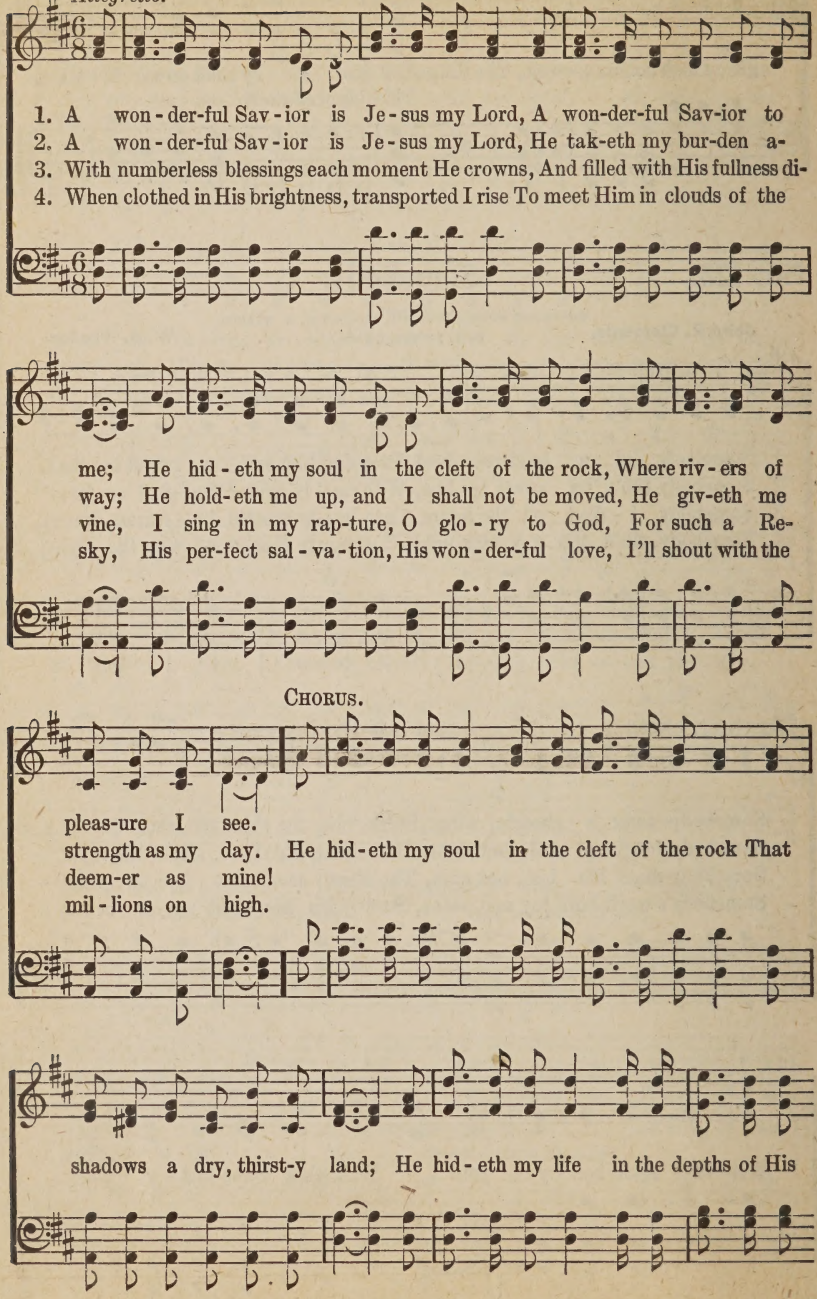
John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.


1. Somebody did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Somebody i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Somebody fill'd the day with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;
Somebody sang a cheerful song. Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Somebody fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Somebody made life loss, not gain, Tho'tlessly seemed to live in vain,—
Somebody's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—
rit
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

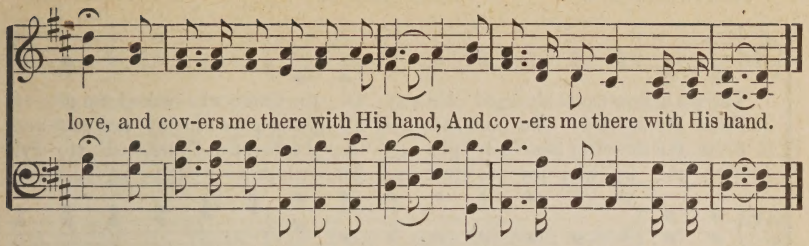
No. 126. He Hideth My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto.


1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-way; He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me
3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And filled with His fullness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O glo-ry to God, For such a Re-
4. When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the
CHORUS.
pleas-ure I see.
strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock That
deem-er as mine!
mil-lions on high.
shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His

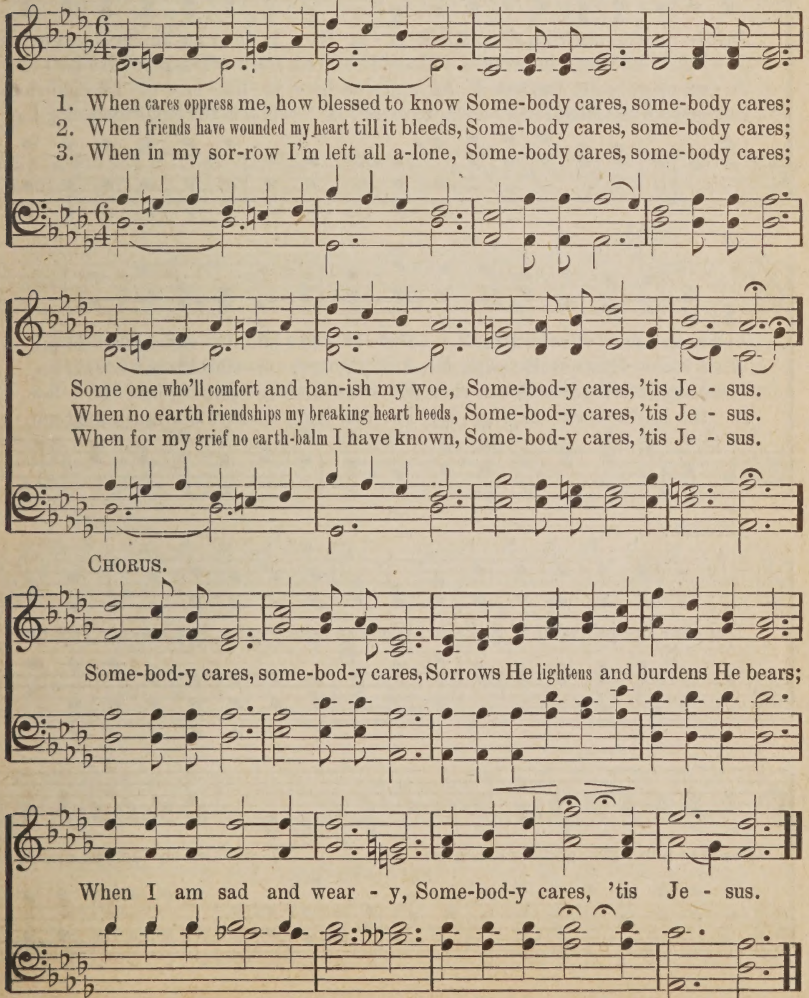
He Hideth My Soul.



No 127, Somebody Cares.

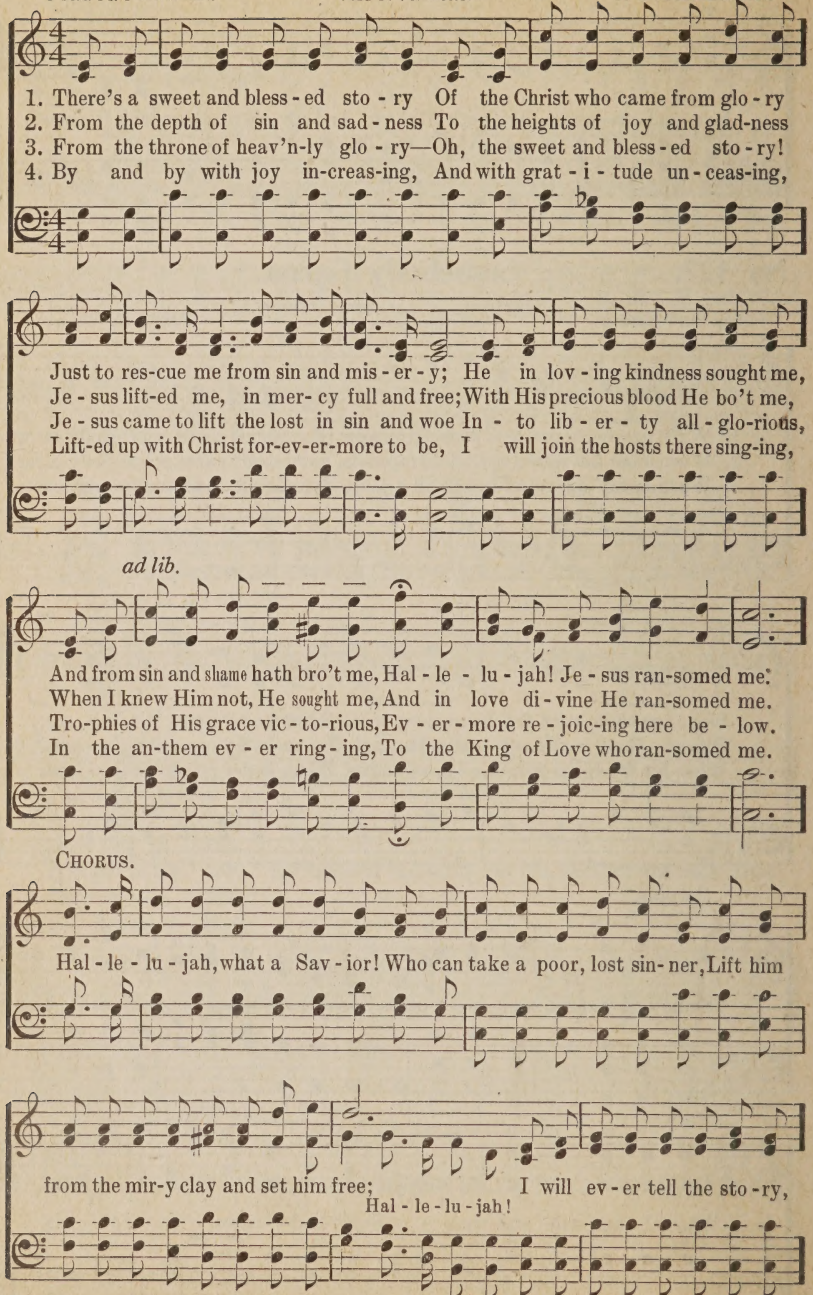
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.

Mrs. Ida Palmer. WORDS AND MUSIC. BY PER. Frank C. Huston.

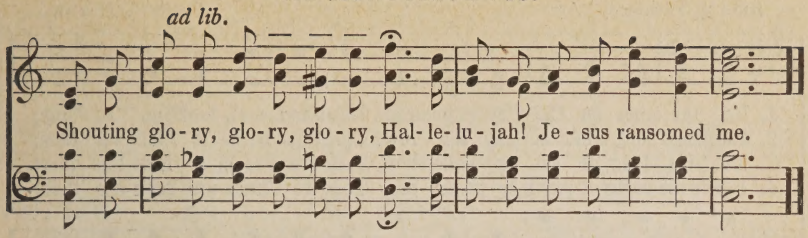

1. When cares oppress me, how blessed to know Some-body cares, some-body cares;
2. When friends have wounded my heart till it bleeds, Some-body cares, some-body cares;
3. When in my sor-row I'm left all a-lone, Some-body cares, some-body cares;
Some one who'll comfort and ban-ish my woe, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.
When no earth friendships my breaking heart heeds, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.
When for my grief no earth-balm I have known, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Some-bod-y cares, some-bod-y cares, Sorrows He lightens and burdens He bears;
When I am sad and wear - y, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.

No. 128. He Ransomed Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. HAMMONTREE,
USED BY PERMISSION.

Julia H. Johnston. J. W. Henderson.

1. There's a sweet and bless - ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry
2. From the depth of sin and sad - ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh, the sweet and bless - ed sto - ry!
4. By and by with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat - i - tude un - ceas-ing,
Just to res-cue me from sin and mis - er - y; He in lov - ing kindness sought me,
Je - sus lift-ed me, in mer- cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all - glo-rious,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be, I will join the hosts there sing-ing,
ad lib.
And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di - vine He ran-somed me.
Tro-phies of His grace vic - to-rious, Ev - er - more re - joic-ing here be - low.
In the an-them ev - er ring - ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior! Who can take a poor, lost sin- ner, Lift him
from the mir-y clay and set him free; I will ev - er tell the sto - ry,
Hal - le - lu - jah!

He Ransomed Me.



No. 129. Why Will You Turn Him Away?

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. HAMMONTREE.
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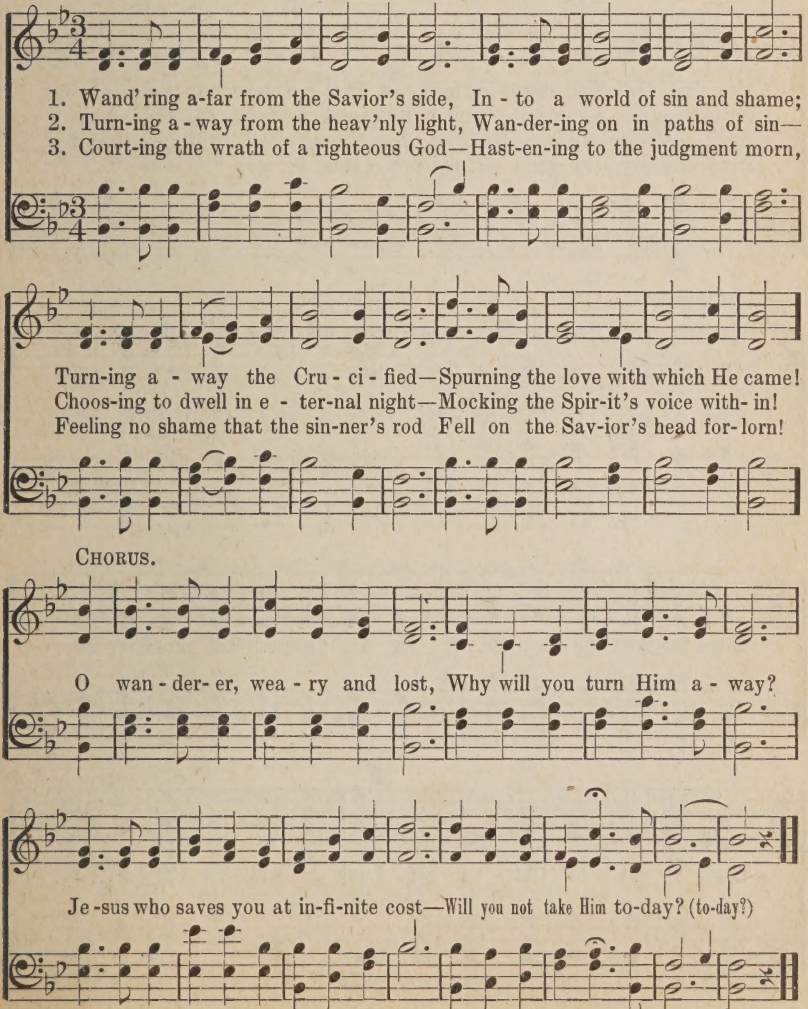
Oswald J. Smith. Homer A. Hammontree.


1. Wand'ring a-far from the Savior's side, In-to a world of sin and shame;
2. Turn-ing a-way from the heav'nly light, Wan-der-ing on in paths of sin—
3. Court-ing the wrath of a righteous God—Hast-en-ing to the judgment morn,
Turn-ing a-way the Cru-ci-fied—Spurning the love with which He came!
Choos-ing to dwell in e-ter-nal night—Mocking the Spir-it's voice with-in!
Feeling no shame that the sin-ner's rod Fell on the Sav-ior's head for-lorn!
CHORUS.
O wan-der-er, wea-ry and lost, Why will you turn Him a-way?
Je-sus who saves you at in-fi-nite cost—Will you not take Him to-day? (to-day?)

No. 130. Look Away to Calvary.

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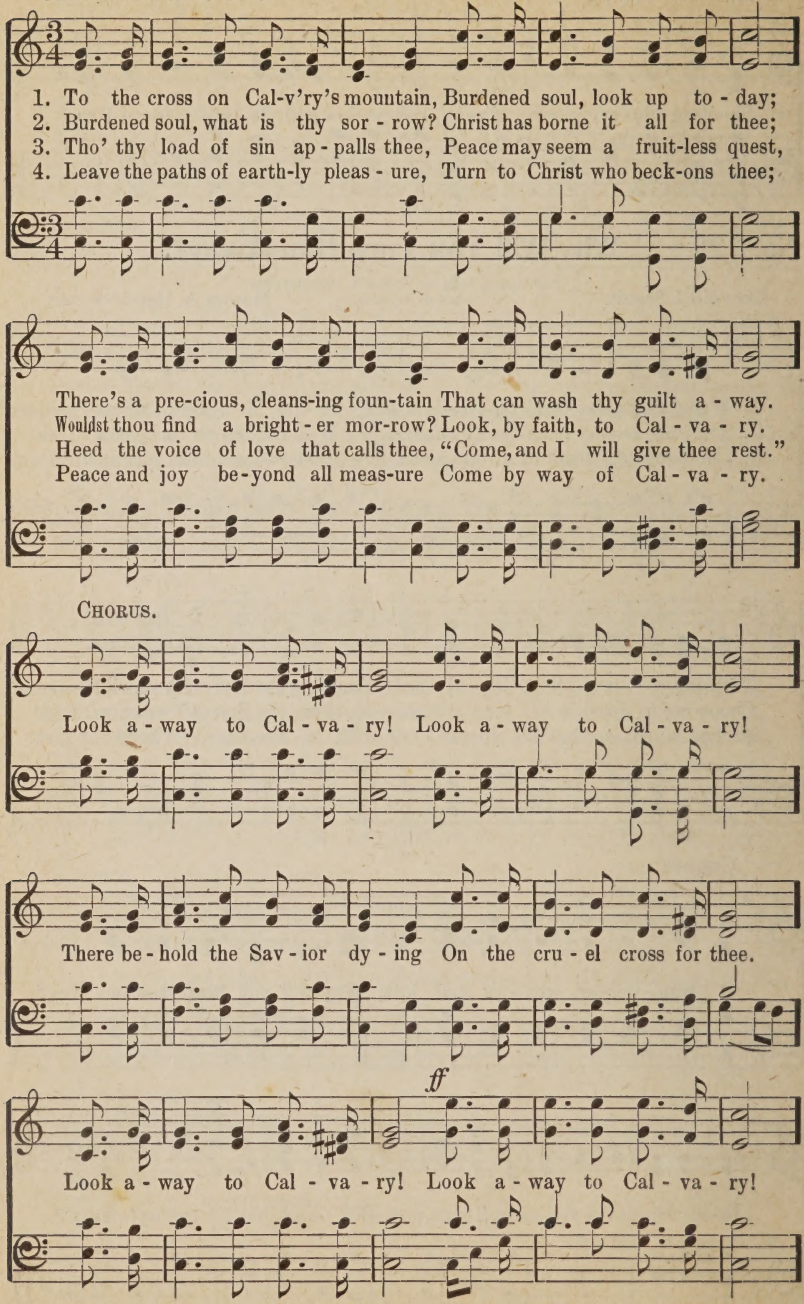
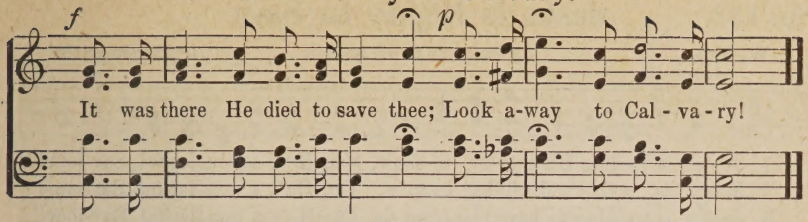
Julia H. Johntson. Arr. Frank C. Huston.


1. To the cross on Cal-v'ry's mountain, Burdened soul, look up to - day;
2. Burdened soul, what is thy sor - row? Christ has borne it all for thee;
3. Tho' thy load of sin ap - palls thee, Peace may seem a fruit-less quest,
4. Leave the paths of earth-ly pleas - ure, Turn to Christ who beck-ons thee;
There's a pre-cious, cleans-ing foun-tain That can wash thy guilt a - way.
Wouldst thou find a bright - er mor-row? Look, by faith, to Cal - va - ry.
Heed the voice of love that calls thee, "Come, and I will give thee rest."
Peace and joy be-yond all meas-ure Come by way of Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Look a - way to Cal - va - ry! Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!
There be - hold the Sav - ior dy - ing On the cru - el cross for thee.
ff
Look a - way to Cal - va - ry! Look a - way to Cal - va - ry!

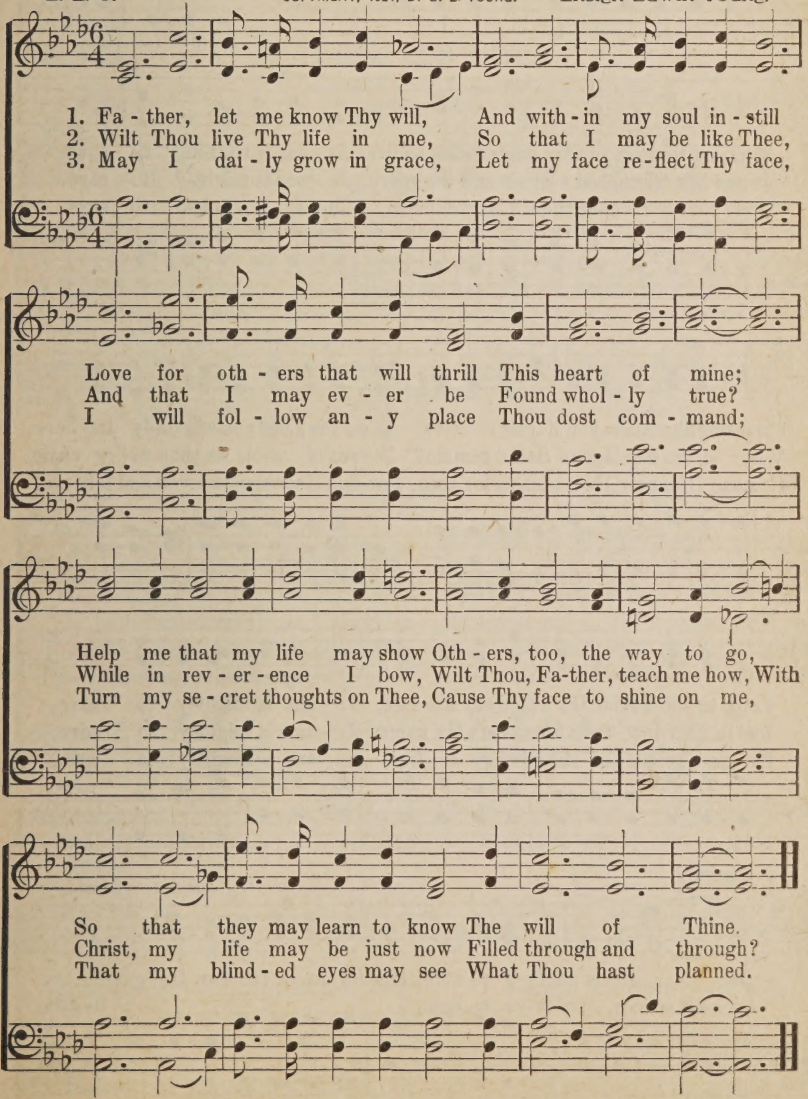
Look Away to Galvary.



No. 131. My Prayer.

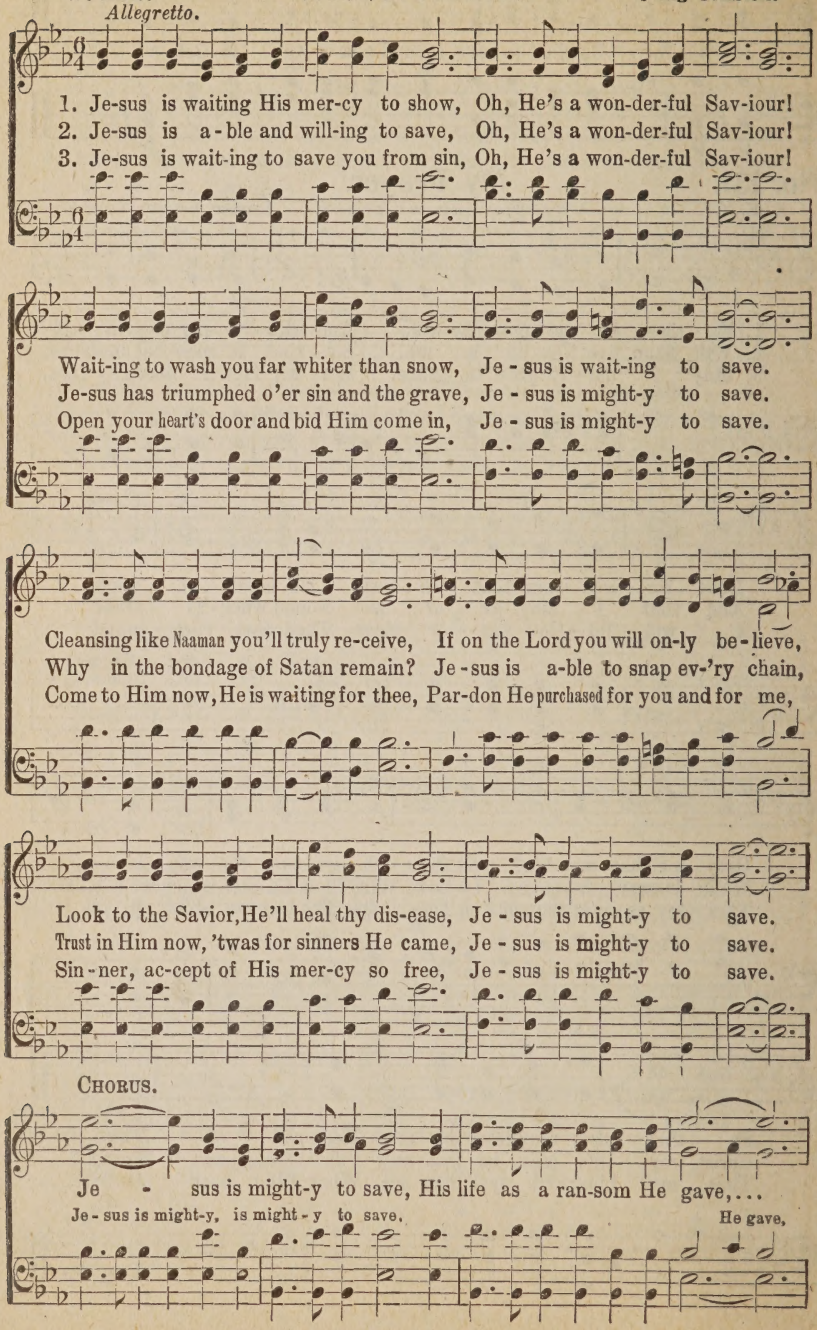
E. E. Y.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG.

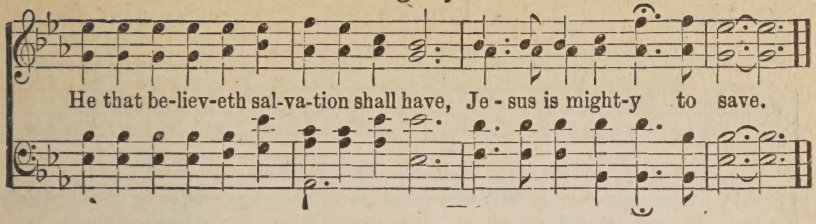
Ensign Edwin Young.

1. Fa - ther, let me know Thy will, And with - in my soul in - still
2. Wilt Thou live Thy life in me, So that I may be like Thee,
3. May I dai - ly grow in grace, Let my face re - flect Thy face,
Love for oth - ers that will thrill This heart of mine;
And that I may ev - er be Found whol - ly true?
I will fol - low an - y place Thou dost com - mand;
Help me that my life may show Oth - ers, too, the way to go,
While in rev - er - ence I bow, Wilt Thou, Fa-ther, teach me how, With
Turn my se - cret thoughts on Thee, Cause Thy face to shine on me,
So that they may learn to know The will of Thine.
Christ, my life may be just now Filled through and through?
That my blind - ed eyes may see What Thou hast planned.

No. 132. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

W. Kane. COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY WM. MC EWAN. Irving Geinrich.

Allegretto.

1. Je-sus is waiting His mer-cy to show, Oh, He's a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
2. Je-sus is a-ble and will-ing to save, Oh, He's a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
3. Je-sus is wait-ing to save you from sin, Oh, He's a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
Wait-ing to wash you far whiter than snow, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Je-sus has triumphed o'er sin and the grave, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Open your heart's door and bid Him come in, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Cleansing like Naaman you'll truly re-ceive, If on the Lord you will on-ly be-lieve,
Why in the bondage of Satan remain? Je-sus is a-ble to snap ev-'ry chain,
Come to Him now, He is waiting for thee, Par-don He purchased for you and for me,
Look to the Savior, He'll heal thy dis-ease, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Trust in Him now, 'twas for sinners He came, Je - sus is might-y to save.
Sin-ner, ac-cept of His mer-cy so free, Je - sus is might-y to save.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is might-y to save, His life as a ran-som He gave,...
Je-sus is might-y, is might-y to save.
He gave,

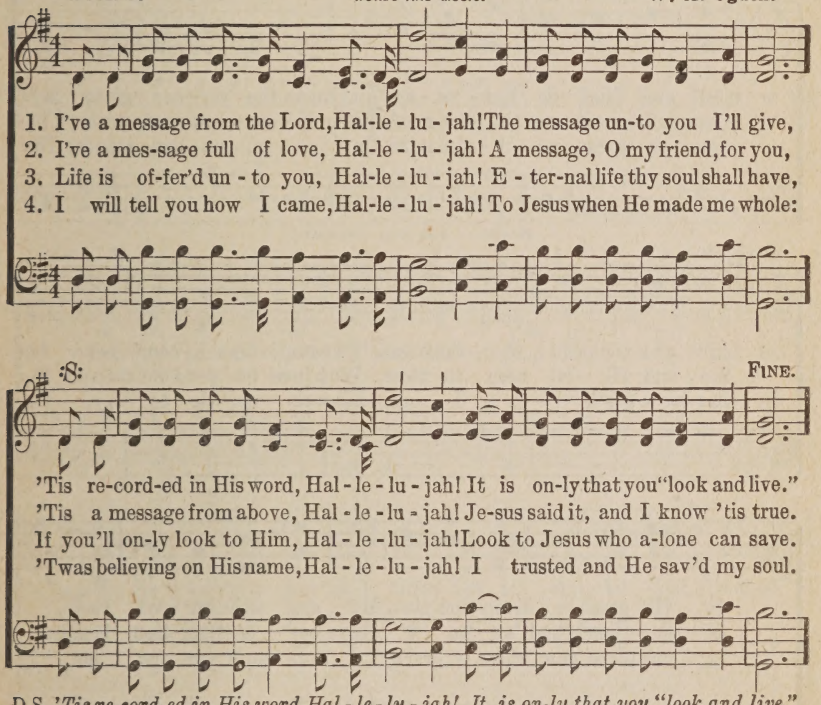
Jesus is Mighty to Save.

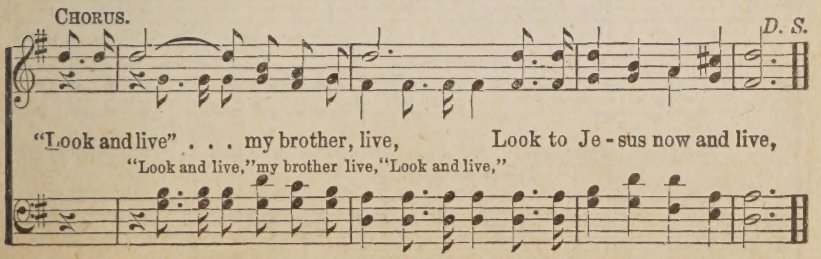


No. 133. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

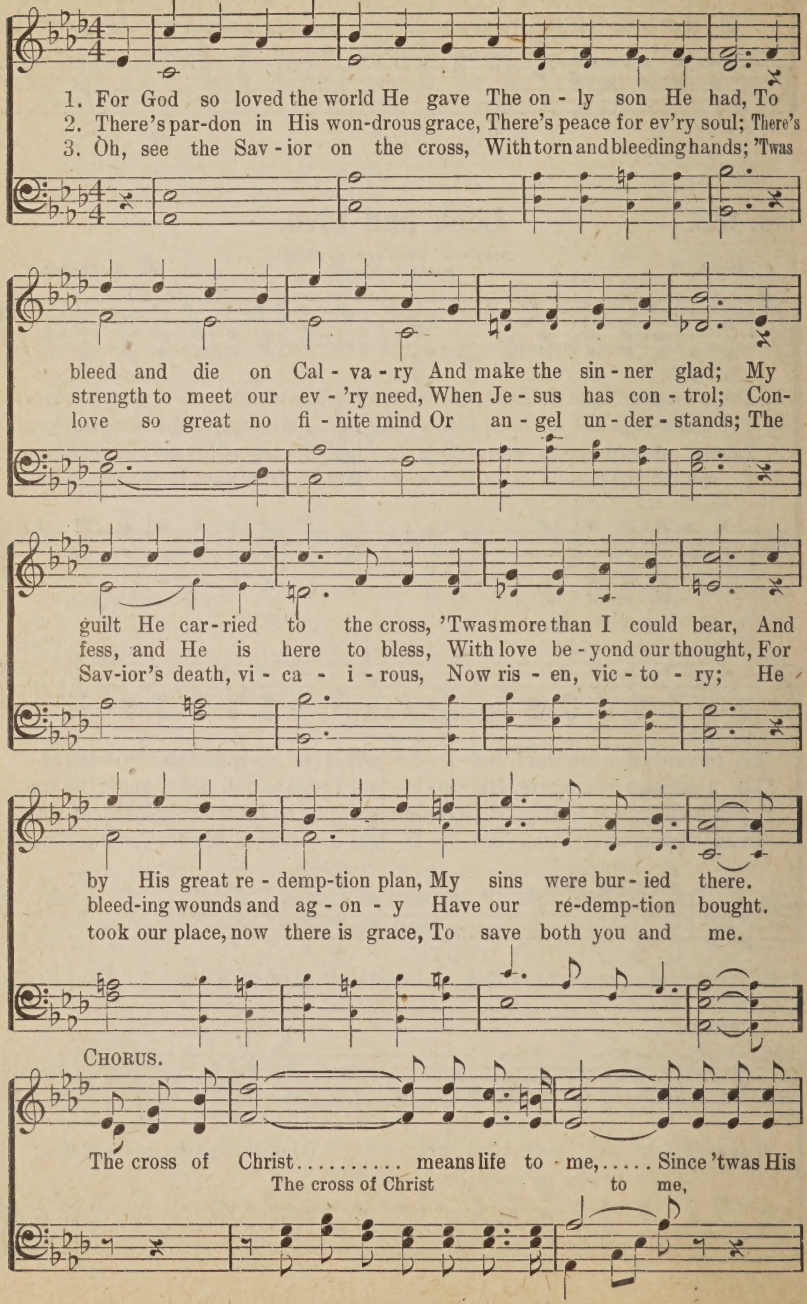
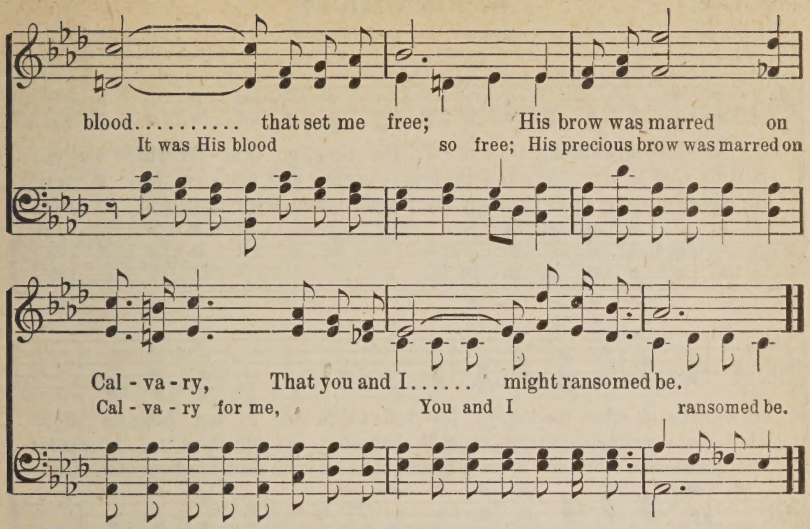
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah! The message un-to you I'll give,
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le - lu - jah! A message, O my friend, for you,
3. Life is of-fer'd un - to you, Hal-le - lu - jah! E - ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le - lu - jah! To Jesus when He made me whole:
:S:
FINE.
'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from above, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal - le - lu - jah! I trusted and He sav'd my soul.
D.S. 'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."



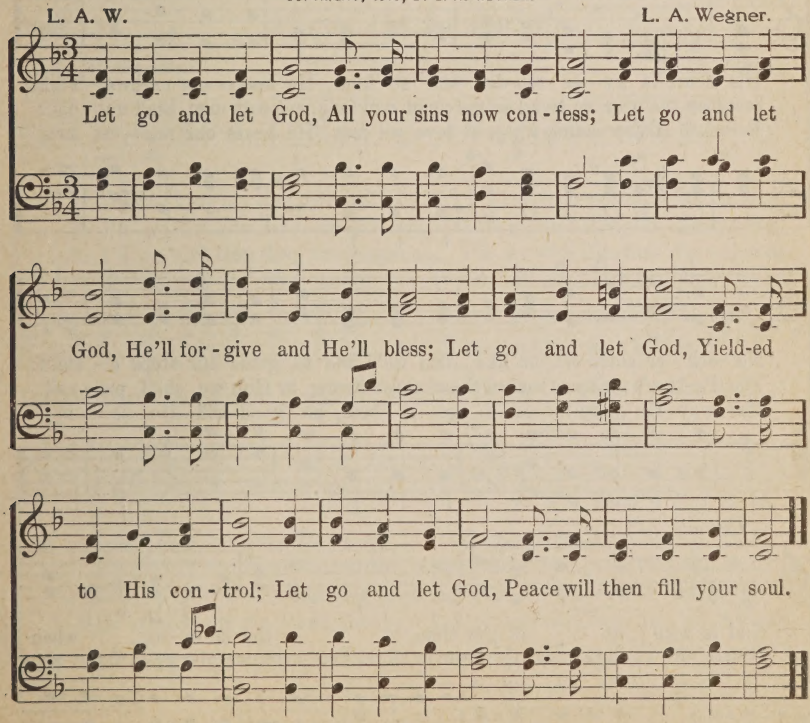
No. 134. The Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG.

E. E. Y. Ensign Edwin Young.

1. For God so loved the world He gave The on - ly son He had, To
2. There's par-don in His won-drous grace, There's peace for ev'ry soul; There's
3. Oh, see the Sav - ior on the cross, With torn and bleeding hands; 'Twas
bleed and die on Cal - va - ry And make the sin - ner glad; My
strength to meet our ev - 'ry need, When Je - sus has con - trol; Con-
love so great no fi - nite mind Or an - gel un - der - stands; The
guilt He car - ried to the cross, 'Twas more than I could bear, And
fess, and He is here to bless, With love be - yond our thought, For
Sav-ior's death, vi - ca - i - rous, Now ris - en, vic - to - ry; He
by His great re - demp-tion plan, My sins were bur - ied there.
bleed-ing wounds and ag - on - y Have our re-demp-tion bought.
took our place, now there is grace, To save both you and me.
CHORUS.
The cross of Christ..... means life to - me,..... Since 'twas His
The cross of Christ to me,

blood..... that set me free; His brow was marred on
It was His blood so free; His precious brow was marred on
Cal - va - ry, That you and I..... might ransomed be.
Cal - va - ry for me, You and I ransomed be.

No. 135. *Let Go and Let God.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY L. A. WEGNER.

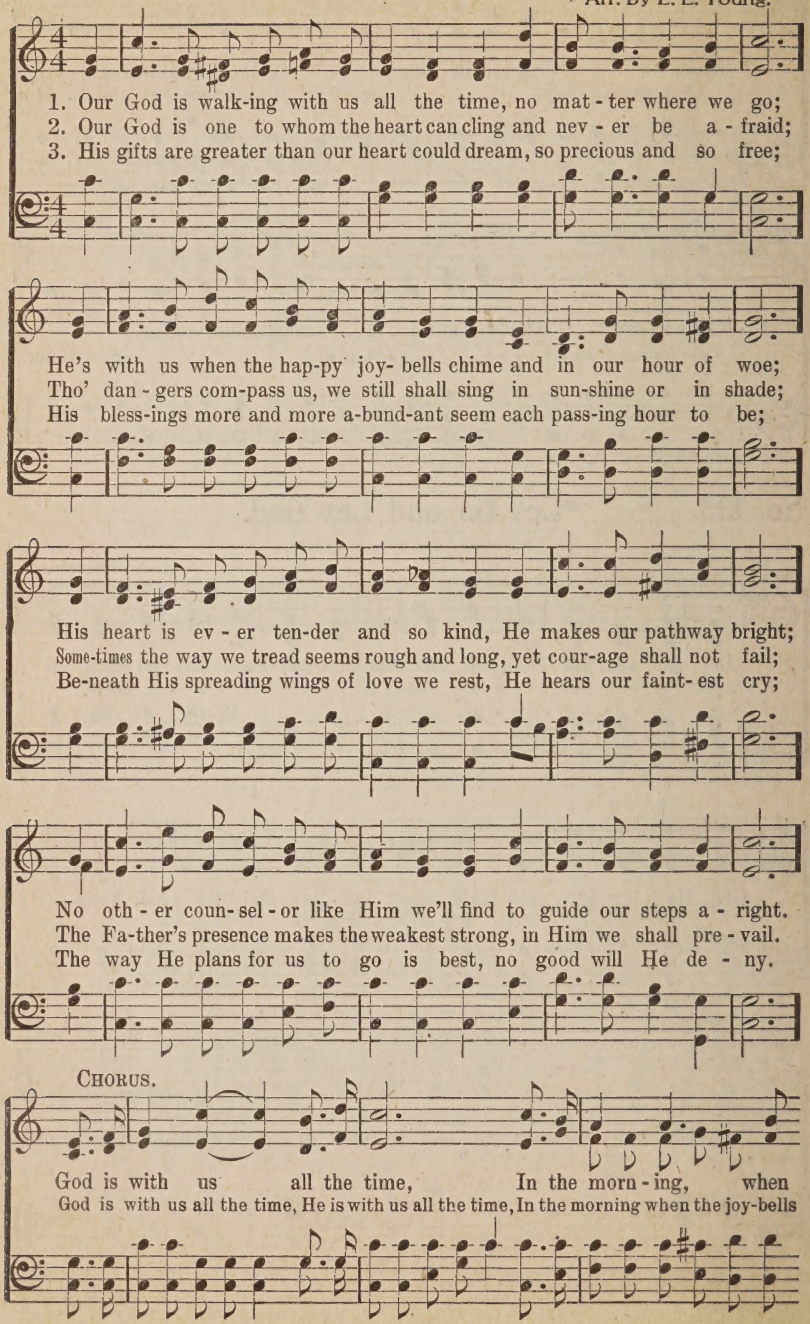

L. A. W.
L. A. Wegner.
Let go and let God, All your sins now con - fess; Let go and let
God, He'll for - give and He'll bless; Let go and let God, Yield-ed
to His con - trol; Let go and let God, Peace will then fill your soul.

* Suggested by Paul Rader.

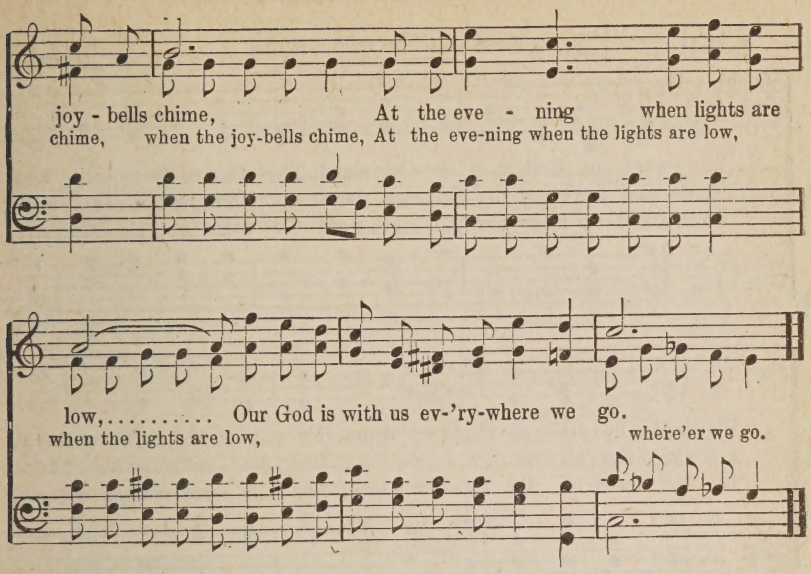
No. 136. God is With Us.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY WM. MC EWAN.

L. E. Jones.
Arr. by E. E. Young.

1. Our God is walk-ing with us all the time, no mat - ter where we go;
2. Our God is one to whom the heart can cling and nev - er be a - fraid;
3. His gifts are greater than our heart could dream, so precious and so free;
He's with us when the hap-py joy- bells chime and in our hour of woe;
Tho' dan - gers com-pass us, we still shall sing in sun-shine or in shade;
His bless-ings more and more a-bund-ant seem each pass-ing hour to be;
His heart is ev - er ten-der and so kind, He makes our pathway bright;
Some-times the way we tread seems rough and long, yet cour-age shall not fail;
Be-neath His spreading wings of love we rest, He hears our faint- est cry;
No oth - er coun- sel - or like Him we'll find to guide our steps a - right.
The Fa-ther's presence makes the weakest strong, in Him we shall pre - vail.
The way He plans for us to go is best, no good will He de - ny.
CHORUS.
God is with us all the time, In the morn - ing, when
God is with us all the time, He is with us all the time, In the morning when the joy-bells

God is With Us.

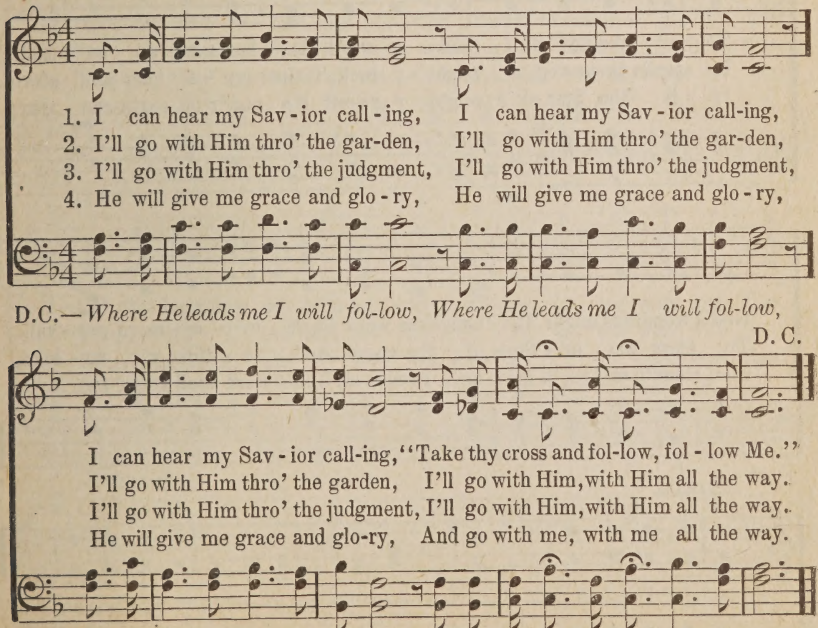

joy - bells chime, At the eve - ning when lights are
chime, when the joy-bells chime, At the eve-ning when the lights are low,
low,..... Our God is with us ev-'ry-where we go.
when the lights are low, where'er we go.

No. 137. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

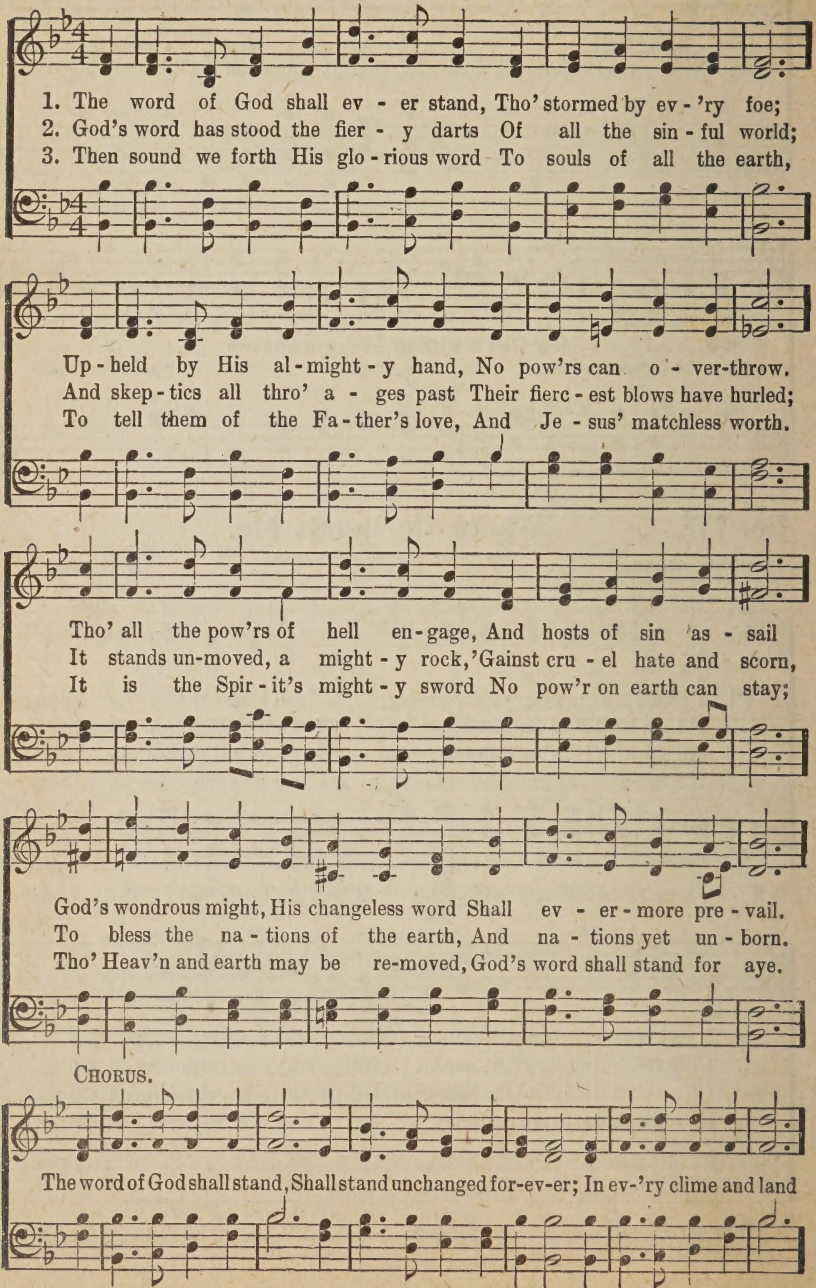
J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D.C.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*
D. C.
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

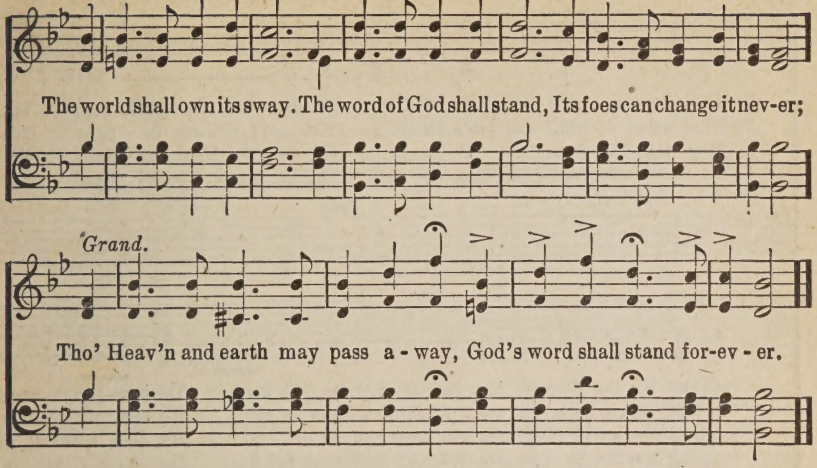
No. 138. The Word of God Shall Stand.

F. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

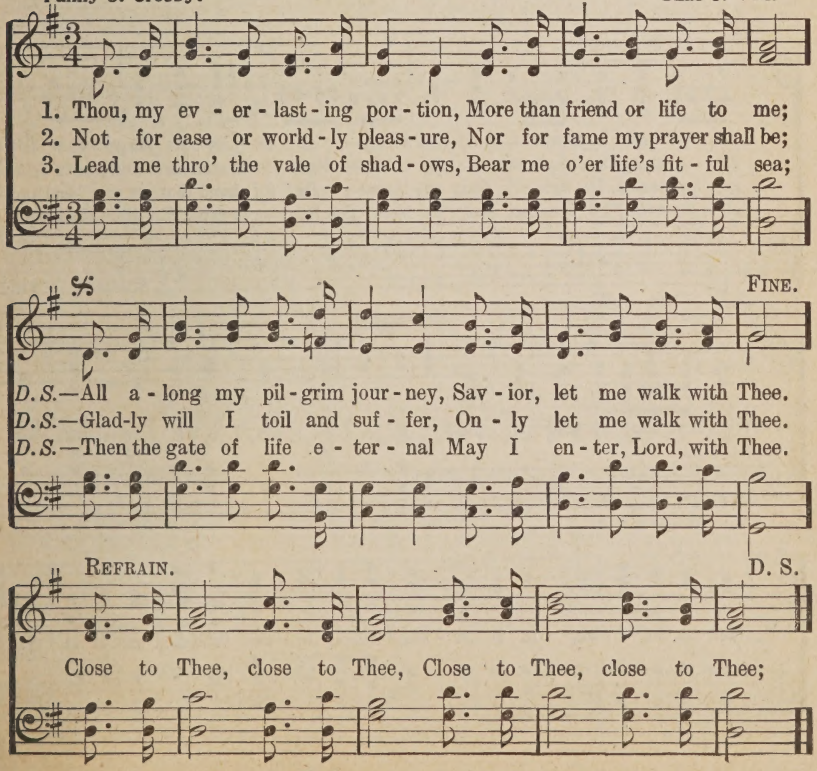
Frank C. Huston.

1. The word of God shall ev - er stand, Tho' stormed by ev - 'ry foe;
2. God's word has stood the fier - y darts Of all the sin - ful world;
3. Then sound we forth His glo - rious word To souls of all the earth,
Up - held by His al - might - y hand, No pow'rs can o - ver-throw.
And skep - tics all thro' a - ges past Their fierc - est blows have hurled;
To tell them of the Fa - ther's love, And Je - sus' matchless worth.
Tho' all the pow'rs of hell en - gage, And hosts of sin as - sail
It stands un-moved, a might - y rock, 'Gainst cru - el hate and scorn,
It is the Spir - it's might - y sword No pow'r on earth can stay;
God's wondrous might, His changeless word Shall ev - er - more pre - vail.
To bless the na - tions of the earth, And na - tions yet un - born.
Tho' Heav'n and earth may be re-moved, God's word shall stand for aye.
CHORUS.
The word of God shall stand, Shall stand unchanged for-ev-er; In ev-'ry clime and land

The Word of God Shall Stand.


The world shall own its sway. The word of God shall stand, Its foes can change it nev-er;
Grand.
Tho' Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, God's word shall stand for-ev - er.

No. 139. Close to Thee.

BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
FINE.
D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 140. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm.

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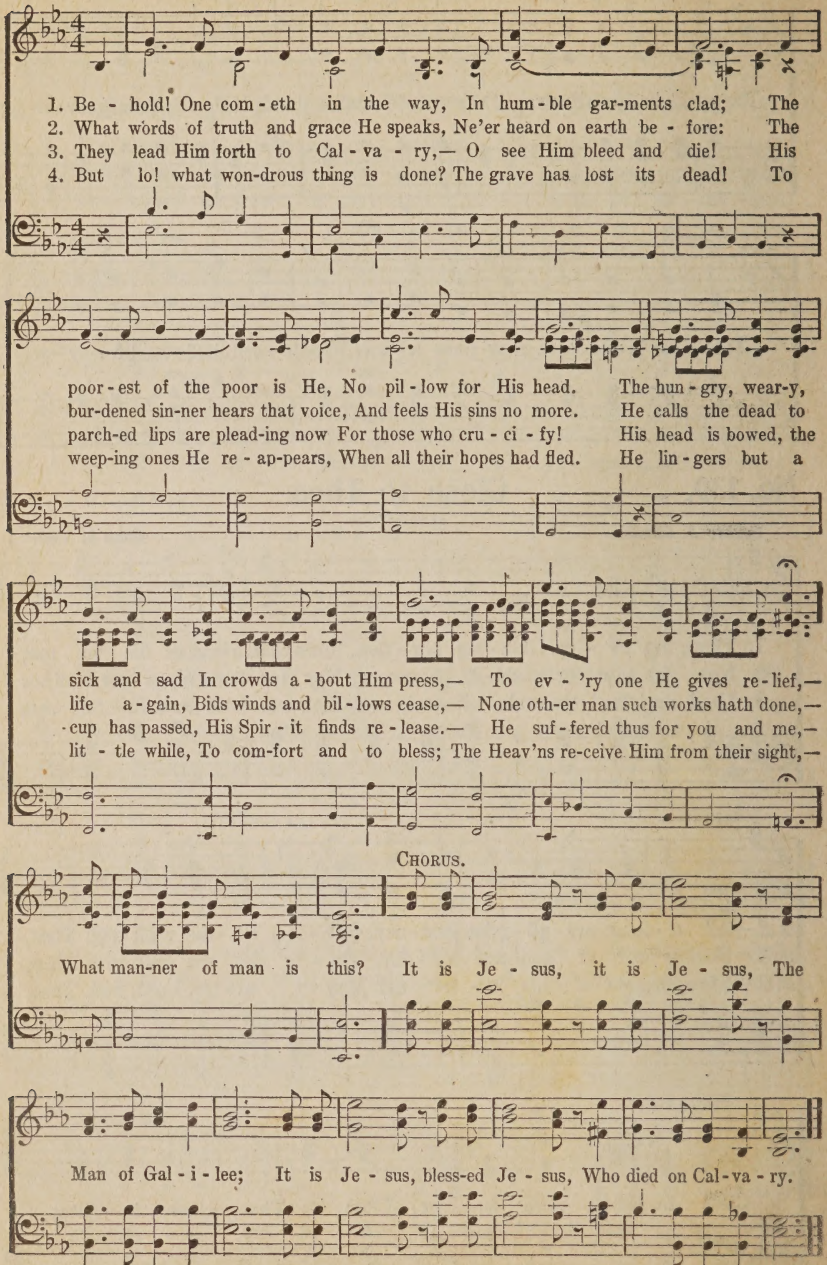
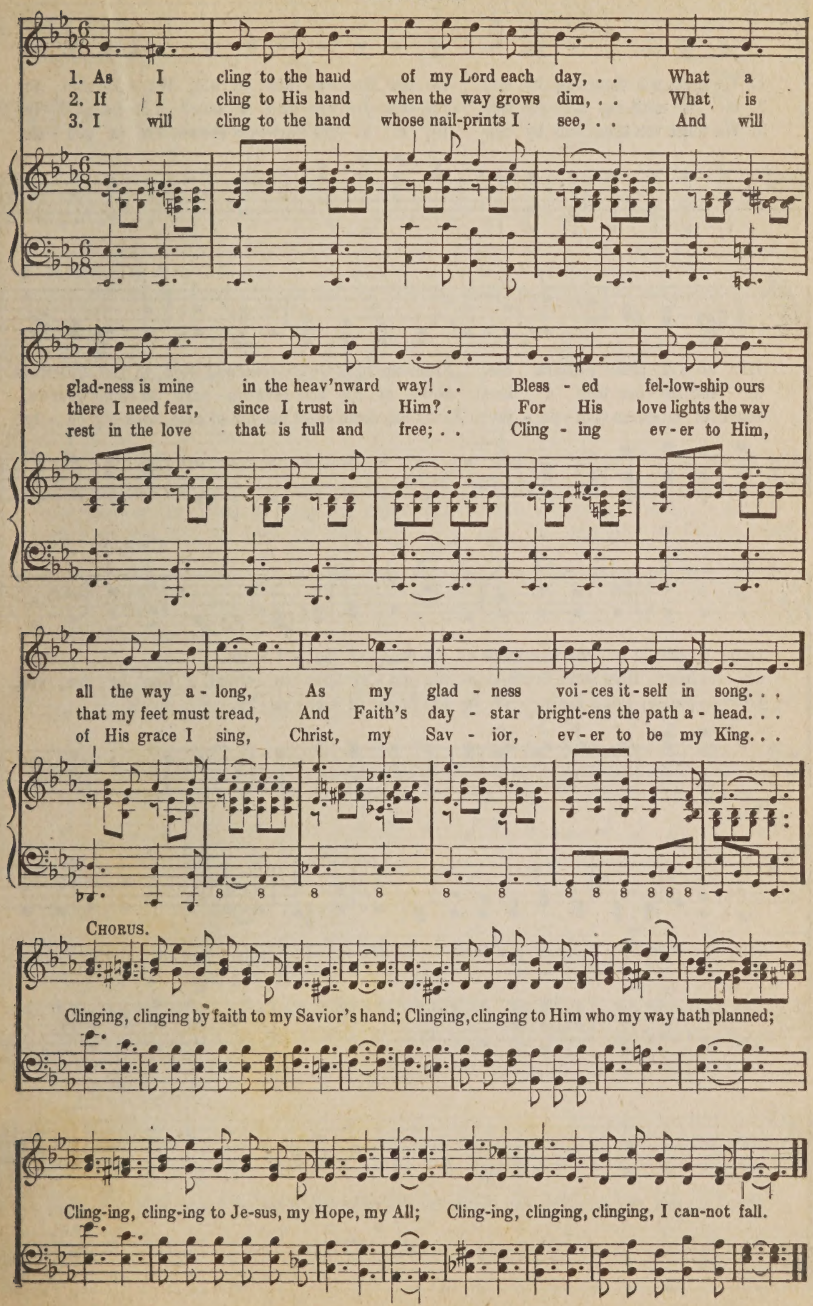
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Be - hold! One com - eth in the way, In hum - ble gar-ments clad; The
2. What words of truth and grace He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth be - fore: The
3. They lead Him forth to Cal - va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His
4. But lo! what won-drous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To
poor - est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head. The hun - gry, wear-y,
bur-dened sin-ner hears that voice, And feels His sins no more. He calls the dead to
parch-ed lips are plead-ing now For those who cru - ci - fy! His head is bowed, the
weep-ing ones He re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled. He lin - gers but a
sick and sad In crowds a - bout Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re - lief,—
life a - gain, Bids winds and bil - lows cease,— None oth-er man such works hath done,—
cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease.— He suf - fered thus for you and me,—
lit - tle while, To com-fort and to bless; The Heav'ns re-ceive Him from their sight,—
CHORUS.
What man-ner of man is this? It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The
Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

141. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, . . What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, . . What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, . . And will
glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! . . Bless - ed fel-low-ship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? . For His love lights the way
rest in the love that is full and free; . . Cling - ing ev - er to Him,
all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi - ces it - self in song. . .
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star bright-ens the path a - head. . .
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, ev - er to be my King. . .
CHORUS.
Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;
Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

No. 142. Win Them One by One.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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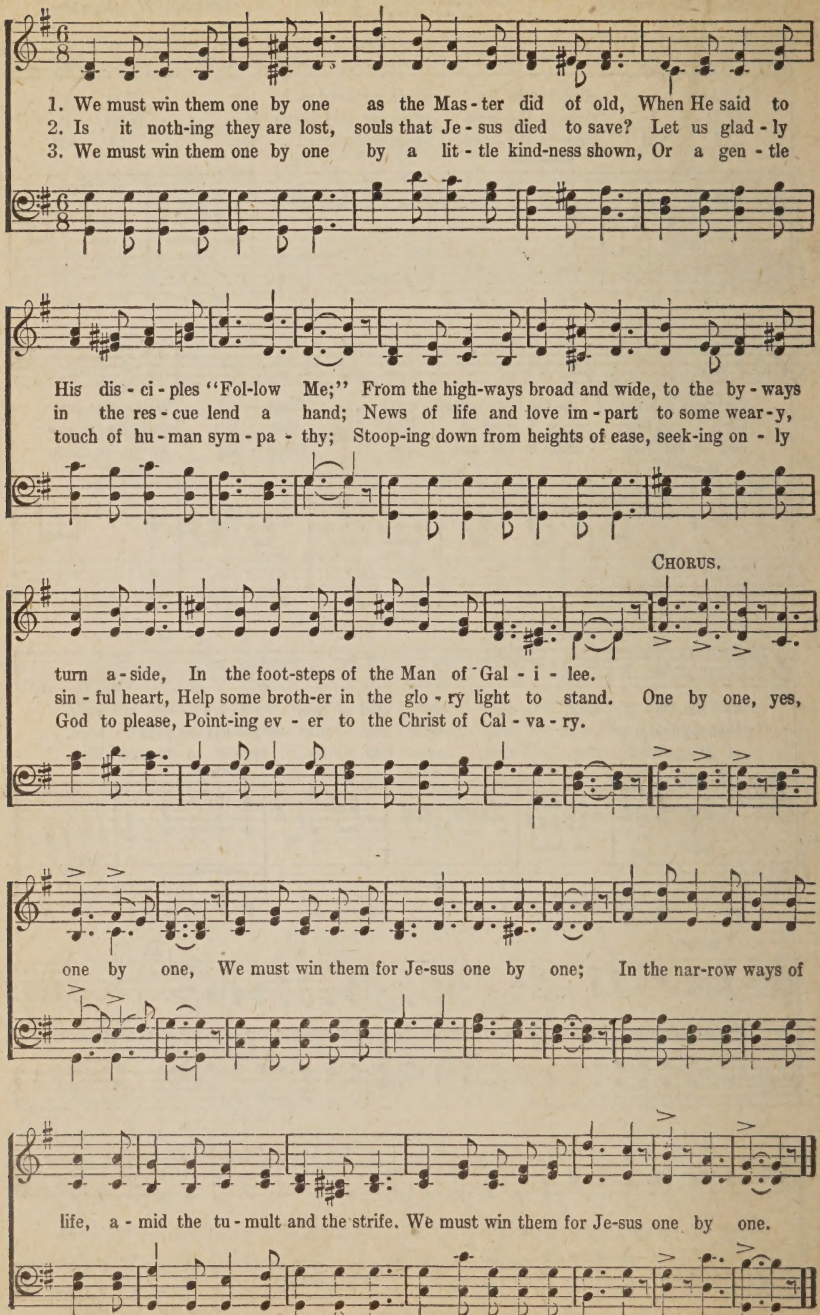
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle
His dis-ci-ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the by-ways
in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part to some wear-y,
touch of hu-man sym-pa-thy; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seek-ing on-ly
CHORUS.
turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand. One by one, yes,
God to please, Point-ing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.
one by one, We must win them for Je-sus one by one; In the nar-row ways of
life, a-mid the tu-mult and the strife. We must win them for Je-sus one by one.

No. 143. The Slighted Stranger.

C. H. G.

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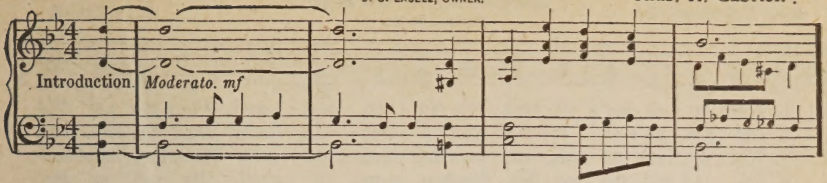
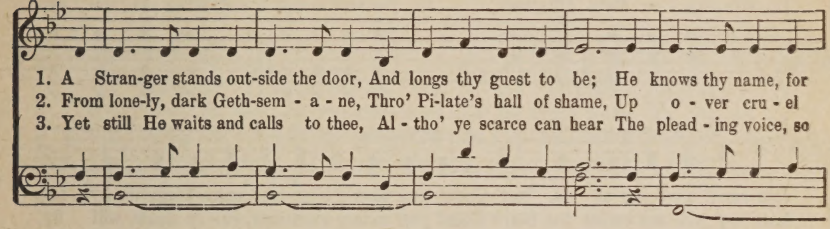
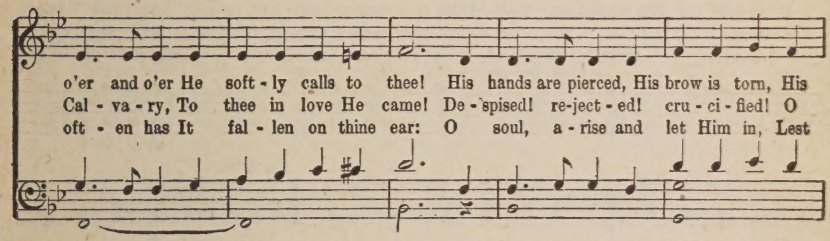
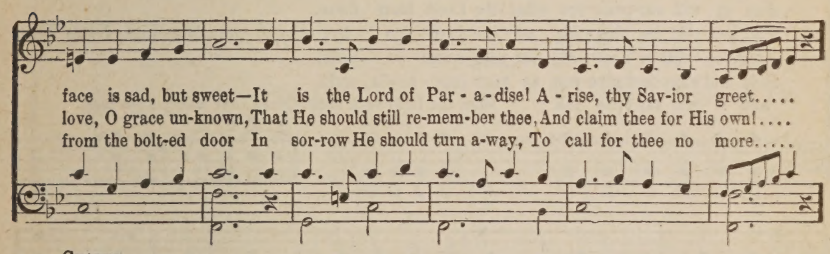
Chas. H. Gabriel.

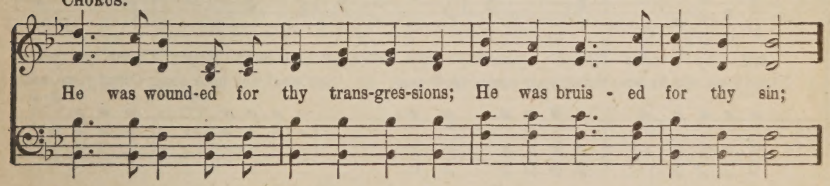


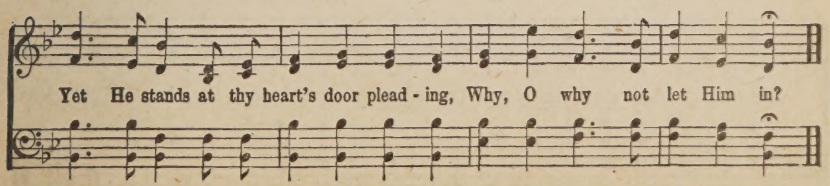

1. A Stran-ger stands out-side the door, And longs thy guest to be; He knows thy name, for
2. From lone-ly, dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Thro' Pi-late's hall of shame, Up o - ver cru - el
3. Yet still He waits and calls to thee, Al - tho' ye scarce can hear The plead - ing voice, so


o'er and o'er He soft - ly calls to thee! His hands are pierced, His brow is torn, His
Cal - va - ry, To thee in love He came! De - spised! re-ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O
oft - en has It fal - len on thine ear: O soul, a - rise and let Him in, Lest


face is sad, but sweet—It is the Lord of Par - a - dise! A - rise, thy Sav-ior greet.....
love, O grace un-known, That He should still re-mem-ber thee, And claim thee for His own!....
from the bolt-ed door In sor-row He should turn a-way, To call for thee no more.....

CHORUS.





No. 144. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev.- er ur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

(1) When up - o life's bil - lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one,
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev -'ry doubt will fly,
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey can - not buy
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels will at - tend,

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one,

CHORUS.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your bless-ings, Name them
Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done. Count your man-y bless-ings,

one by one; Count your bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your

Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many

rit.

bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

No. 145. Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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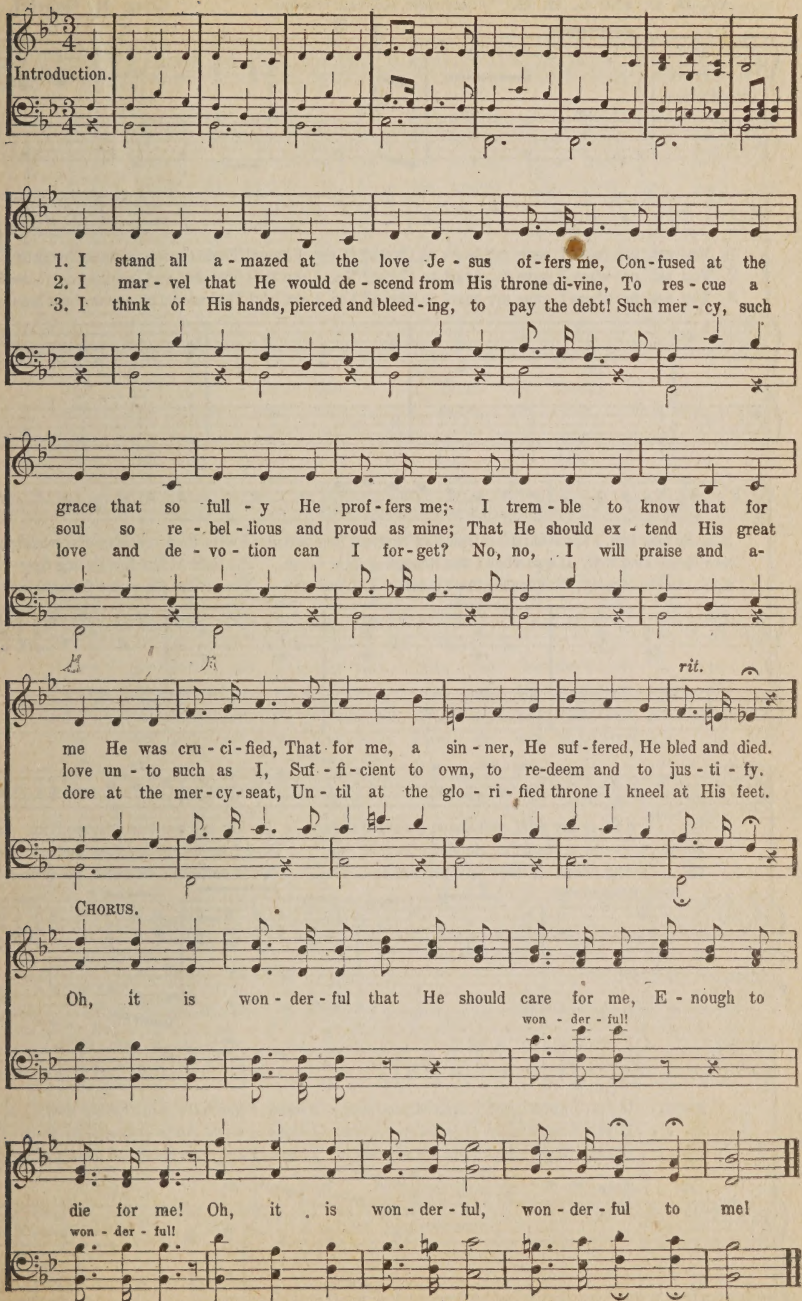
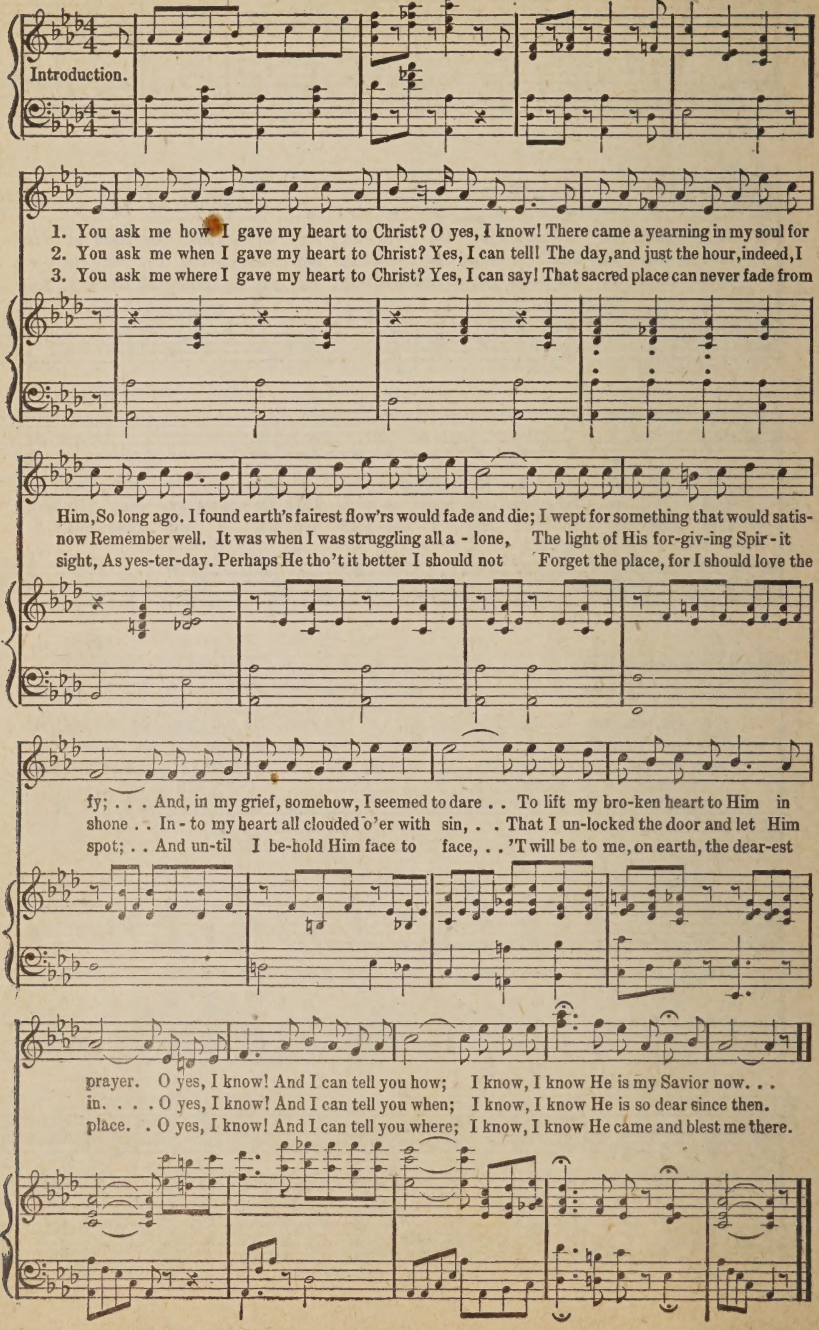
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


Introduction.
1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the
2. I mar - vel that He would de - scend from His throne di-vine, To res - cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleed - ing, to pay the debt! Such mer - cy, such
grace that so full - y He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That He should ex - tend His great
love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a-
rit.
me He was cru - ci - fied, That for me, a sin - ner, He suf - fered, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi - cient to own, to re-deem and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un - til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me, E - nough to
won - der - ful!
die for me! Oh, it is won - der - ful, won - der - ful to me!
won - der - ful!

No. 146 I Know.

W. H. O. and C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


Introduction.
1. You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ? O yes, I know! There came a yearning in my soul for
2. You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can tell! The day, and just the hour, indeed, I
3. You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can say! That sacred place can never fade from
Him, So long ago. I found earth's fairest flow'rs would fade and die; I wept for something that would satis-
now Remember well. It was when I was struggling all a - lone, The light of His for-giv-ing Spir - it
sight, As yes-ter-day. Perhaps He tho't it better I should not Forget the place, for I should love the
fy; . . . And, in my grief, somehow, I seemed to dare . . To lift my bro-ken heart to Him in
shone . . In - to my heart all clouded o'er with sin, . . That I un-locked the door and let Him
spot; . . And un-til I be-hold Him face to face, . . 'T will be to me, on earth, the dear-est
prayer. O yes, I know! And I can tell you how; I know, I know He is my Savior now. . .
in. . . . O yes, I know! And I can tell you when; I know, I know He is so dear since then.
place. . O yes, I know! And I can tell you where; I know, I know He came and blest me there.

No. 147. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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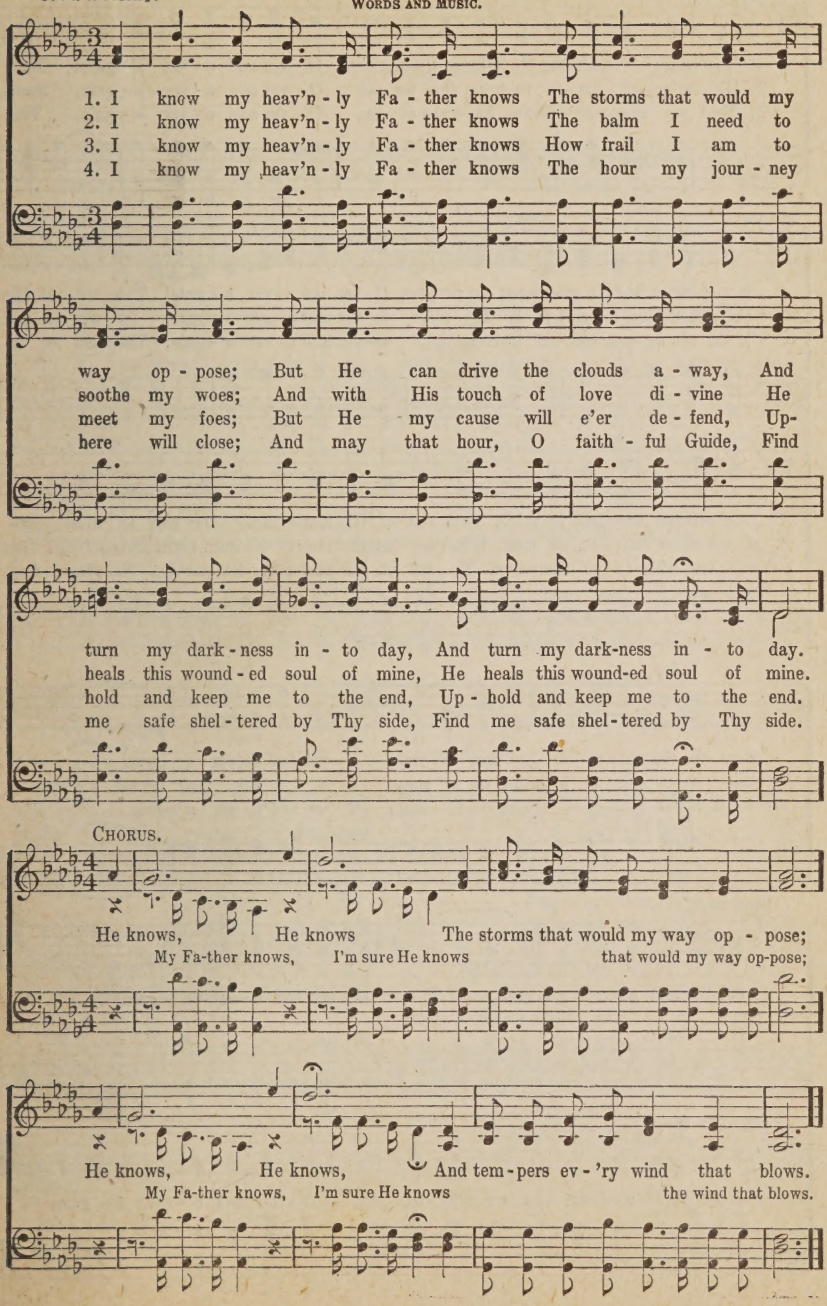
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The storms that would my
2. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The balm I need to
3. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows How frail I am to
4. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The hour my jour - ney
way op - pose; But He can drive the clouds a - way, And
soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di - vine He
meet my foes; But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up-
here will close; And may that hour, O faith - ful Guide, Find
turn my dark - ness in - to day, And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
heals this wound - ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
me safe shel - tered by Thy side, Find me safe shel - tered by Thy side.
CHORUS.
He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;
He knows, He knows, And tem - pers ev - 'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows the wind that blows.

No. 148. Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong.

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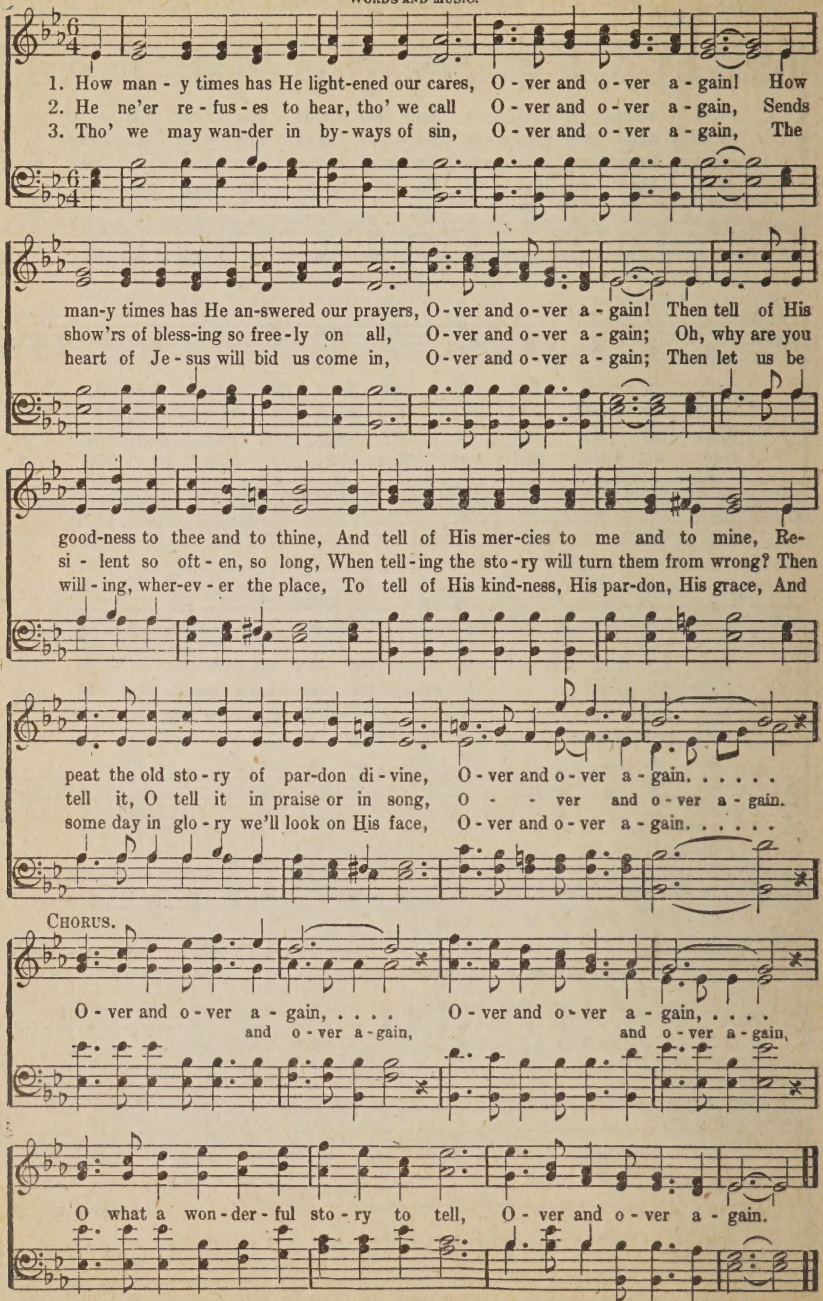
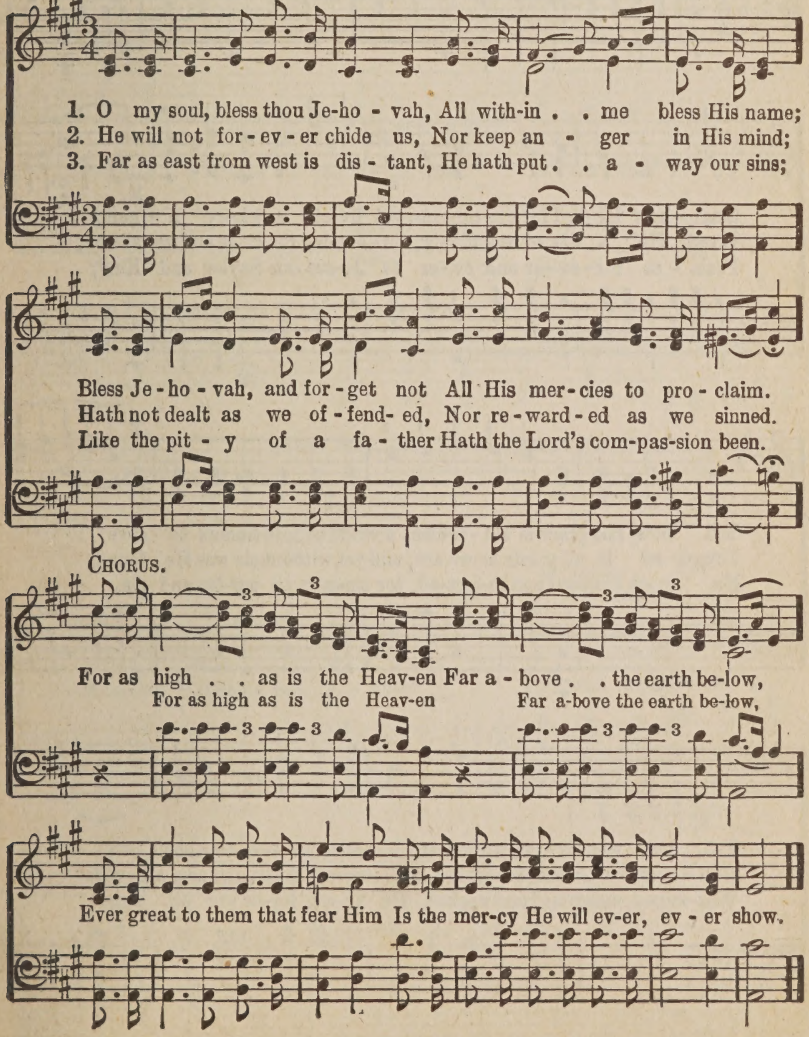
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How man - y times has He light-ened our cares, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus - es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o - ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wan-der in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o - ver a - gain, The
man-y times has He an-swered our prayers, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of bless-ing so free-ly on all, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je - sus will bid us come in, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be
good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mer-cies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so oft - en, so long, When tell - ing the sto - ry will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev - er the place, To tell of His kind-ness, His par-don, His grace, And
peat the old sto - ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song, O - - ver and o - ver a - gain.
some day in glo - ry we'll look on His face, O - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . . .
CHORUS.
O - ver and o - ver a - gain, ... O - ver and o - ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,
O what a won - der - ful sto - ry to tell, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.

Special Selections

No. 149. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103. Donizetti. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho - vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put . . a - way our sins;
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend- ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
CHORUS.
For as high . . as is the Heav-en Far a - bove . . the earth be-low,
For as high as is the Heav-en Far a-bove the earth be-low,
Ever great to them that fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev - er show.

No. 150. Wounded for Our Transgressions.

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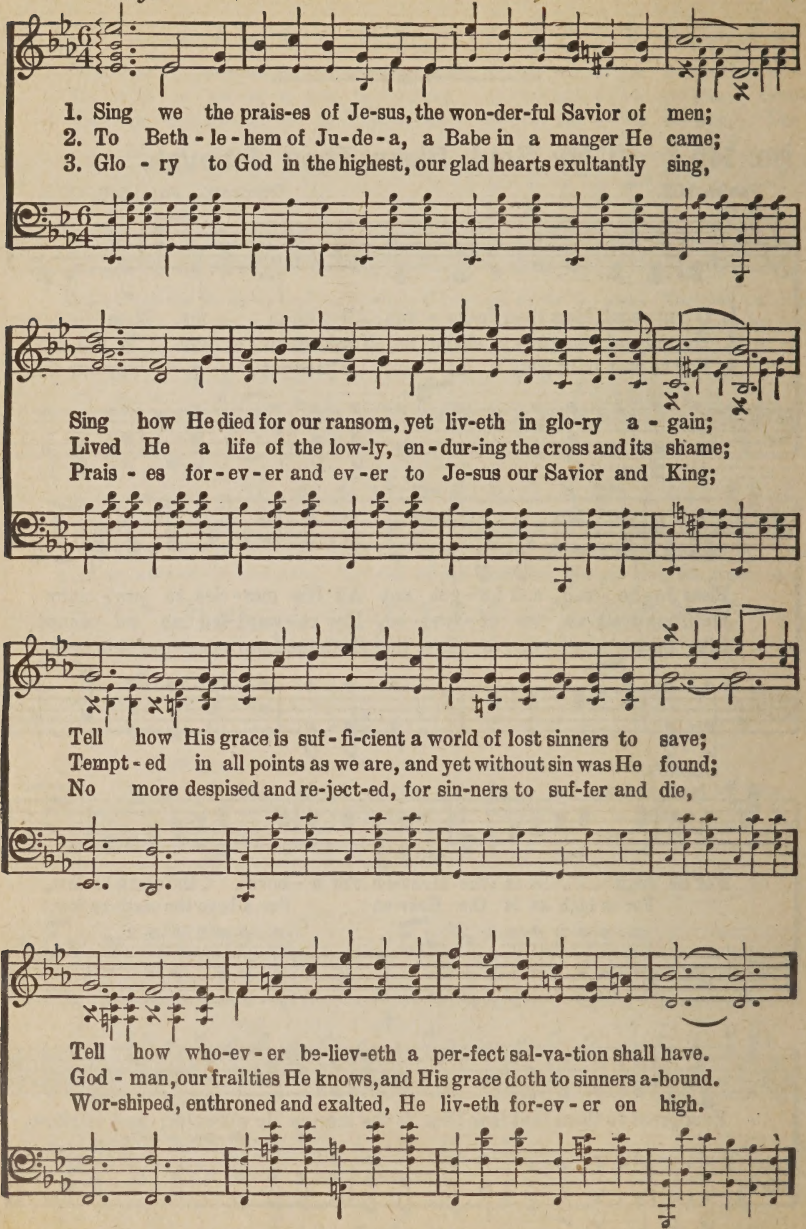
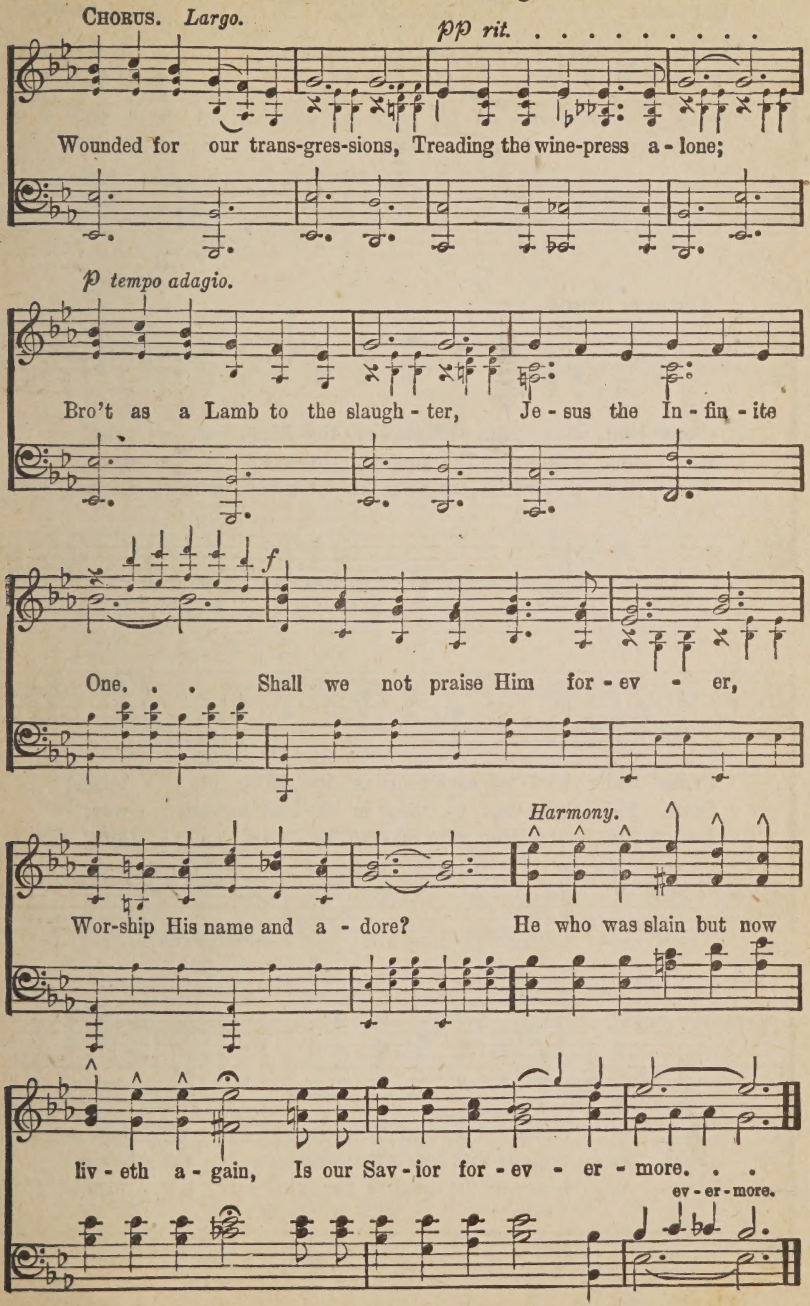
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Adagio.


1. Sing we the prais-es of Je-sus, the won-der-ful Savior of men;
2. To Beth-le-hem of Ju-de-a, a Babe in a manger He came;
3. Glo-ry to God in the highest, our glad hearts exultantly sing,
Sing how He died for our ransom, yet liv-eth in glo-ry a-gain;
Lived He a life of the low-ly, en-dur-ing the cross and its shame;
Prais-es for-ev-er and ev-er to Je-sus our Savior and King;
Tell how His grace is suf-fi-cient a world of lost sinners to save;
Tempt-ed in all points as we are, and yet without sin was He found;
No more despised and re-ject-ed, for sin-ners to suf-fer and die,
Tell how who-ev-er be-liev-eth a per-fect sal-va-tion shall have.
God-man, our frailties He knows, and His grace doth to sinners a-bound.
Wor-shiped, enthroned and exalted, He liv-eth for-ev-er on high.

Wounded for Our Transgressions.

Chorus. Largo.
pp rit.
Wounded for our trans-gres-sions, Treading the wine-press a-lone;
p tempo adagio.
Bro't as a Lamb to the slaugh-ter, Je-sus the In-fin-ite
f
One. . . Shall we not praise Him for-ev-er,
Harmony.
Wor-ship His name and a-dore? He who was slain but now
liv-eth a-gain, Is our Sav-ior for-ev-er-more. . .
ev-er-more.

No. 151. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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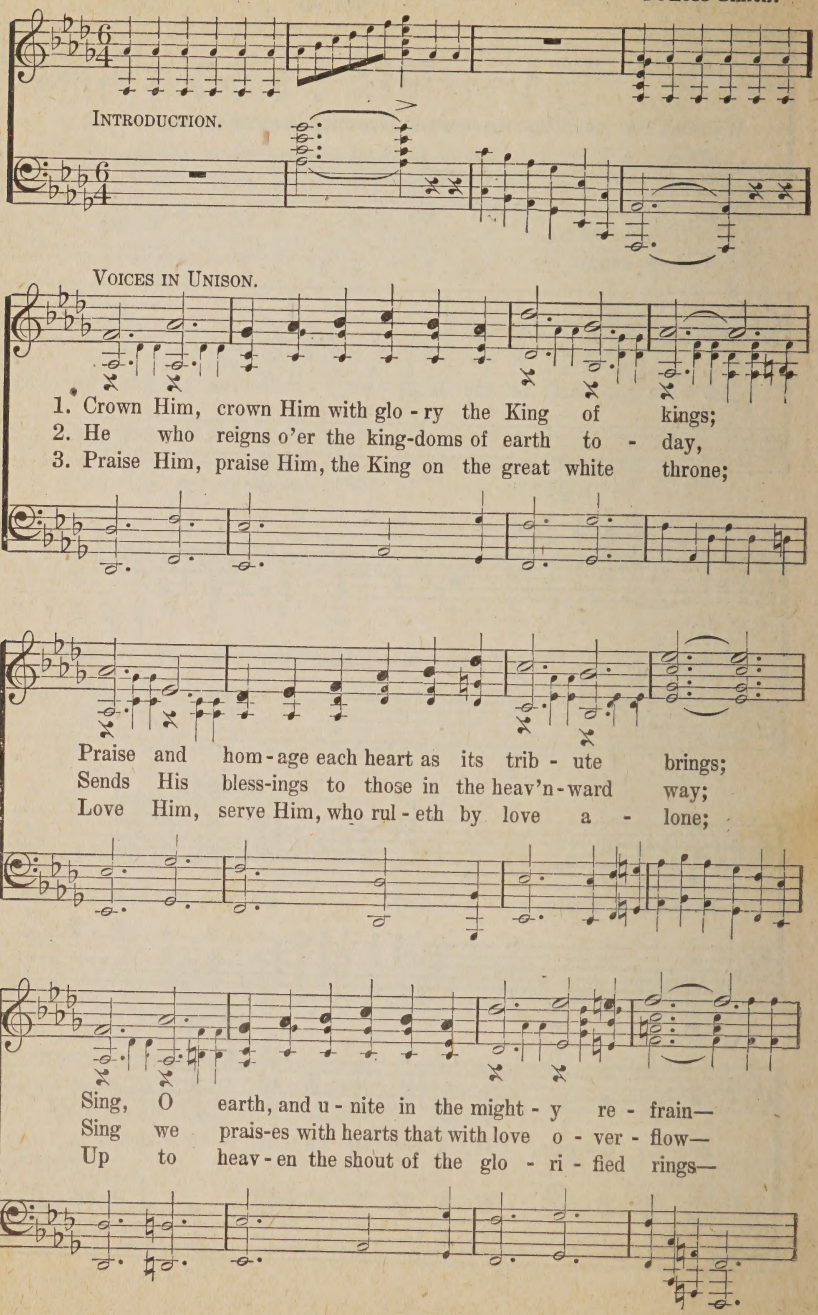
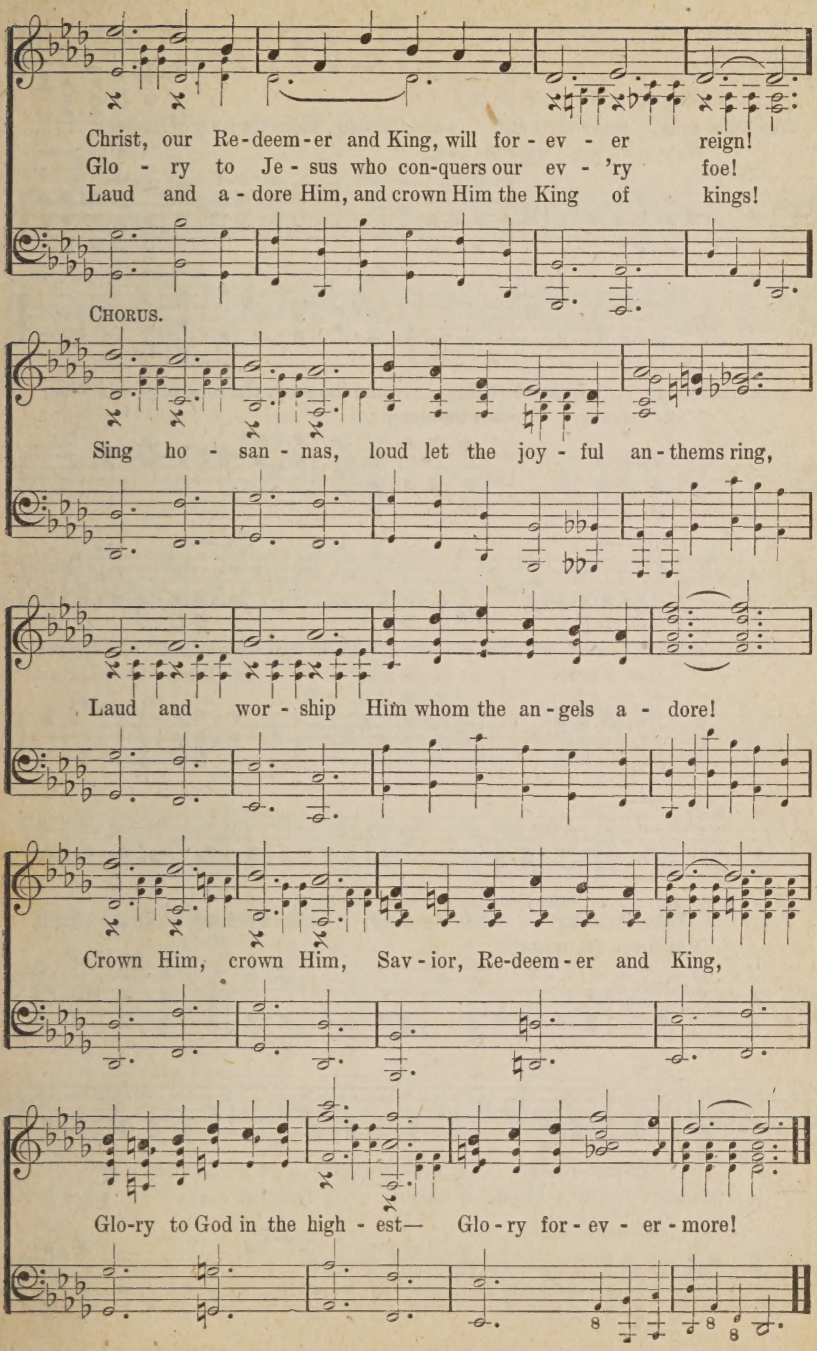
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.
VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;
Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!
CHORUS.
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 152. Wake the Song.

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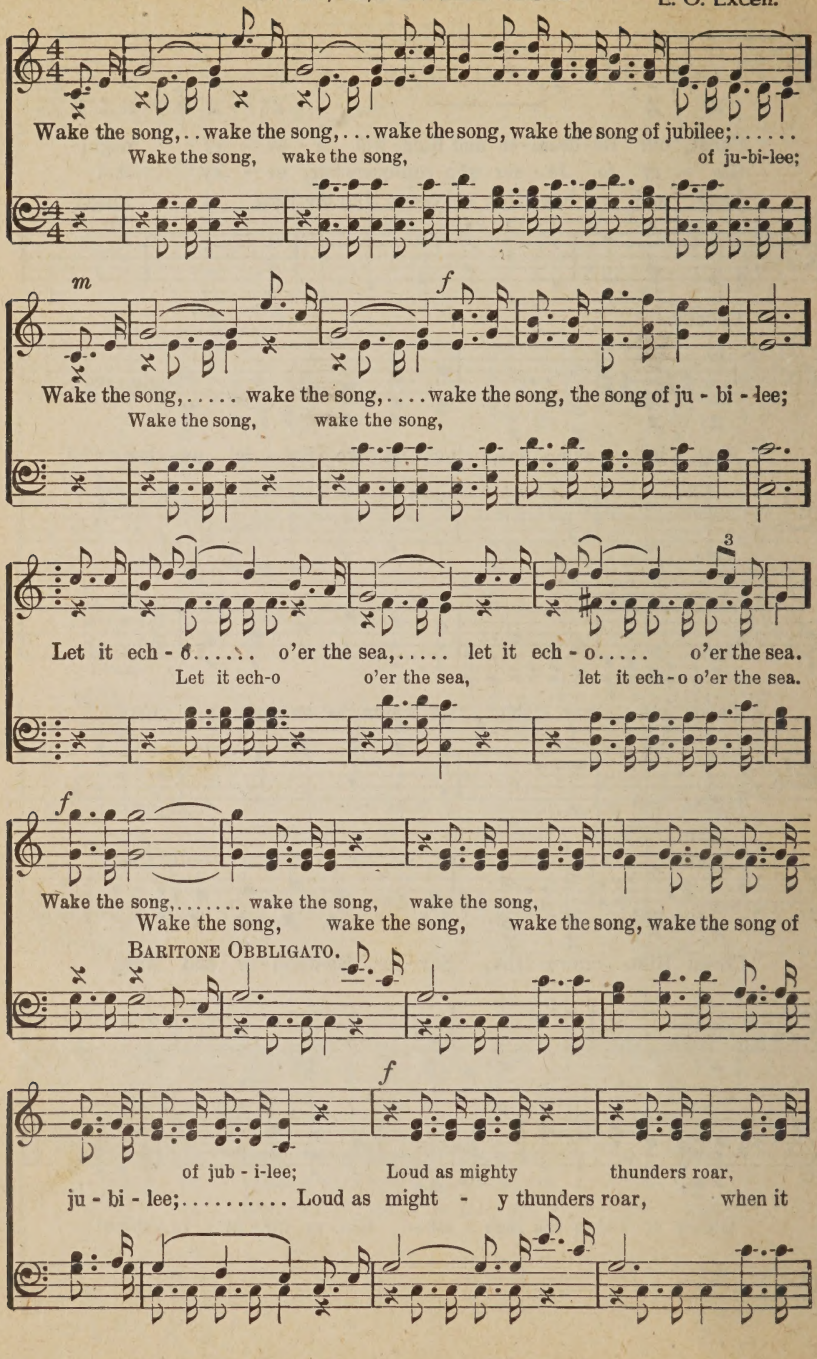
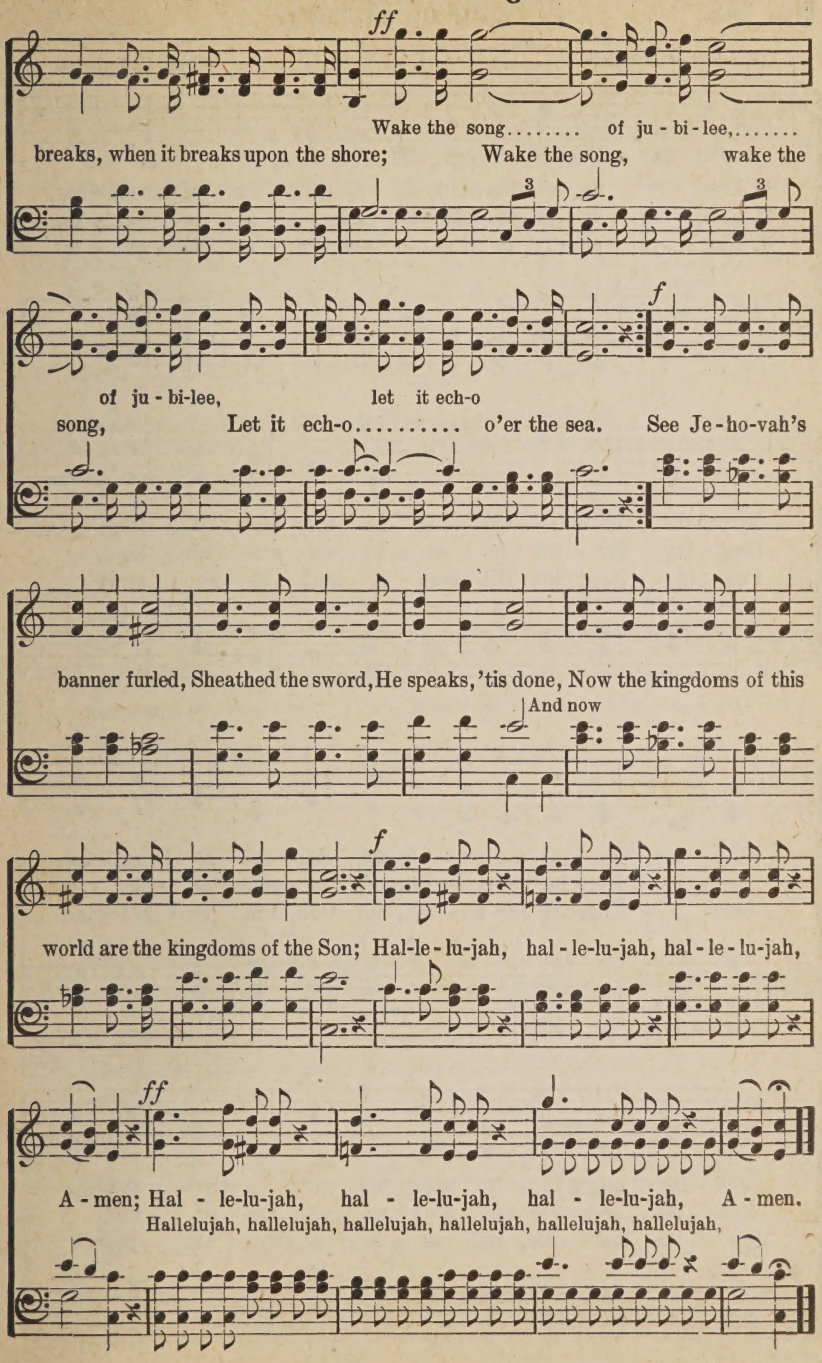
E. O. Excell.

Wake the song, . . wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song of jubilee; . . . . . .
Wake the song, wake the song, of ju-bi-lee;
m
f
Wake the song, ... wake the song, ... wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee;
Wake the song, wake the song,
3
Let it ech - o . . . . . o'er the sea, ... let it ech - o . . . . . o'er the sea.
Let it ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech - o o'er the sea.
f
Wake the song, ... wake the song, wake the song,
Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of
Baritone Obbligato.
f
of jub - i-lee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,
ju - bi - lee; . . . . . Loud as might - y thunders roar, when it

Wake the Song.


ff
Wake the song..... of ju - bi - lee,.....
breaks, when it breaks upon the shore; Wake the song, wake the
3
3
f
of ju - bi-lee, let it ech-o
song, Let it ech-o..... o'er the sea. See Je - ho-vah's
banner furled, Sheathed the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, Now the kingdoms of this
And now
f
world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah,
ff
A - men; Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, A - men.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,

No. 153. A Song of Victory.

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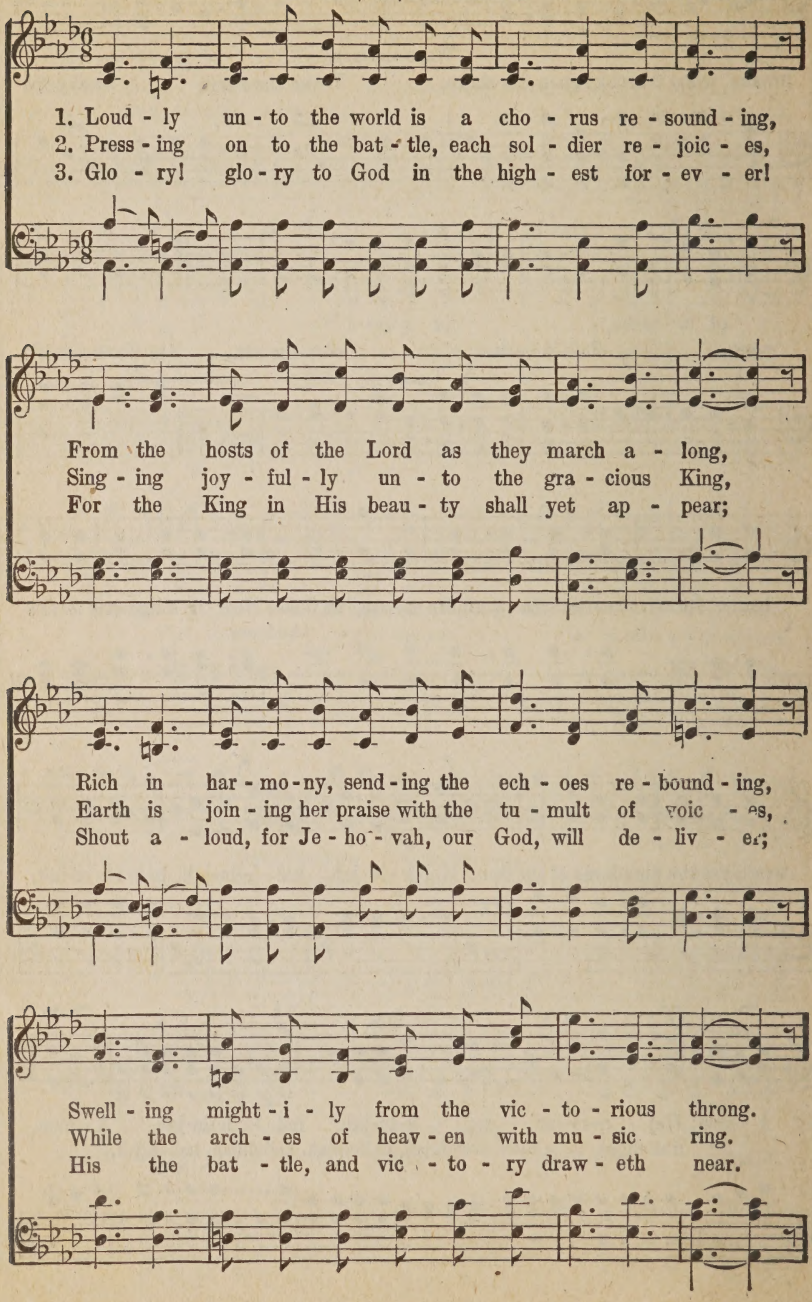
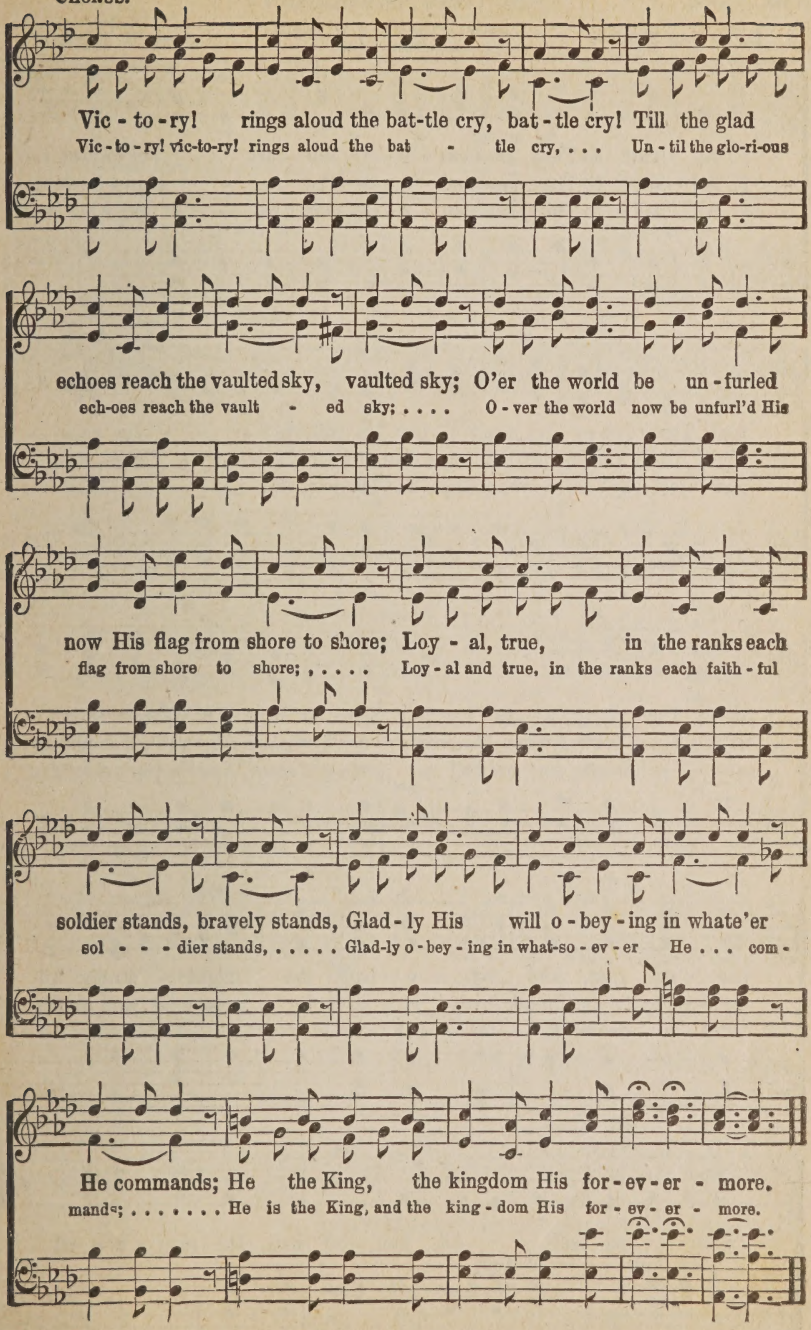
Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;
Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;
Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , ... Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful
soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, ... Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; . . . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 154. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

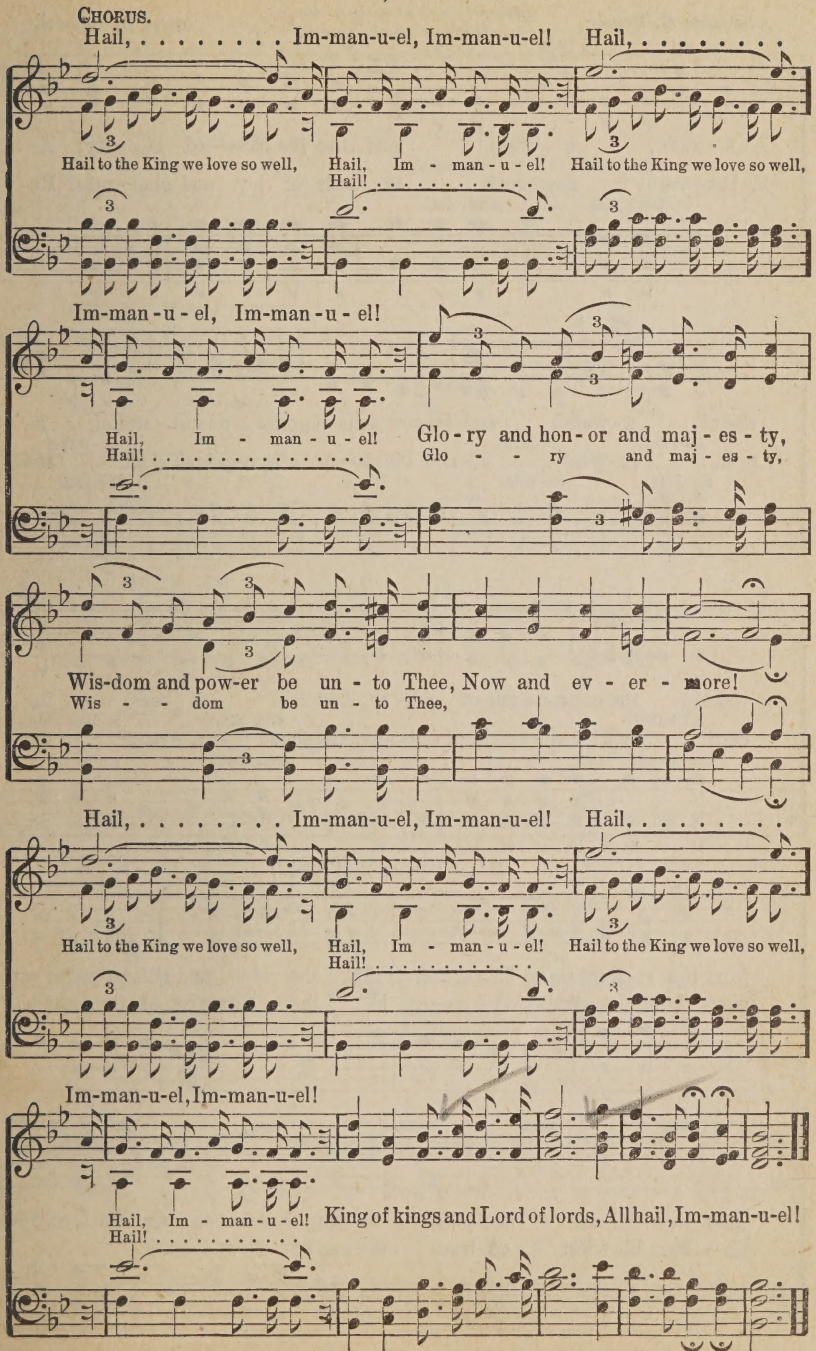
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

Chorus.
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - - ry and maj - es - ty,
Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 155. Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer

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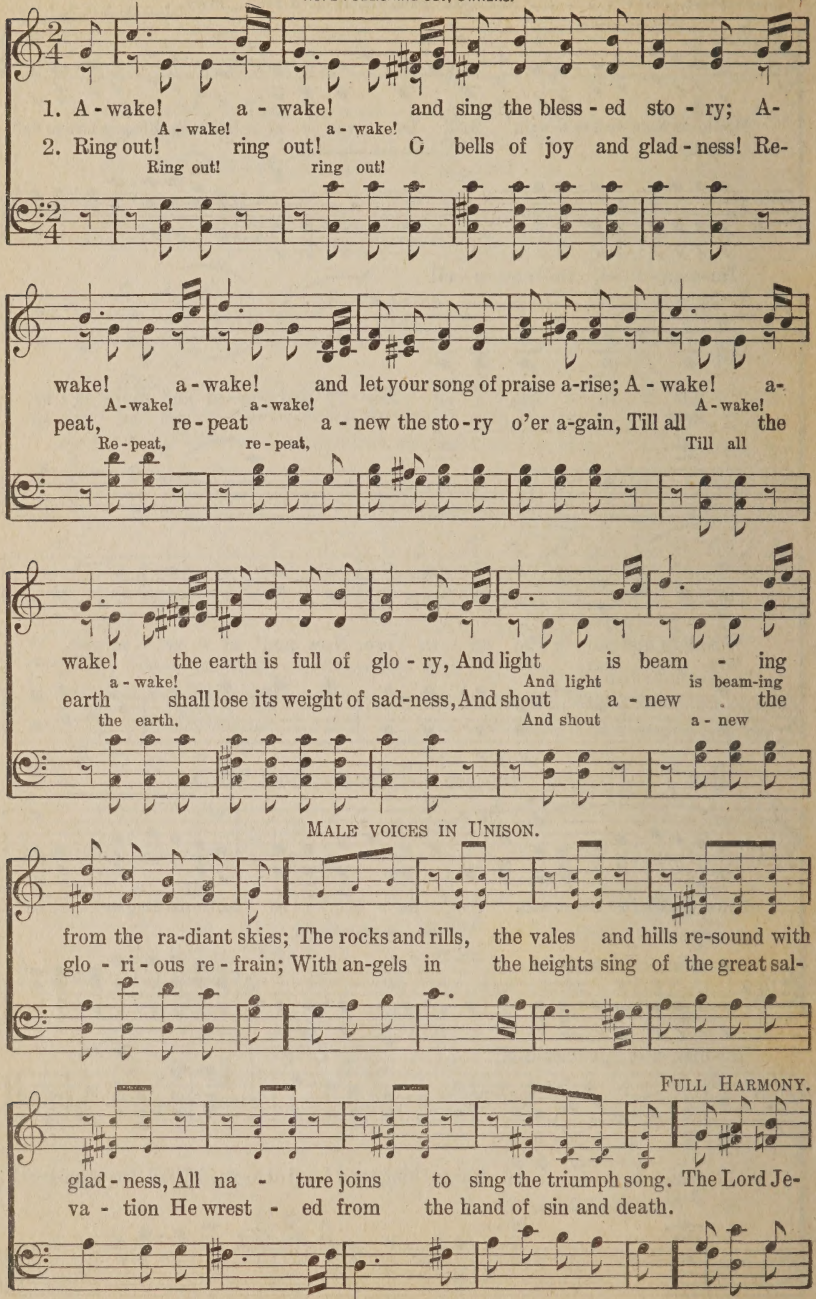
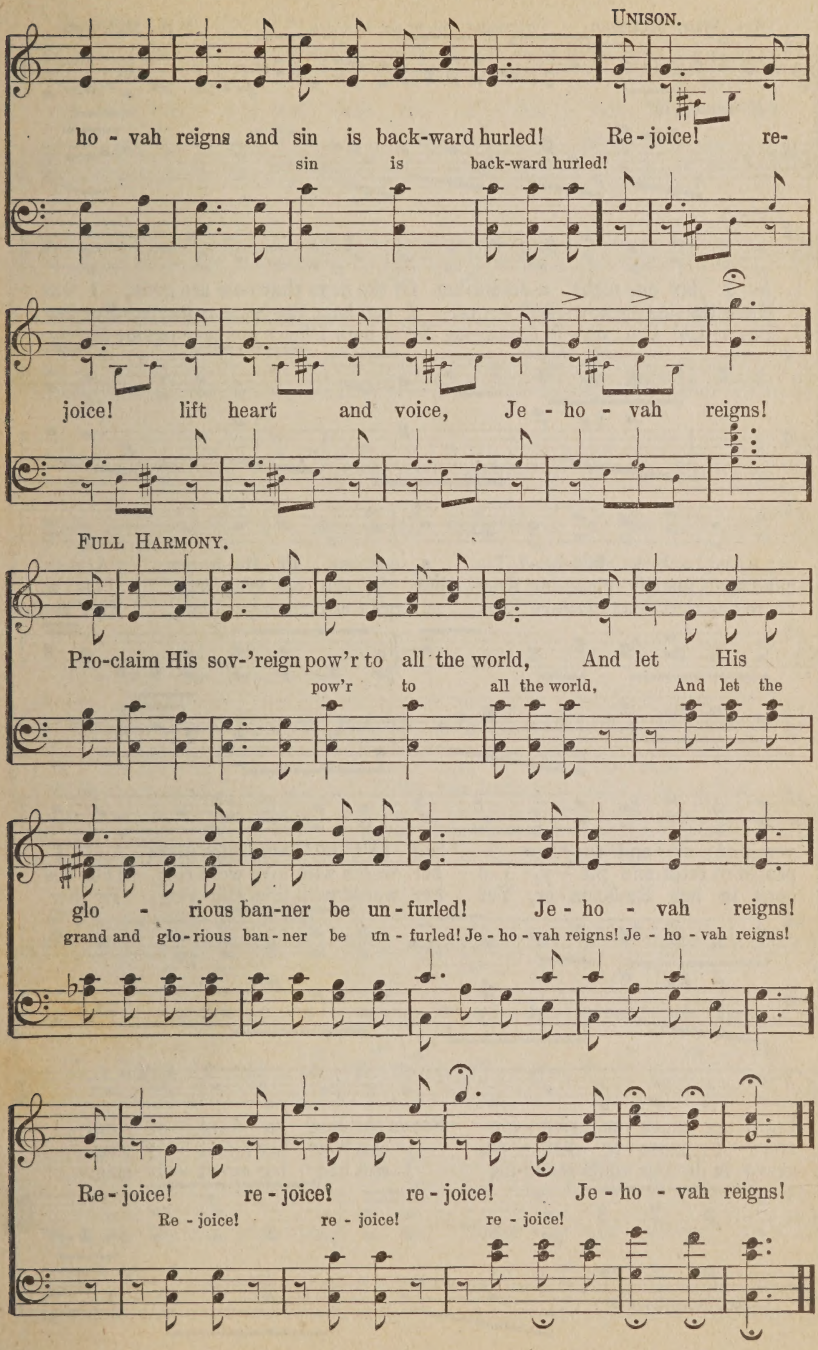
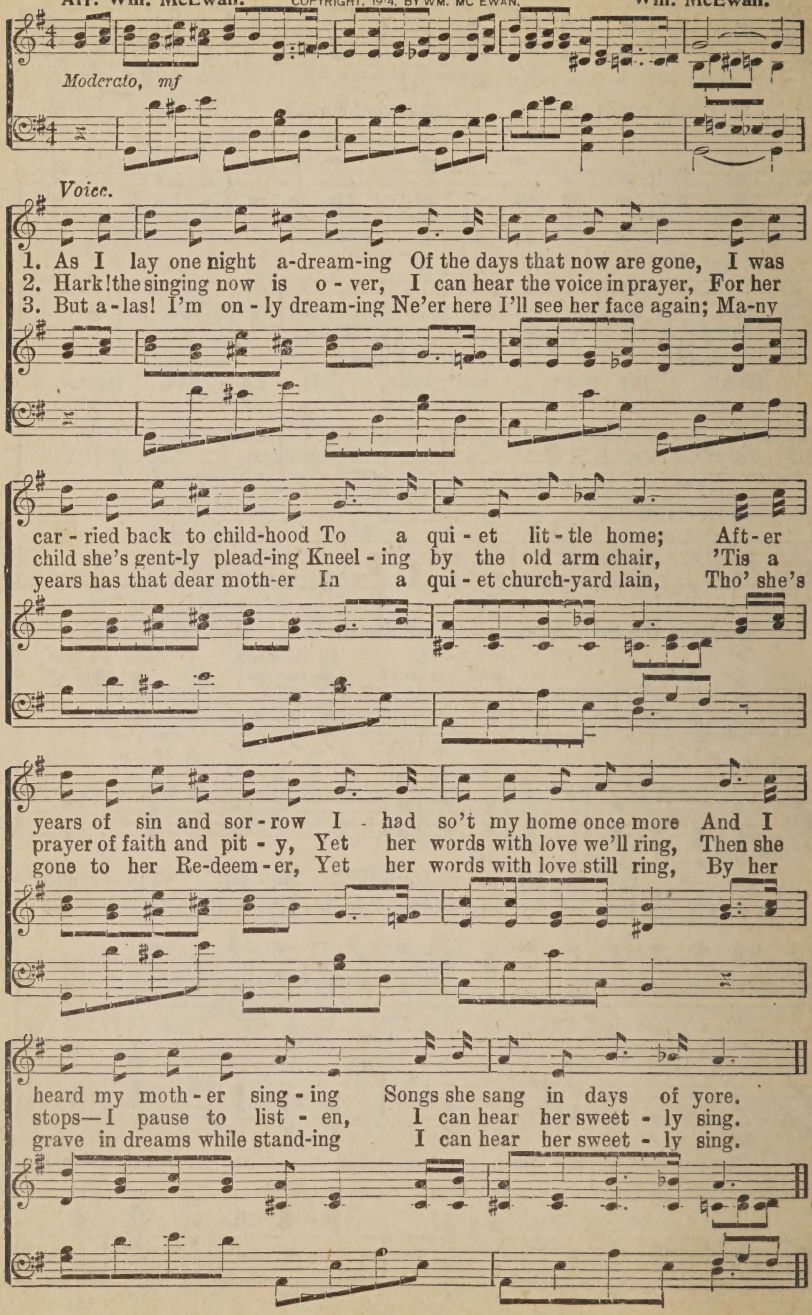
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a -
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
MALE VOICES IN UNISON.
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
FULL HARMONY.
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY.
Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the
glo - rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

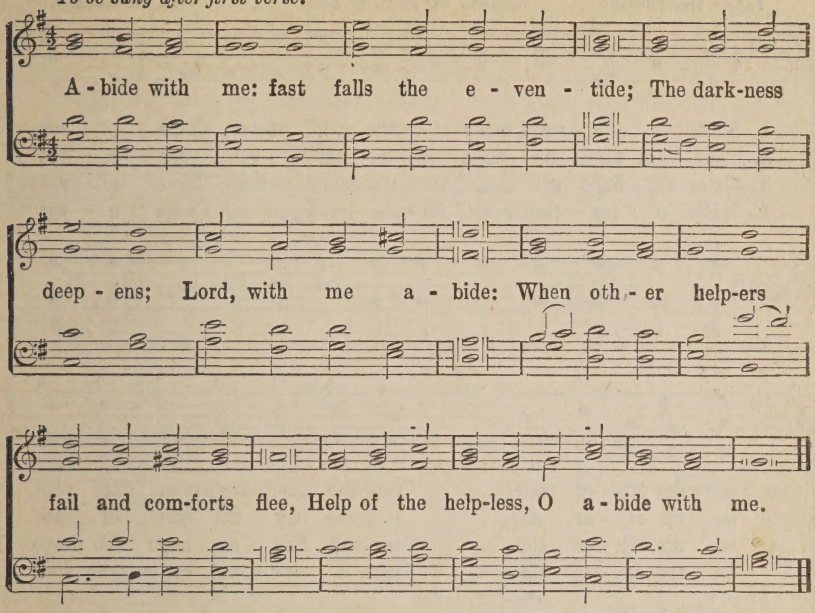
No. 156. My Mother's Songs.

Arr. Wm. McEwan. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. Wm. McEwan.

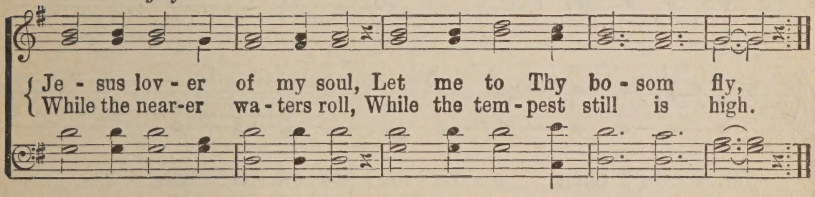

Moderato, mf
Voice.
1. As I lay one night a-dream-ing Of the days that now are gone, I was
2. Hark! the singing now is o - ver, I can hear the voice in prayer, For her
3. But a-las! I'm on - ly dream-ing Ne'er here I'll see her face again; Ma-ny
car - ried back to child-hood To a qui - et lit - tle home; Aft - er
child she's gent-ly plead-ing Kneel - ing by the old arm chair, 'Tis a
years has that dear moth-er In a qui - et church-yard lain, Tho' she's
years of sin and sor - row I had so't my home once more And I
prayer of faith and pit - y, Yet her words with love we'll ring, Then she
gone to her Re-deem - er, Yet her words with love still ring, By her
heard my moth - er sing - ing Songs she sang in days of yore.
stops—I pause to list - en, I can hear her sweet - ly sing.
grave in dreams while stand-ing I can hear her sweet - ly sing.

My Mother's Songs.

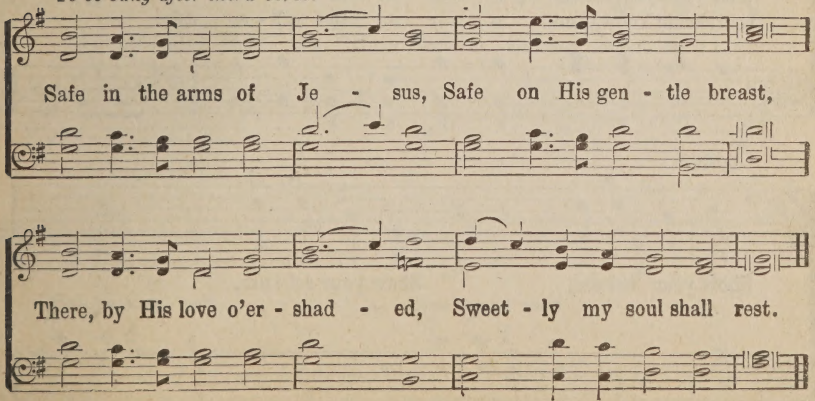
To be sung after first verse.


A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help-ers
fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.

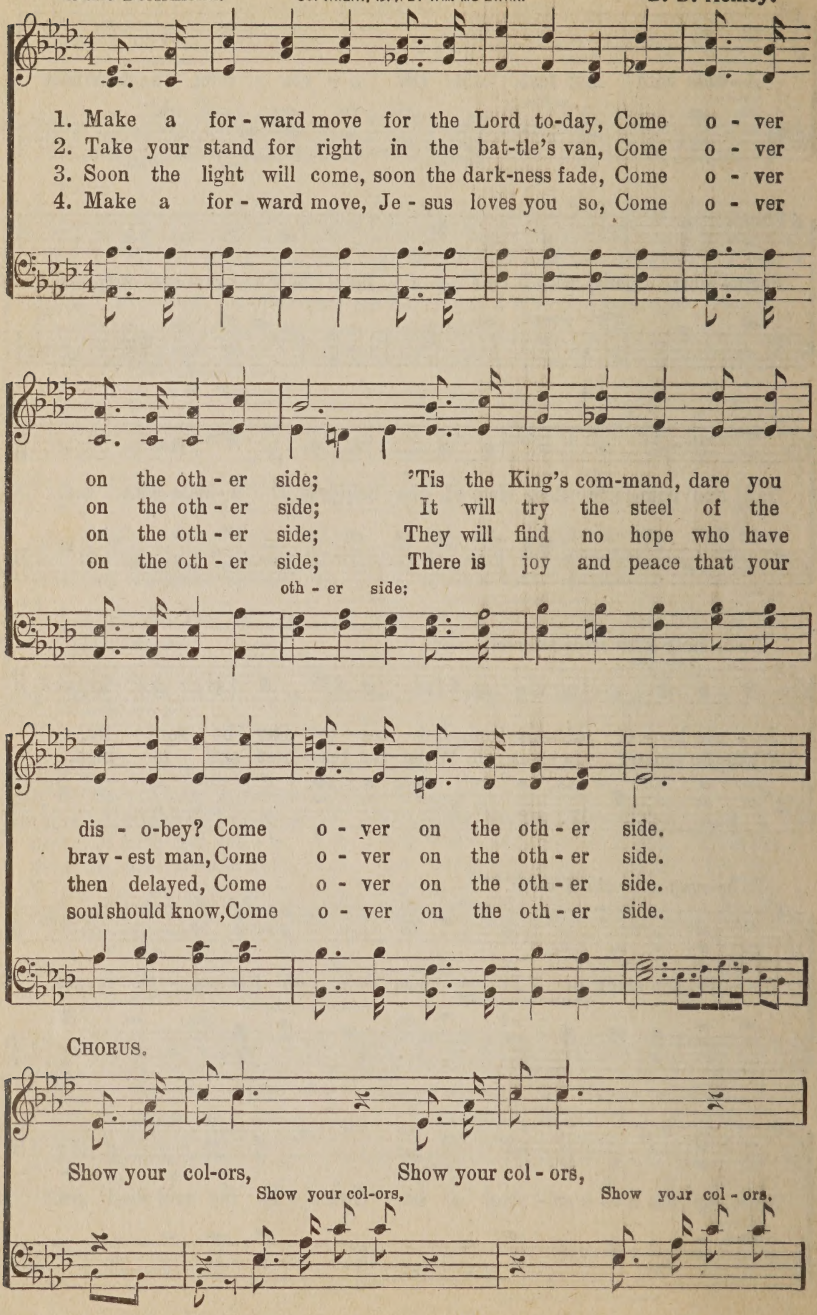
To be sung after second verse.

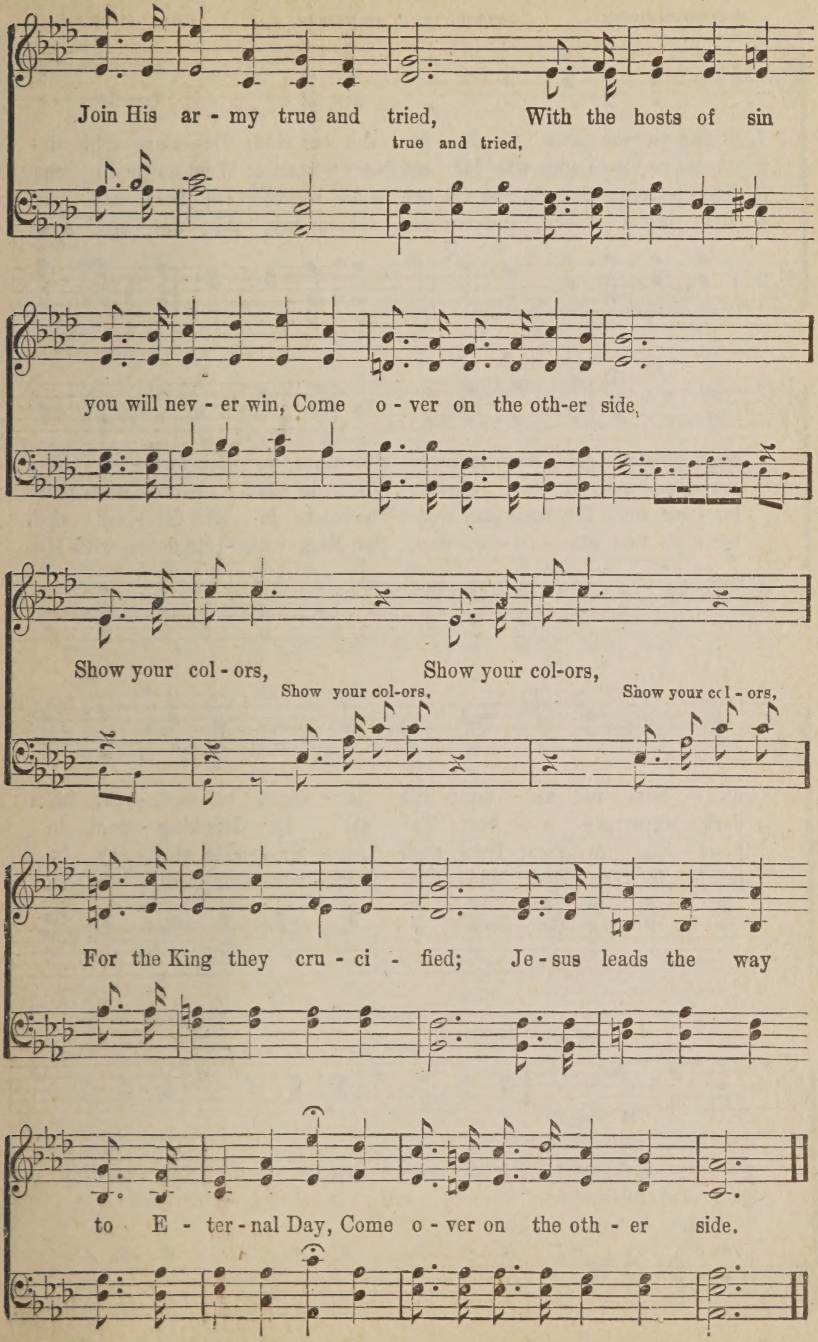


To be sung after third verse.

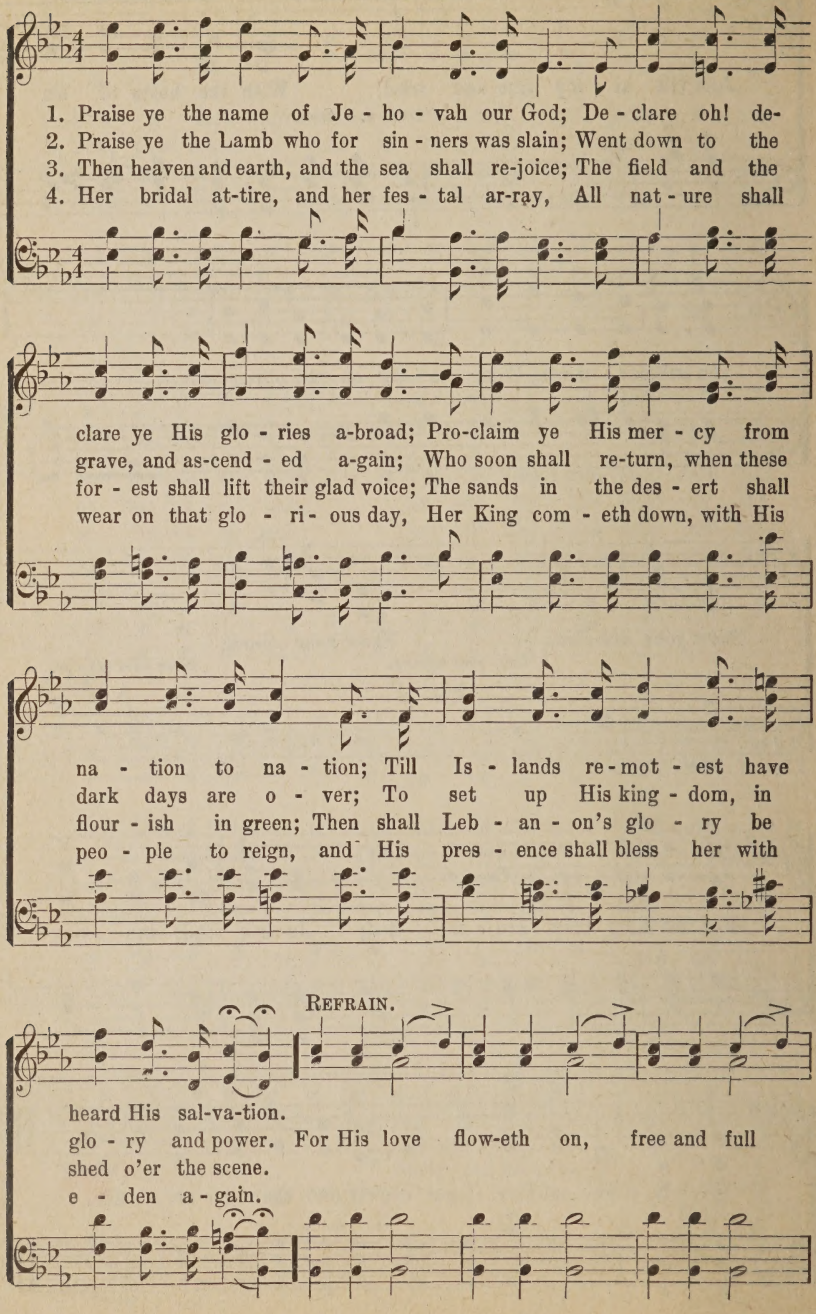


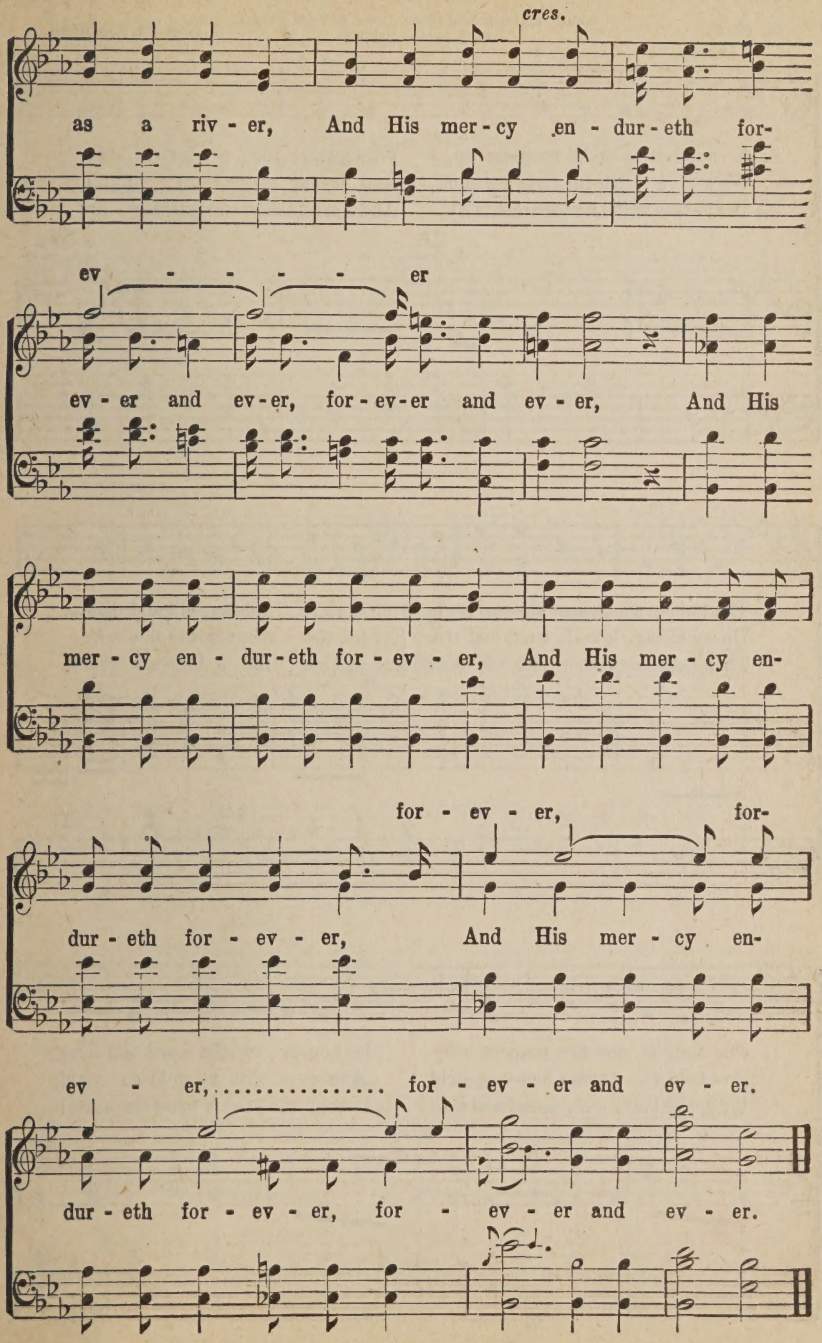
No. 157. Come Over On the Other Side.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. B. D. Ackley.

1. Make a for - ward move for the Lord to-day, Come o - ver
2. Take your stand for right in the bat-tle's van, Come o - ver
3. Soon the light will come, soon the dark-ness fade, Come o - ver
4. Make a for - ward move, Je - sus loves you so, Come o - ver
on the oth - er side; 'Tis the King's com-mand, dare you
on the oth - er side; It will try the steel of the
on the oth - er side; They will find no hope who have
on the oth - er side; There is joy and peace that your
oth - er side;
dis - o-bey? Come o - ver on the oth - er side.
brav - est man, Come o - ver on the oth - er side.
then delayed, Come o - ver on the oth - er side.
soul should know, Come o - ver on the oth - er side.
CHORUS.
Show your col-ors, Show your col - ors,
Show your col-ors,
Show your col - ors.

Come Over On the Other Side.

Join His ar - my true and tried, With the hosts of sin
true and tried,
you will nev - er win, Come o - ver on the oth-er side,
Show your col - ors, Show your col-ors,
Show your col-ors,
Show your col - ors,
For the King they cru - ci - fied; Je - sus leads the way
to E - ter - nal Day, Come o - ver on the oth - er side.

No. 158 Praise Ye the Name of Jehovah.

Horatious Bonar. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. MCEWAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Praise ye the name of Je - ho - vah our God; De - clare oh! de-
2. Praise ye the Lamb who for sin - ners was slain; Went down to the
3. Then heaven and earth, and the sea shall re-joice; The field and the
4. Her bridal at-tire, and her fes - tal ar-ray, All nat - ure shall
clare ye His glo - ries a-broad; Pro-claim ye His mer - cy from
grave, and as-cend - ed a-gain; Who soon shall re-turn, when these
for - est shall lift their glad voice; The sands in the des - ert shall
wear on that glo - ri - ous day, Her King com - eth down, with His
na - tion to na - tion; Till Is - lands re-mot - est have
dark days are o - ver; To set up His king - dom, in
flour - ish in green; Then shall Leb - an - on's glo - ry be
peo - ple to reign, and His pres - ence shall bless her with
REFRAIN.
heard His sal-va-tion.
glo - ry and power. For His love flow-eth on, free and full
shed o'er the scene.
e - den a - gain.

Praise Ye the Name of Jehovah.

cres.
as a riv - er, And His mer - cy en - dur - eth for-
ev - - - - er
ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, And His
mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er, And His mer - cy en-
for - ev - er, for-
dur - eth for - ev - er, And His mer - cy en-
ev - er, ... for - ev - er and ev - er.
dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er.

No. 159. To the Harvest-Field.

C. H. G.

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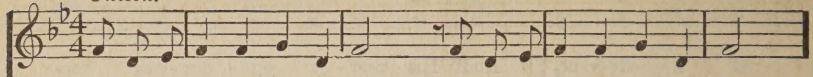
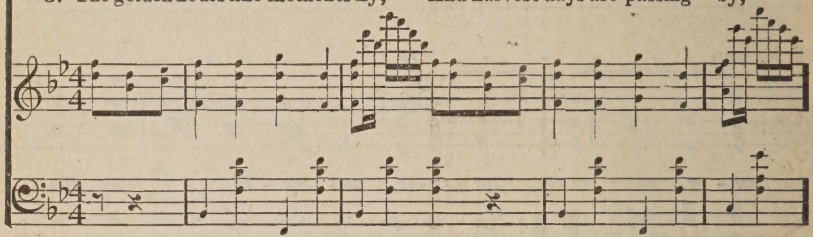
Chas. H. Gabriel.

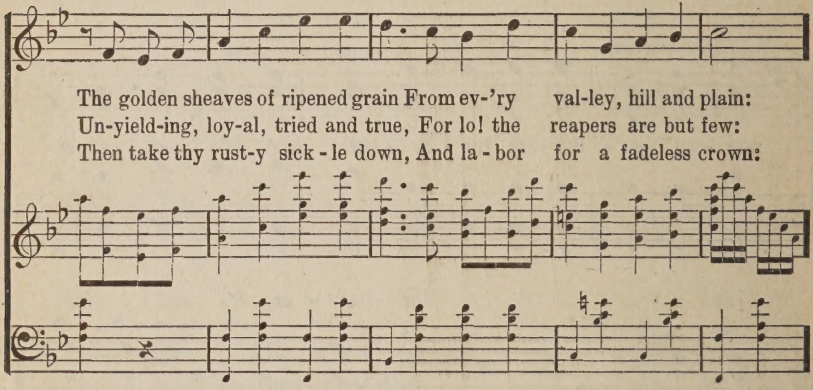
Unison.



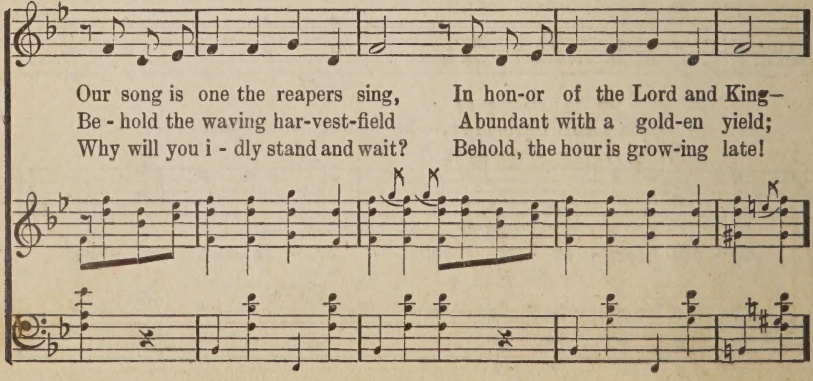
1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gather for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by;

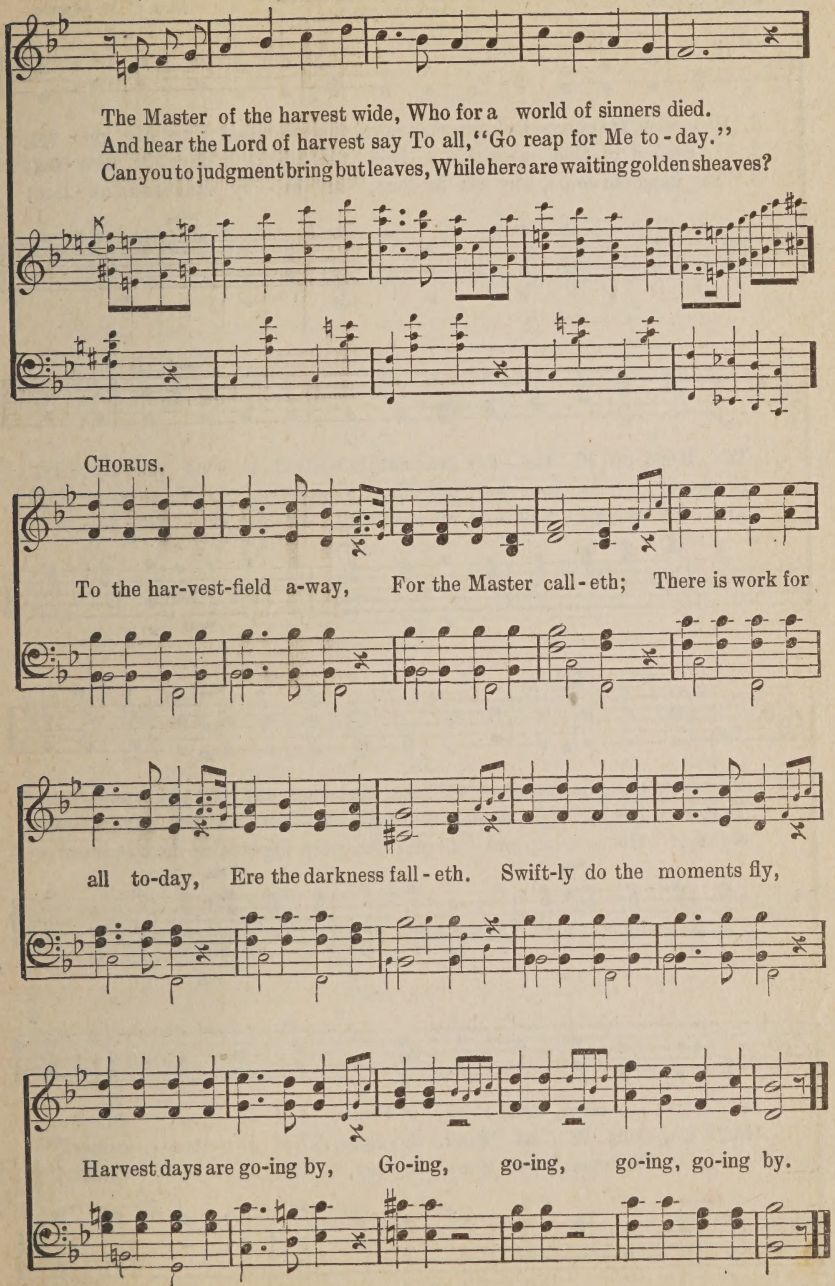


The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev-'ry val-ley, hill and plain:
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reapers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick - le down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown:



Our song is one the reapers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King–
Be - hold the waving har-vest-field Abundant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i - dly stand and wait? Behold, the hour is grow-ing late!



To the Harvest-Field.

The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for Me to-day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?
CHORUS.
To the har-vest-field a-way, For the Master call-eth; There is work for
all to-day, Ere the darkness fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly,
Harvest days are go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 160. Lo! Jesus Comes.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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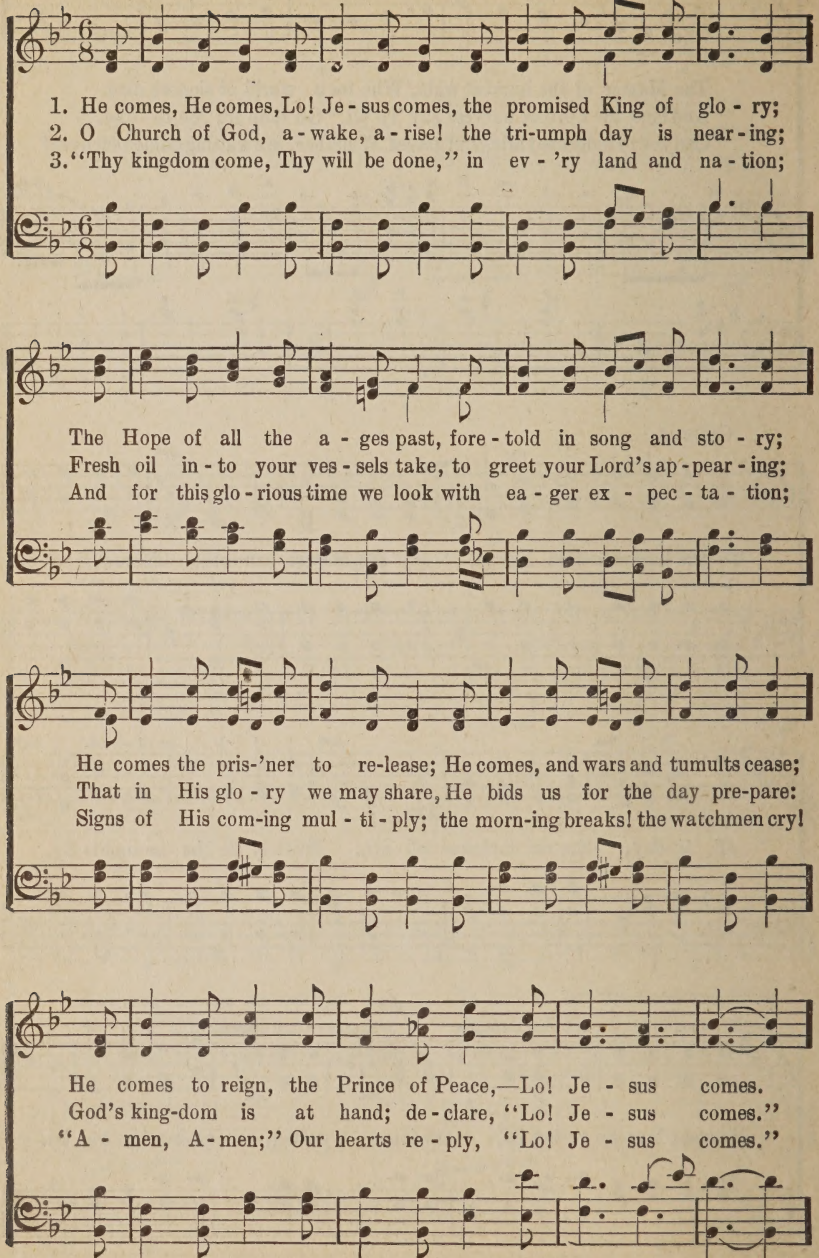
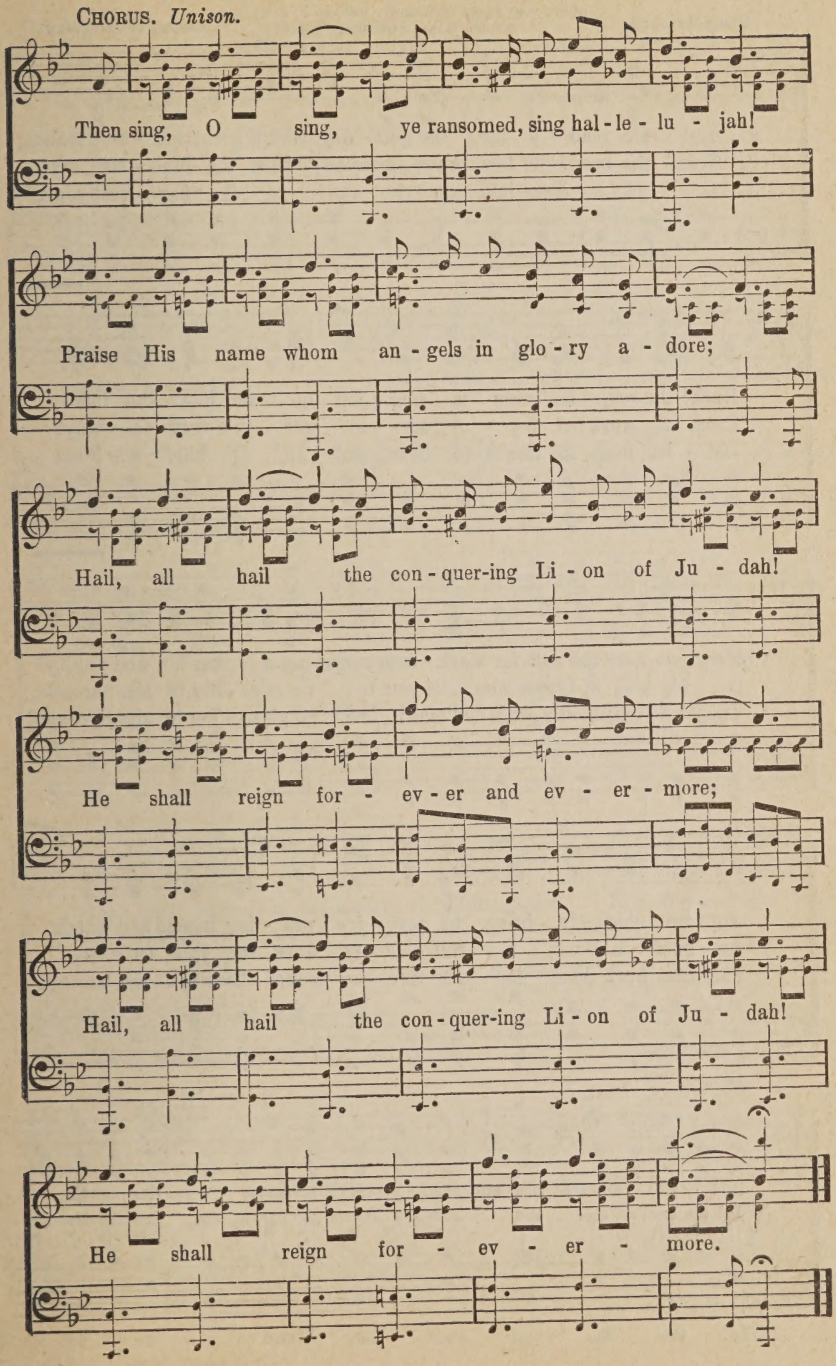
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri-umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;
The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;
He comes the pris-'ner to re-lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre-pare:
Signs of His com-ing mul - ti - ply; the morn-ing breaks! the watchmen cry!
He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
God's king-dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
"A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."

Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal-le-lu-jah!
Praise His name whom an-gels in glo-ry a-dore;
Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!
He shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er-more;
Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!
He shall reign for-ev-er-more.

No. 161. Reapers for the Harvest.

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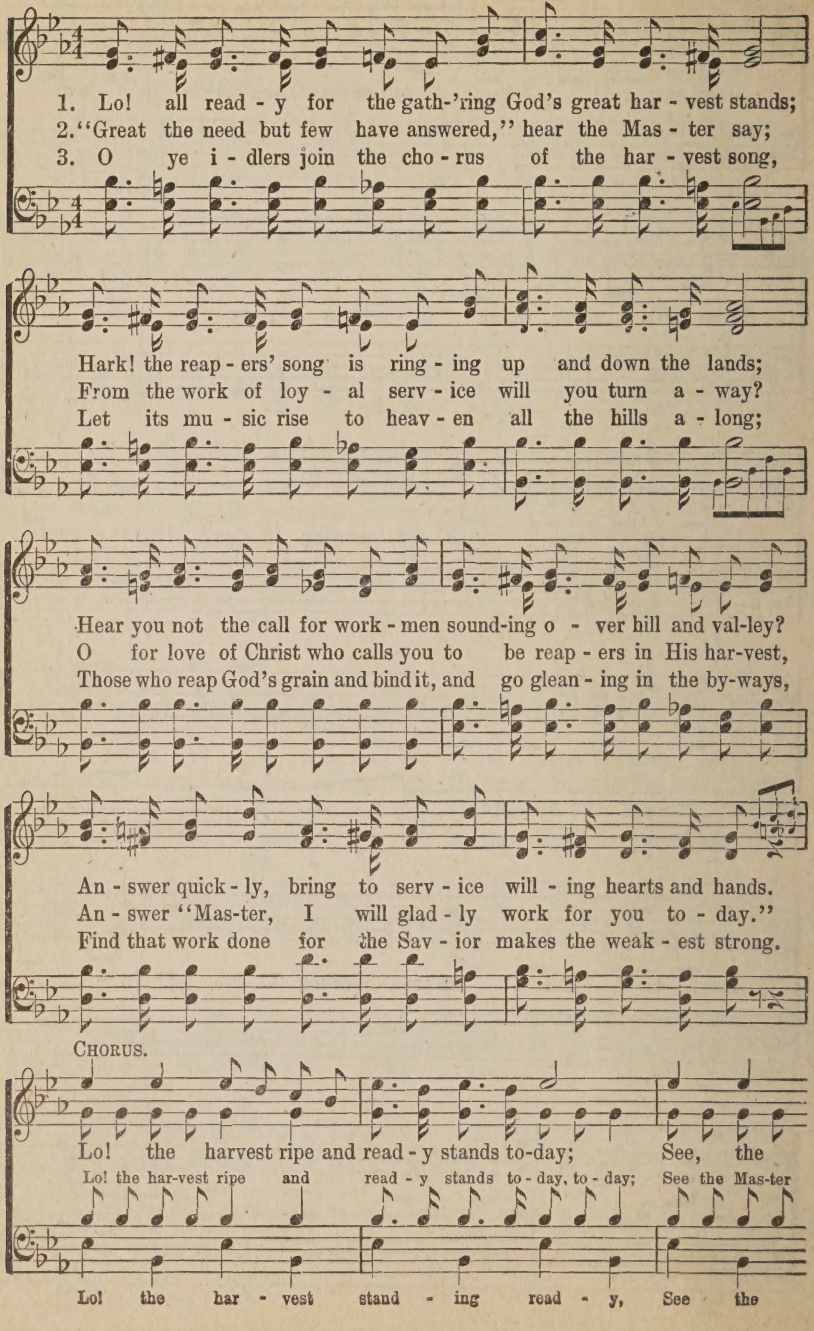
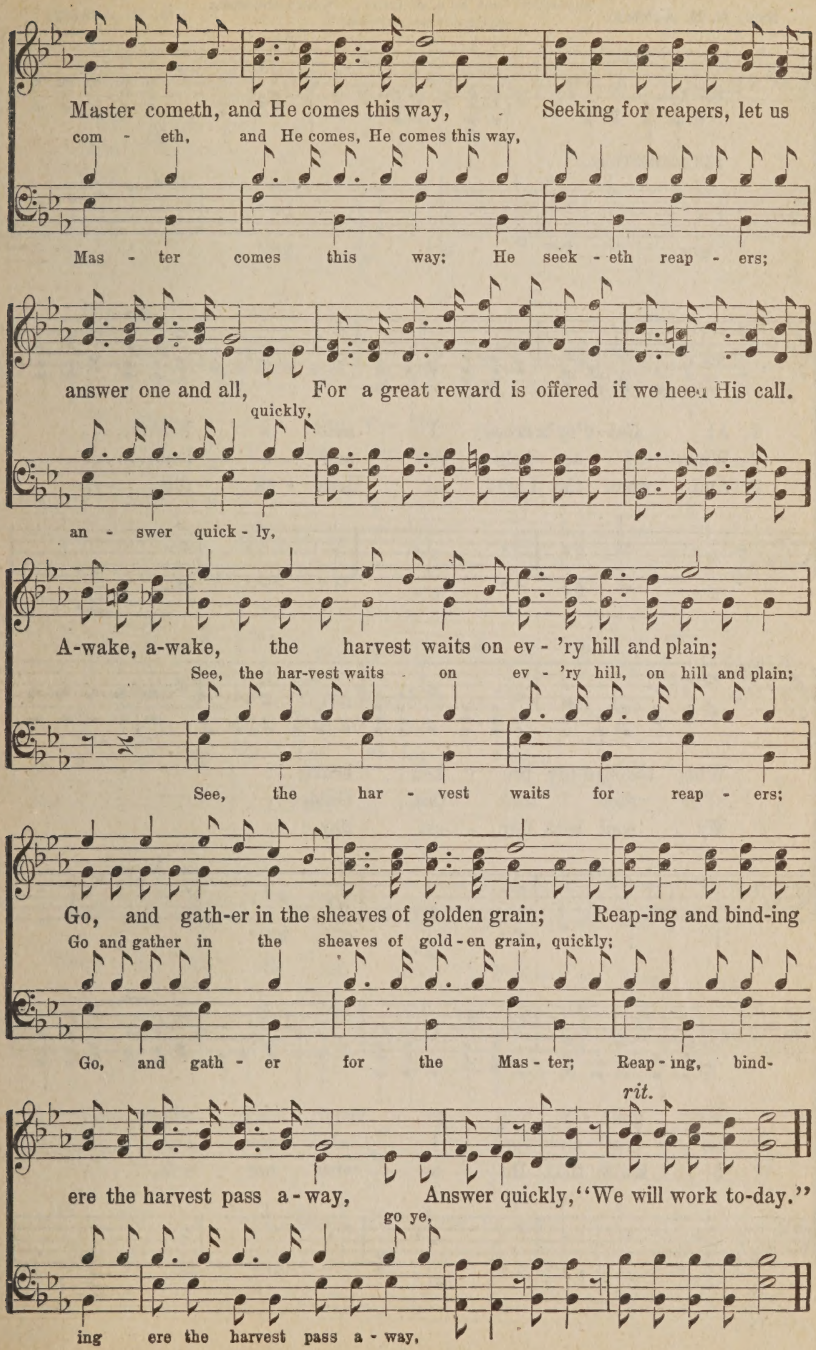
Eben Rexford. Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath-'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,
Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;
Hear you not the call for work - men sound-ing o - ver hill and val-ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har-vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by-ways,
An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.
CHORUS.
Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to-day; See, the
Lo! the har-vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas-ter
Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

Reapers for the Harvest.

Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers, let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,
Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;
answer one and all, For a great reward is offered if we heed His call.
quickly,
an - swer quick - ly,
A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;
Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reap-ing and bind-ing
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold - en grain, quickly;
Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind-
rit.
ere the harvest pass a - way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,
ing ere the harvest pass a - way,

No. 162. O How I Love Him.

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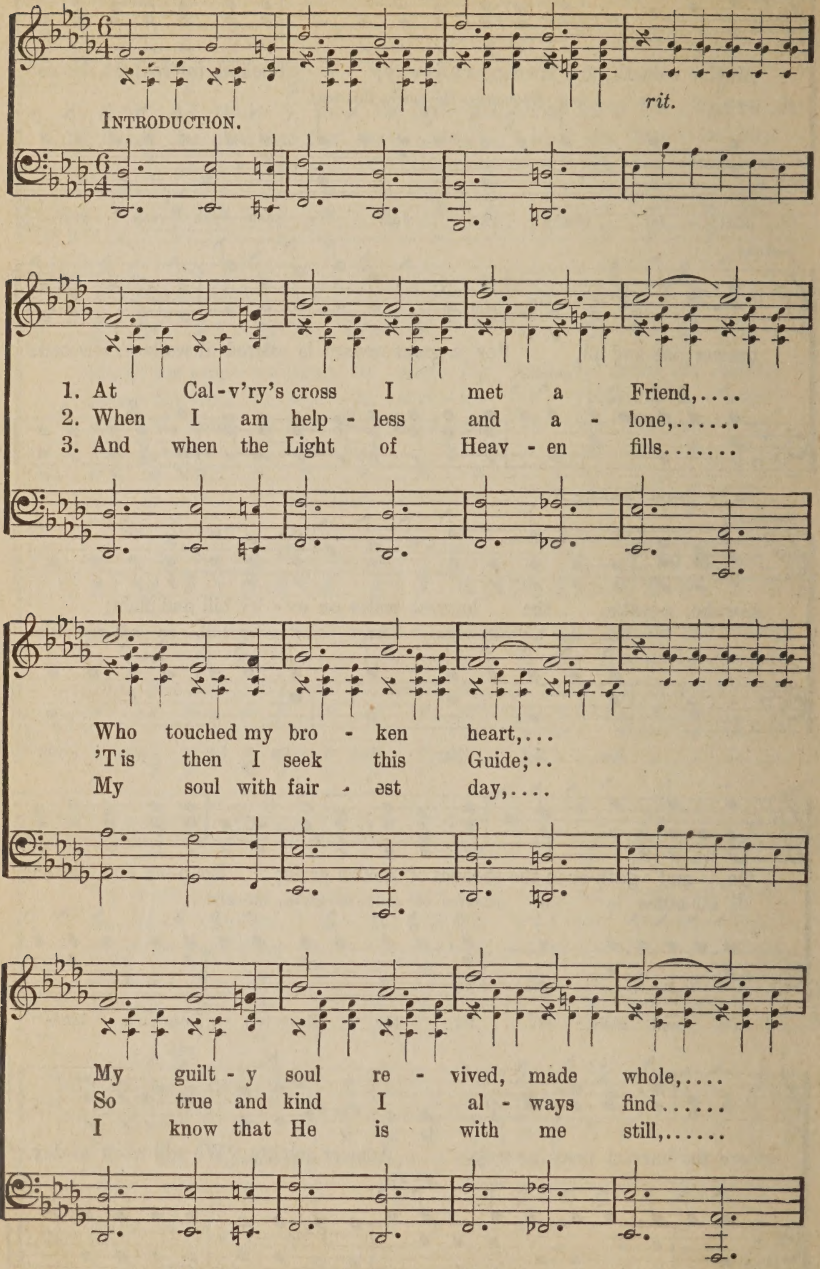
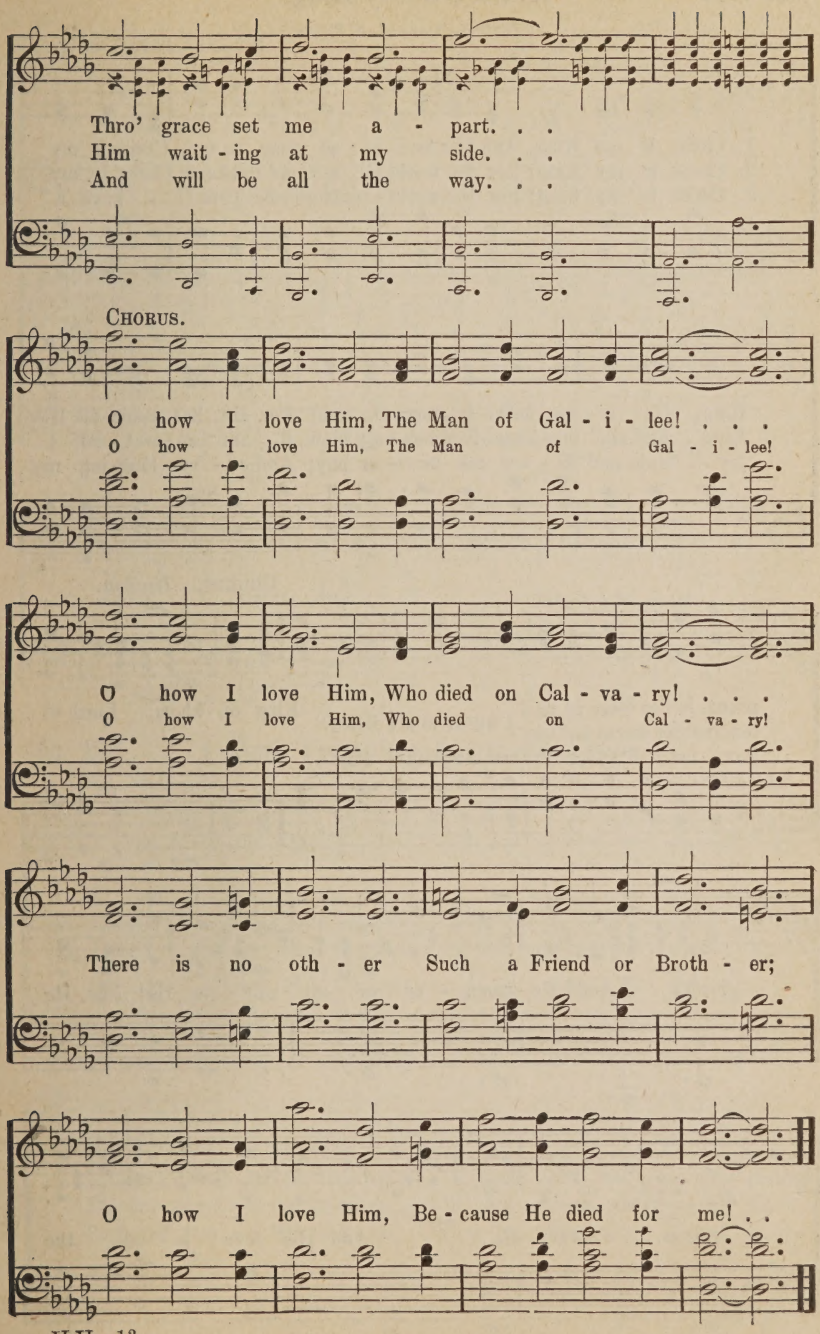
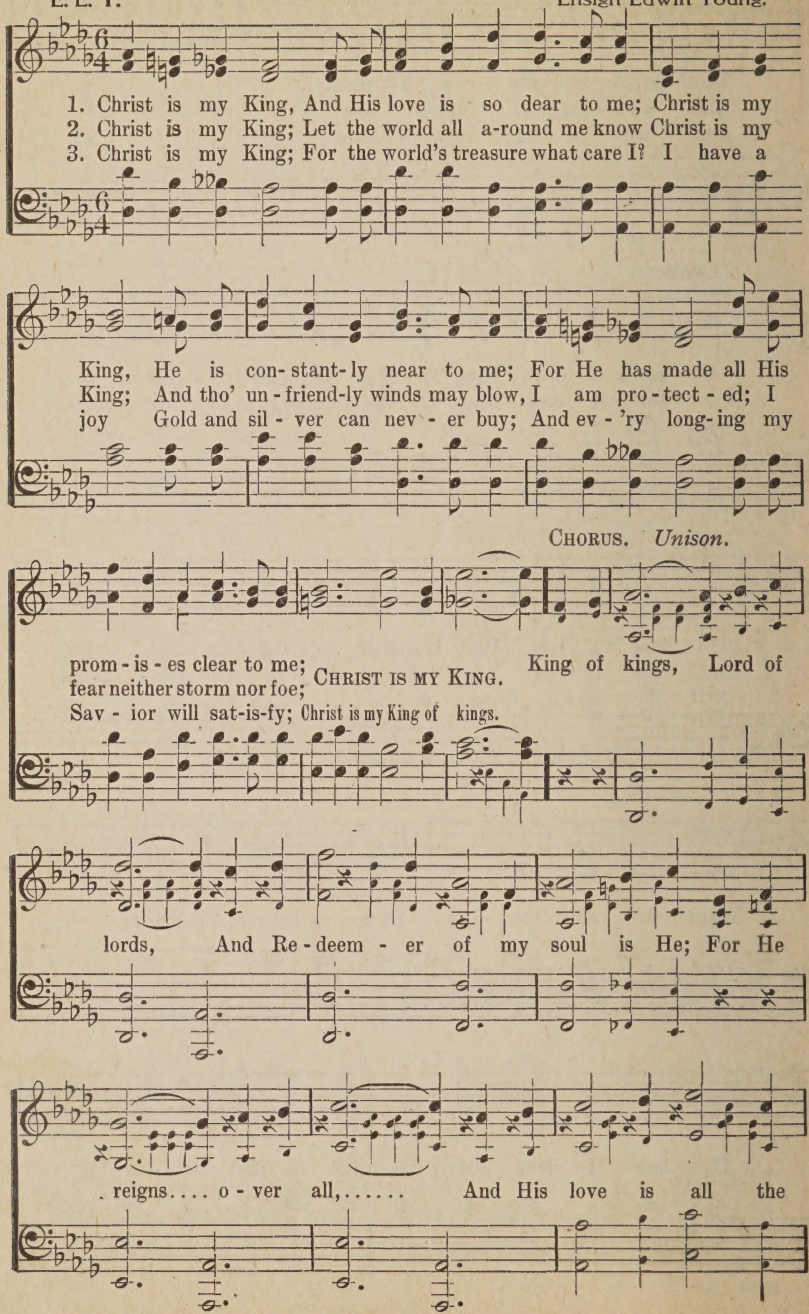
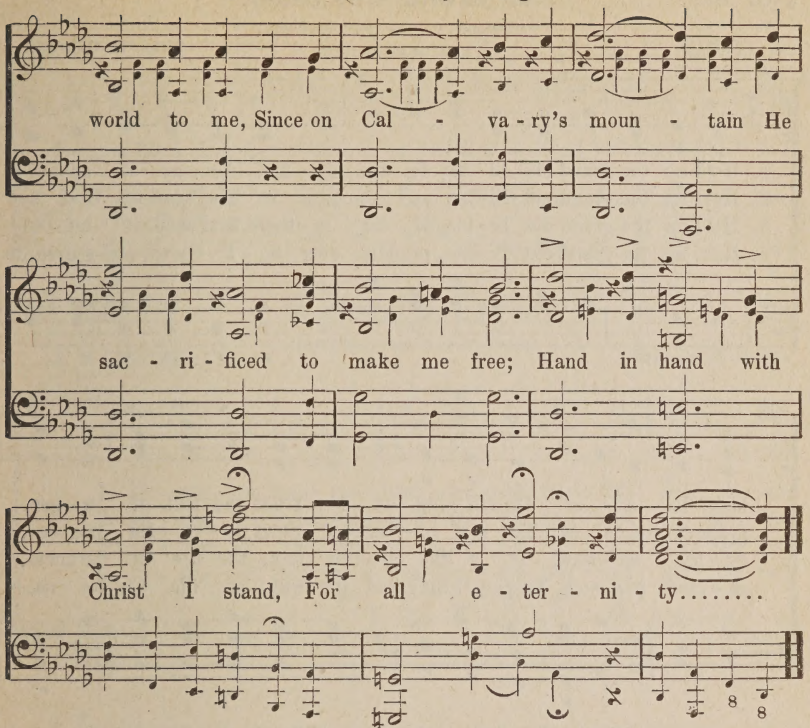
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

rit.
INTRODUCTION.
1. At Cal-v'ry's cross I met a Friend,....
2. When I am help - less and a - lone,.....
3. And when the Light of Heav - en fills.....
Who touched my bro - ken heart,...
'T is then I seek this Guide;..
My soul with fair - est day,....
My guilt - y soul re - vived, made whole,....
So true and kind I al - ways find.....
I know that He is with me still,.....

O How I Love Him.

Thro' grace set me a - part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .
CHORUS.
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!
There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;
O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . .

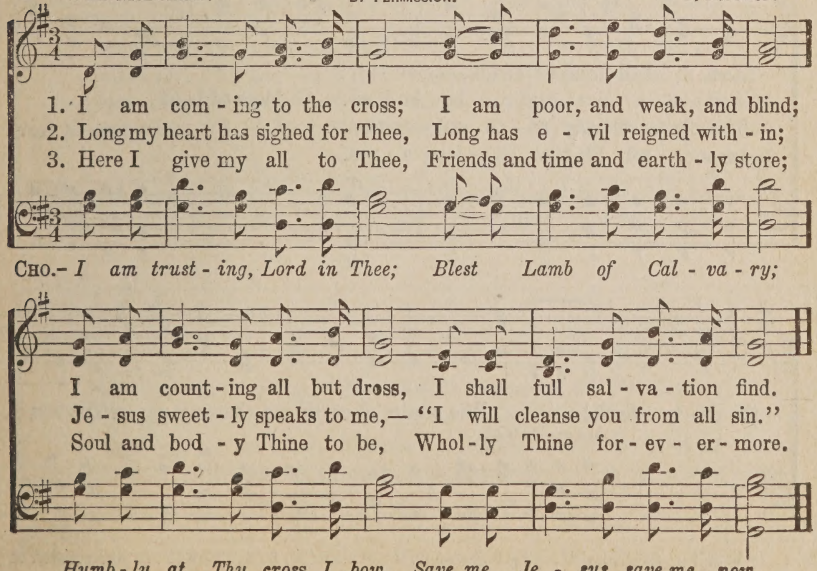
No. 163. Christ is My King.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG.

E. E. Y. Ensign Edwin Young.

1. Christ is my King, And His love is so dear to me; Christ is my
2. Christ is my King; Let the world all a-round me know Christ is my
3. Christ is my King; For the world's treasure what care I? I have a
King, He is con-stant-ly near to me; For He has made all His
King; And tho' un-friend-ly winds may blow, I am pro-tect-ed; I
joy Gold and sil-ver can nev-er buy; And ev-'ry long-ing my
CHORUS. Unison.
prom-is-es clear to me; CHRIST IS MY KING. King of kings, Lord of
fear neither storm nor foe;
Sav-ior will sat-is-fy; Christ is my King of kings.
lords, And Re-deem-er of my soul is He; For He
reigns.... o-ver all,..... And His love is all the

Christ is My King.

No 164. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
CHO.- I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

No. 165. The Grand Old Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble to the peo - ple! De - ny it or neg-
2. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble and pro-claim it The word of God by
3. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble of our fa - thers, And send it un - to
4. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble, proudly own it, Be - lieve, and search its

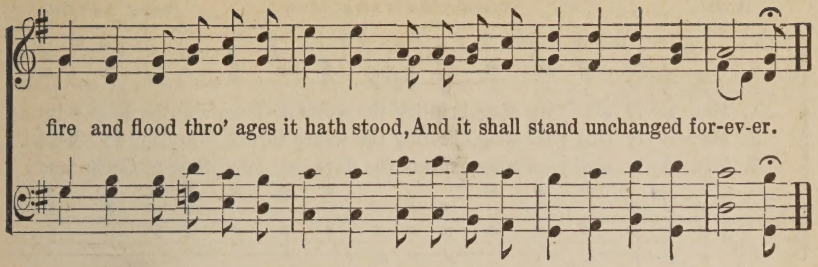
lect it nev - er! Un-fail - ing it has stood the test of a - ges,
prophets spok - en; His seal im-print - ed glows up - on its pag - es,
ev - 'ry na - tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in darkness,
sa - cred pag - es; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal—

CHORUS.

And it shall stand unchanged for-ev - er!
And not a pre - cept can be brok-en. O bless-ed book,.....
That lights the way un - to sal - va-tion. O bless-ed book,
Im-mor - tal life thro' end - less a - ges.

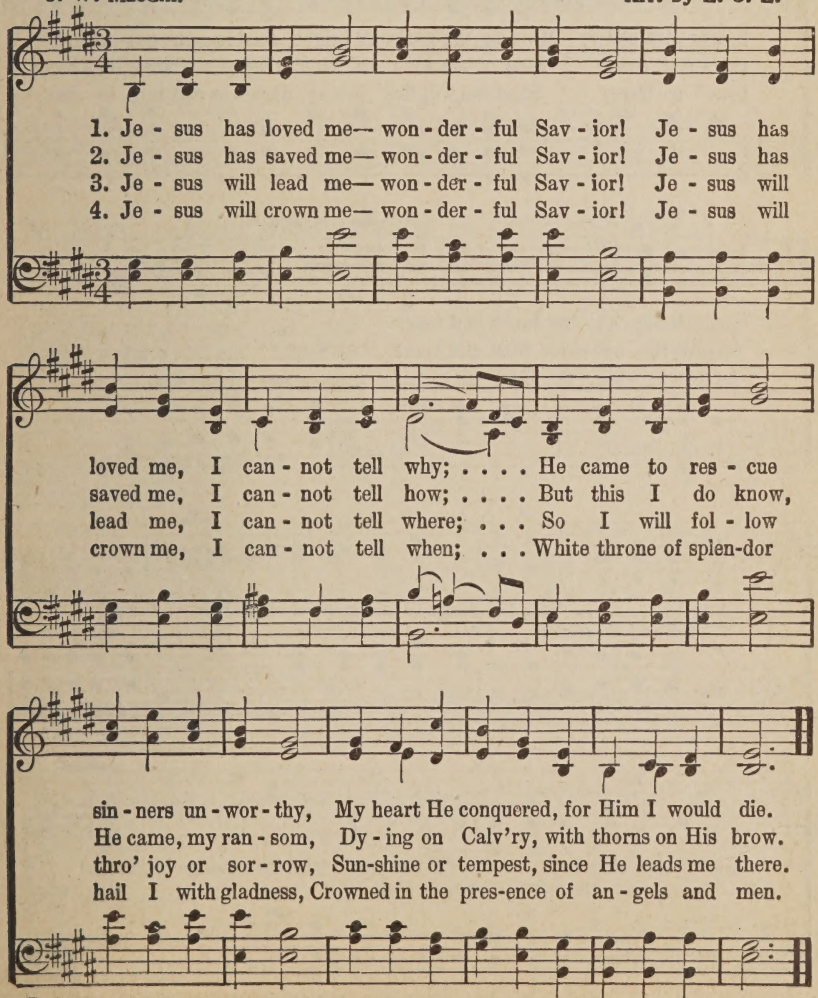
the on - ly book,..... The pow'rs of earth can change it never! The test of
the on - ly book,

* With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

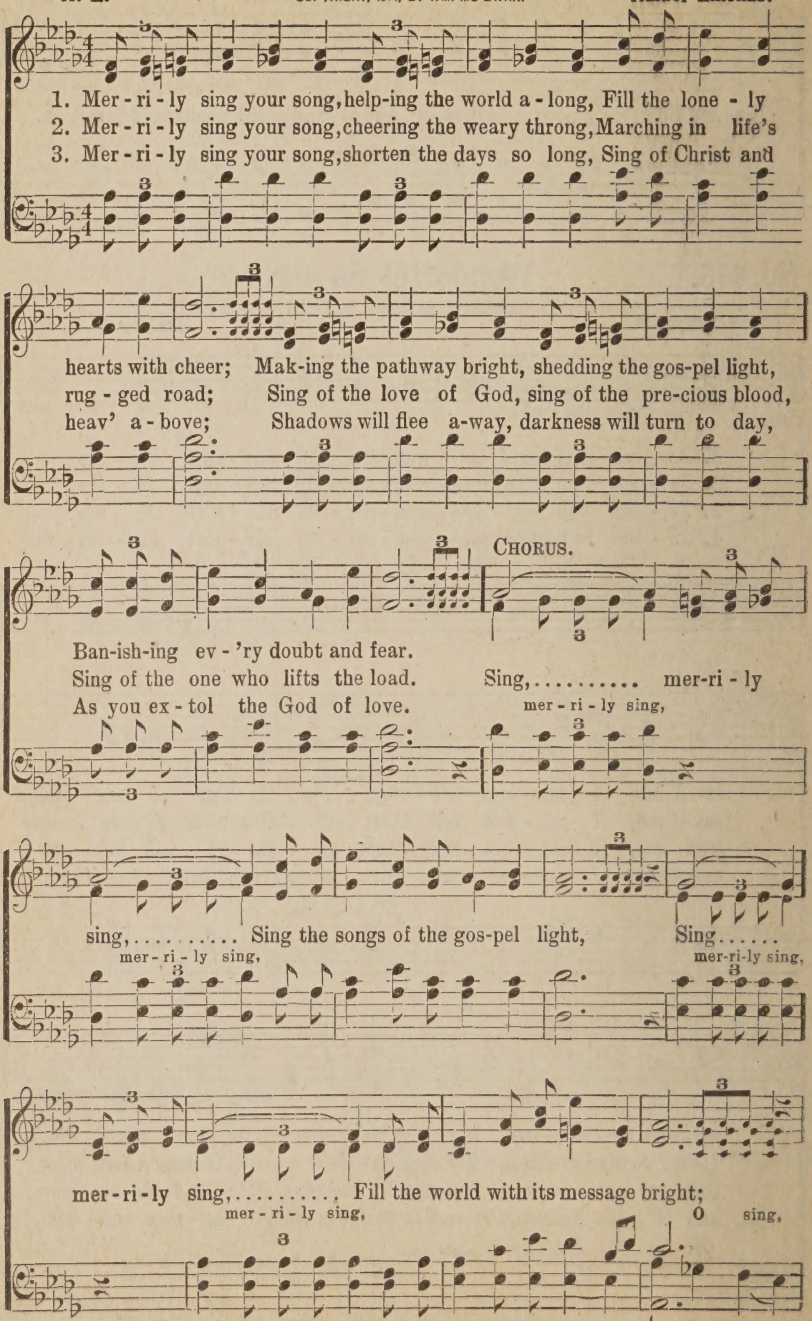


No. 166. Wonderful Savior.

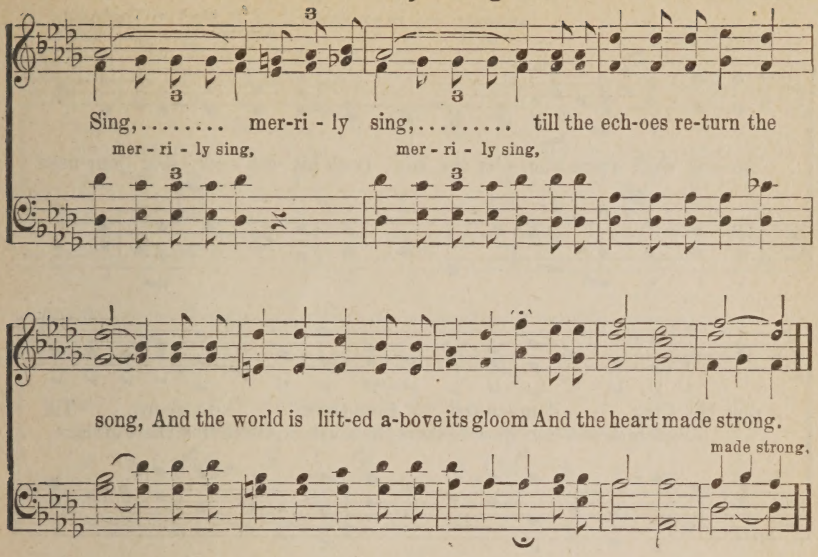
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. W. MacGill. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
loved me, I can - not tell why; . . . . He came to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how; . . . . But this I do know,
lead me, I can - not tell where; . . . So I will fol - low
crown me, I can - not tell when; . . . White throne of splen-dor
sin - ners un - wor - thy, My heart He conquered, for Him I would die.
He came, my ran - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry, with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tempest, since He leads me there.
hail I with gladness, Crowned in the pres-ence of an - gels and men.

No. 167. Merrily Sing.

H. L. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MC EWAN. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Mer - ri - ly sing your song, help-ing the world a - long, Fill the lone - ly
2. Mer - ri - ly sing your song, cheering the weary throng, Marching in life's
3. Mer - ri - ly sing your song, shorten the days so long, Sing of Christ and
hearts with cheer; Mak-ing the pathway bright, shedding the gos-pel light,
rug - ged road; Sing of the love of God, sing of the pre-cious blood,
heav' a - bove; Shadows will flee a-way, darkness will turn to day,
CHORUS.
Ban-ish-ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
Sing of the one who lifts the load.
As you ex - tol the God of love.
Sing,..... mer-ri - ly
mer - ri - ly sing,
sing,..... Sing the songs of the gos-pel light,
mer - ri - ly sing,
Sing.....
mer-ri-ly sing,
mer-ri-ly sing,..... Fill the world with its message bright;
mer - ri - ly sing,
sing,

Merrily Sing.


Sing,..... mer-ri - ly sing,..... till the ech-oes re-turn the
mer - ri - ly sing, mer - ri - ly sing,
song, And the world is lift-ed a-bove its gloom And the heart made strong.
made strong.

No. 168. Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

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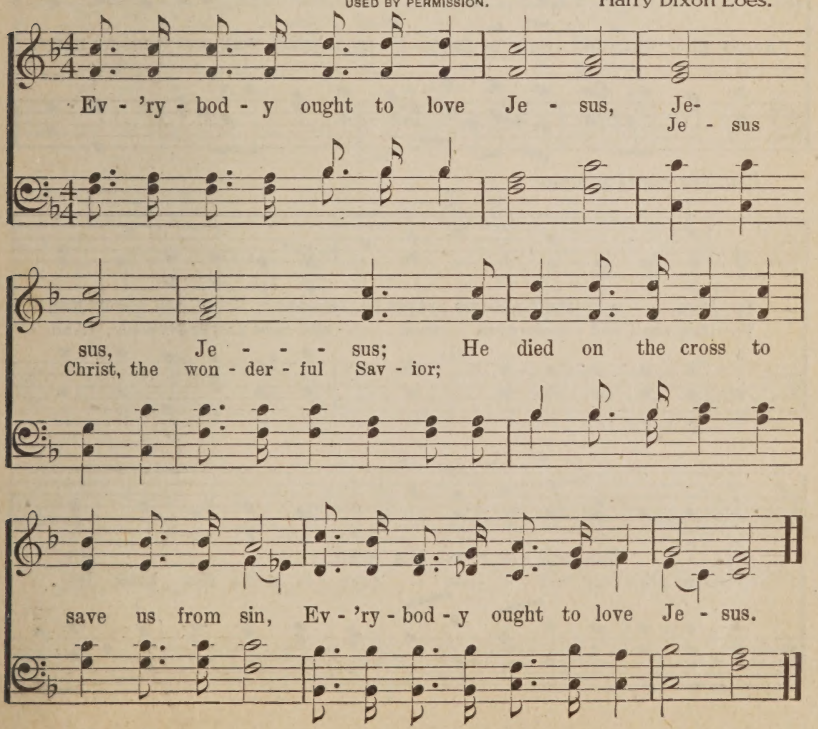
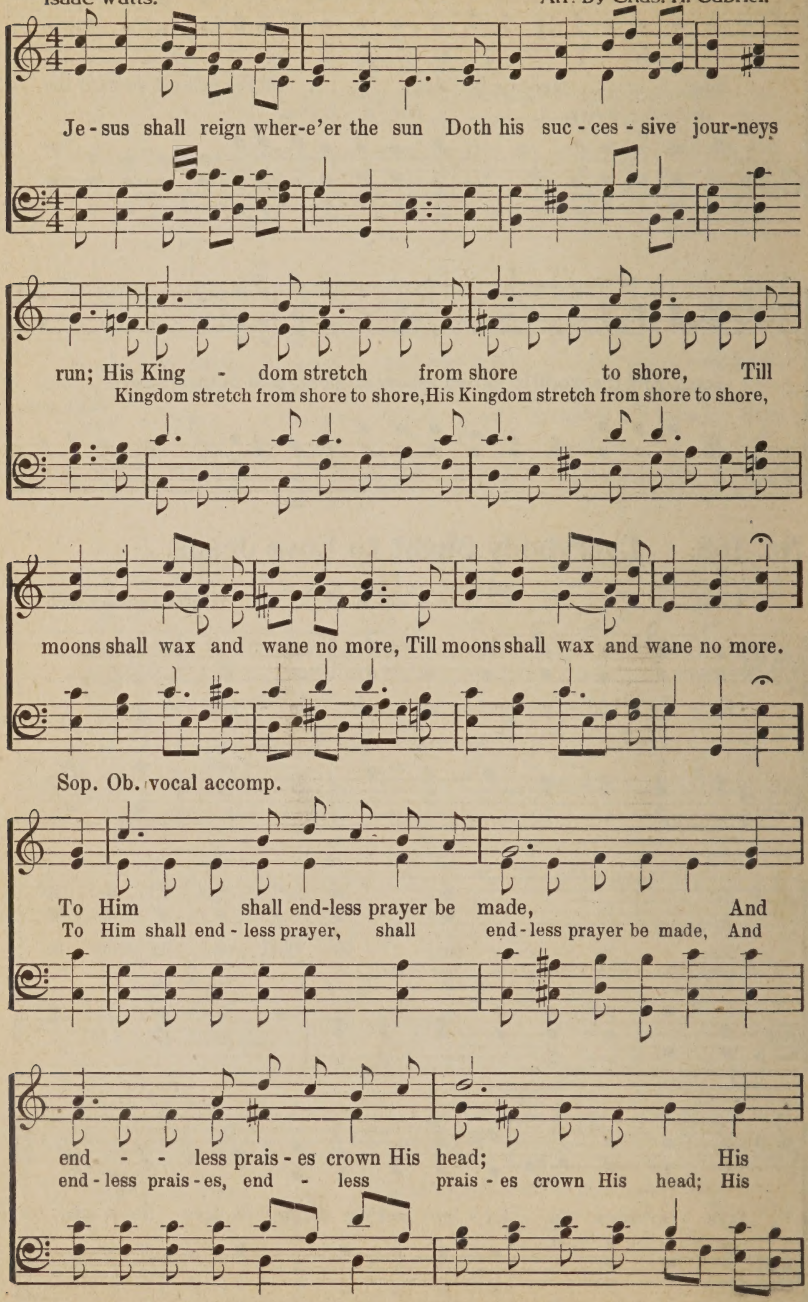
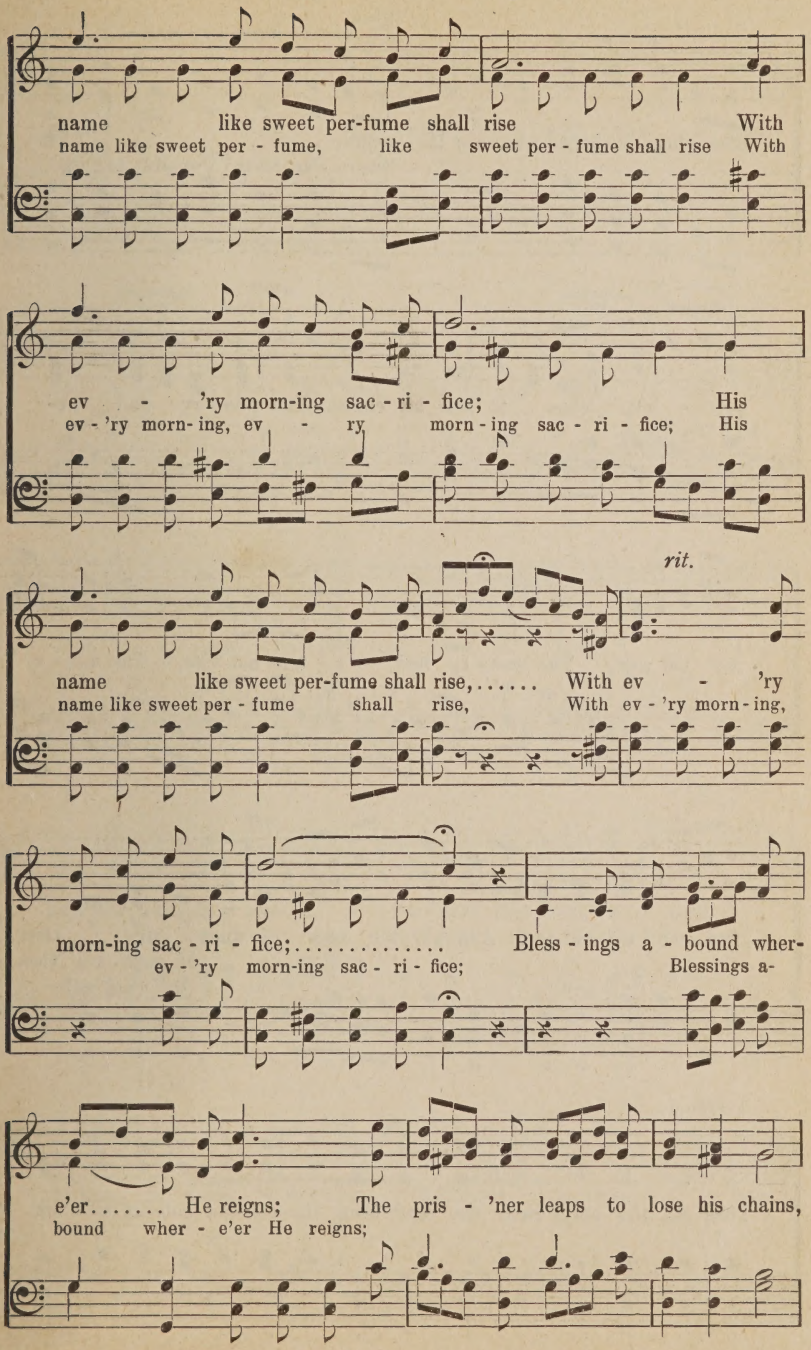
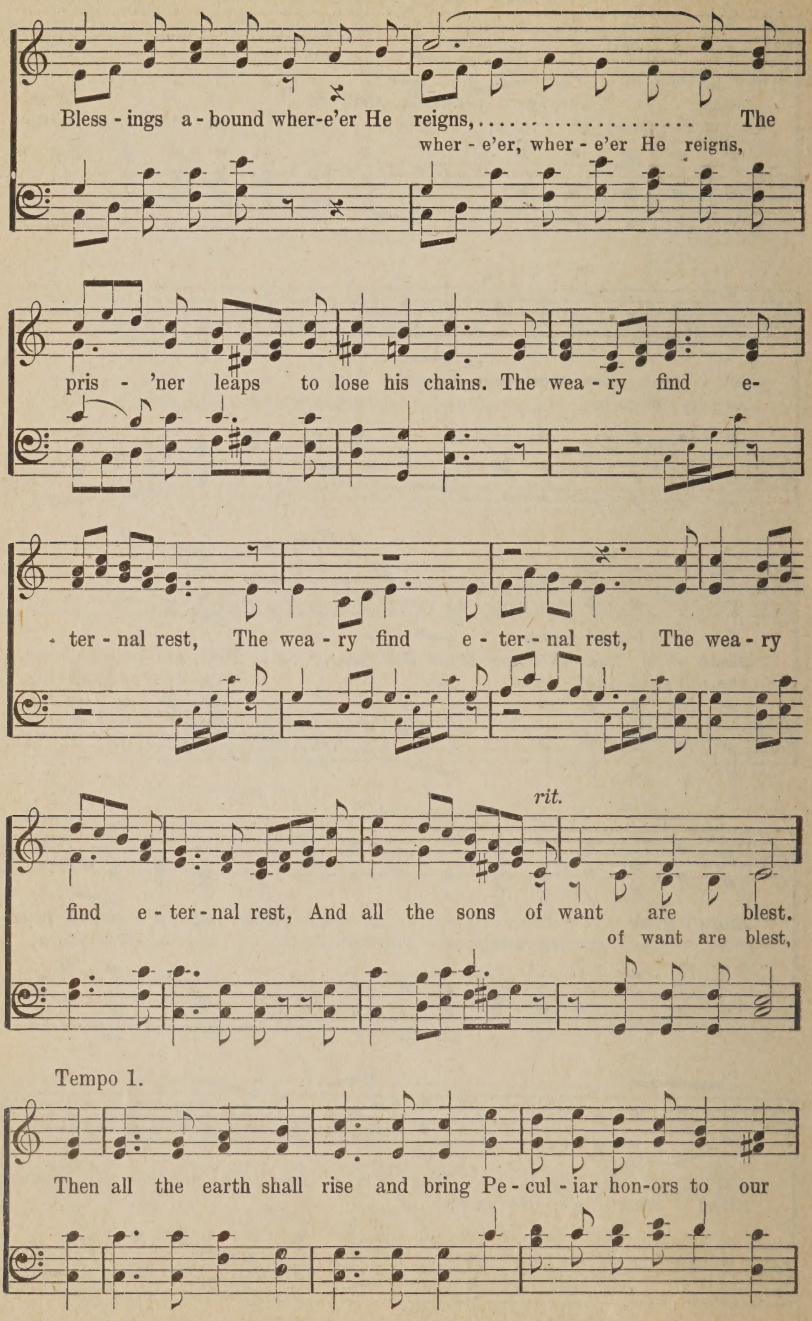
Harry Dixon Loes.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Je - sus, Je-
Je - sus
sus, Je - - - sus; He died on the cross to
Christ, the won - der - ful Sav - ior;
save us from sin, Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Je - sus.

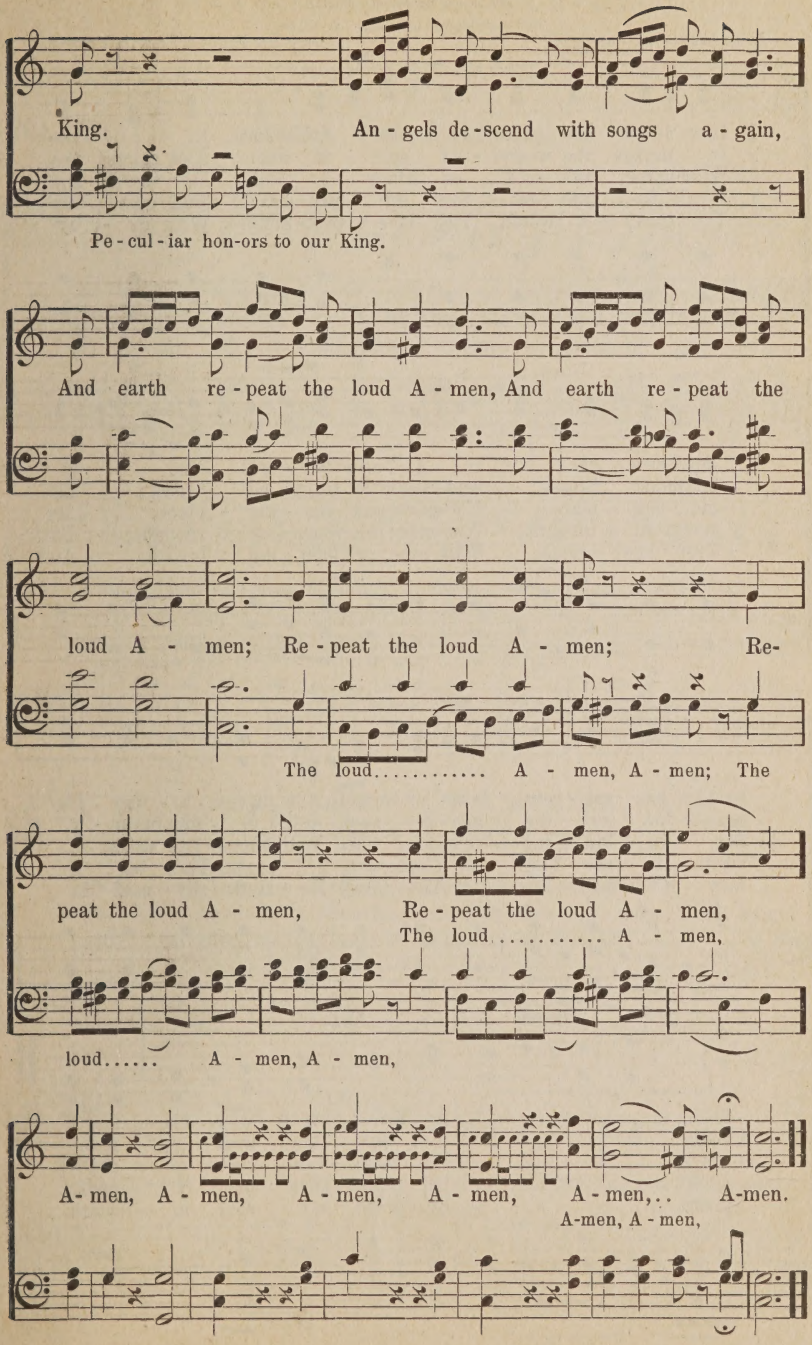
No. 169 Jesus Shall Reign.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. MC EWAN.

Isaac Watts. D. Martyn Thomson. Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour-neys
run; His King - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till
Kingdom stretch from shore to shore, His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
Sop. Ob. vocal accomp.
To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And
To Him shall end - less prayer, shall end - less prayer be made, And
end - - less prais - es crown His head; His
end - less prais - es, end - less prais - es crown His head; His

Jesus Shall Reign.

name like sweet per-fume shall rise With
name like sweet per - fume, like sweet per - fume shall rise With
ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice; His
ev - 'ry morn-ing, ev - ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice; His
rit.
name like sweet per-fume shall rise,..... With ev - 'ry
name like sweet per - fume shall rise, With ev - 'ry morn - ing,
morn-ing sac - ri - fice;..... Bless - ings a - bound wher-
ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice; Blessings a-
e'er..... He reigns; The pris - 'ner leaps to lose his chains,
bound wher - e'er He reigns;

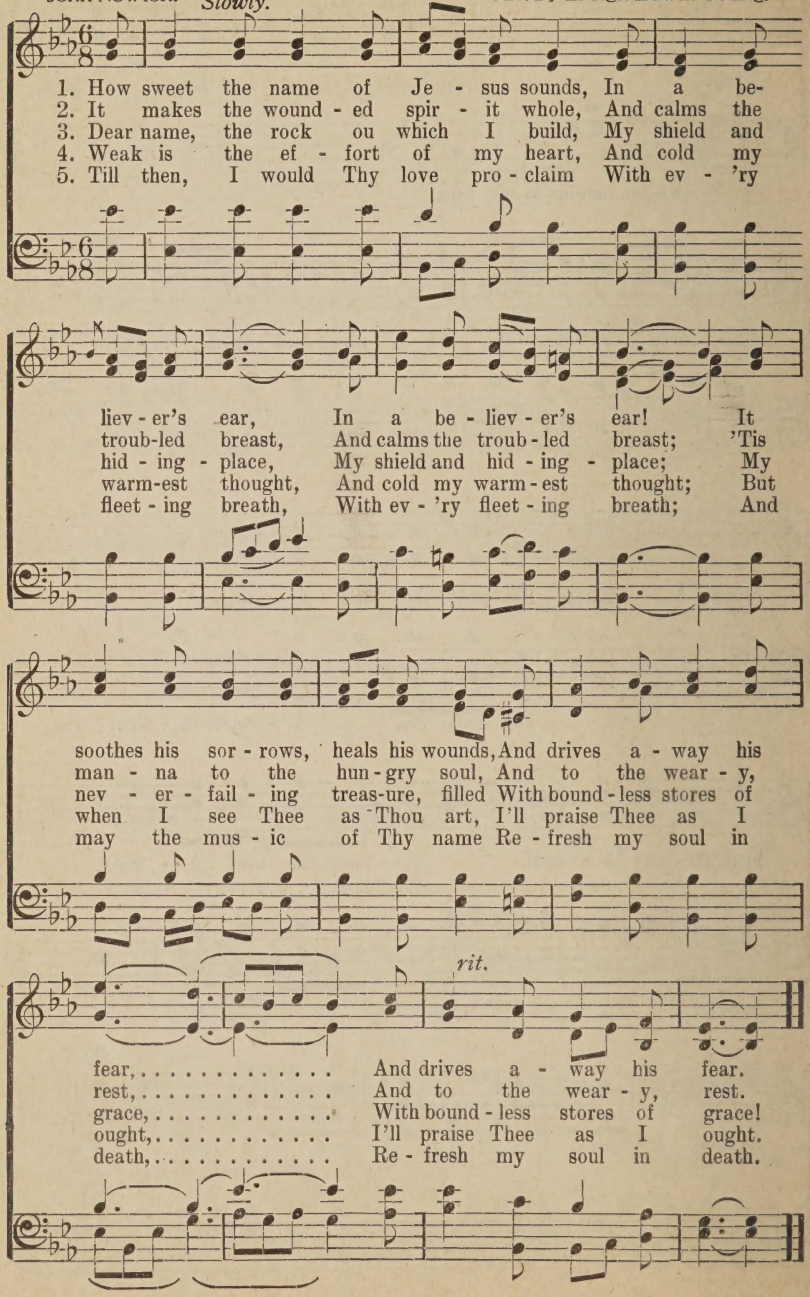
Jesus Shall Reign.

Bless - ings a - bound wher-e'er He reigns, ... The
wher - e'er, wher - e'er He reigns,
pris - 'ner leaps to lose his chains. The wea - ry find e-
- ter - nal rest, The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, The wea - ry
rit.
find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
of want are blest,
Tempo 1.
Then all the earth shall rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon-ors to our

Jesus Shall Reign.

King. An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain,
Pe - cul - iar hon-ors to our King.
And earth re - peat the loud A - men, And earth re - peat the
loud A - men; Re - peat the loud A - men; Re-
The loud..... A - men, A - men; The
peat the loud A - men, Re - peat the loud A - men,
The loud..... A - men,
loud..... A - men, A - men,
A- men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men,.. A-men.
A-men, A - men,

No. 170. How Sweet the Name.

(As sung by Gipsy Smith.)

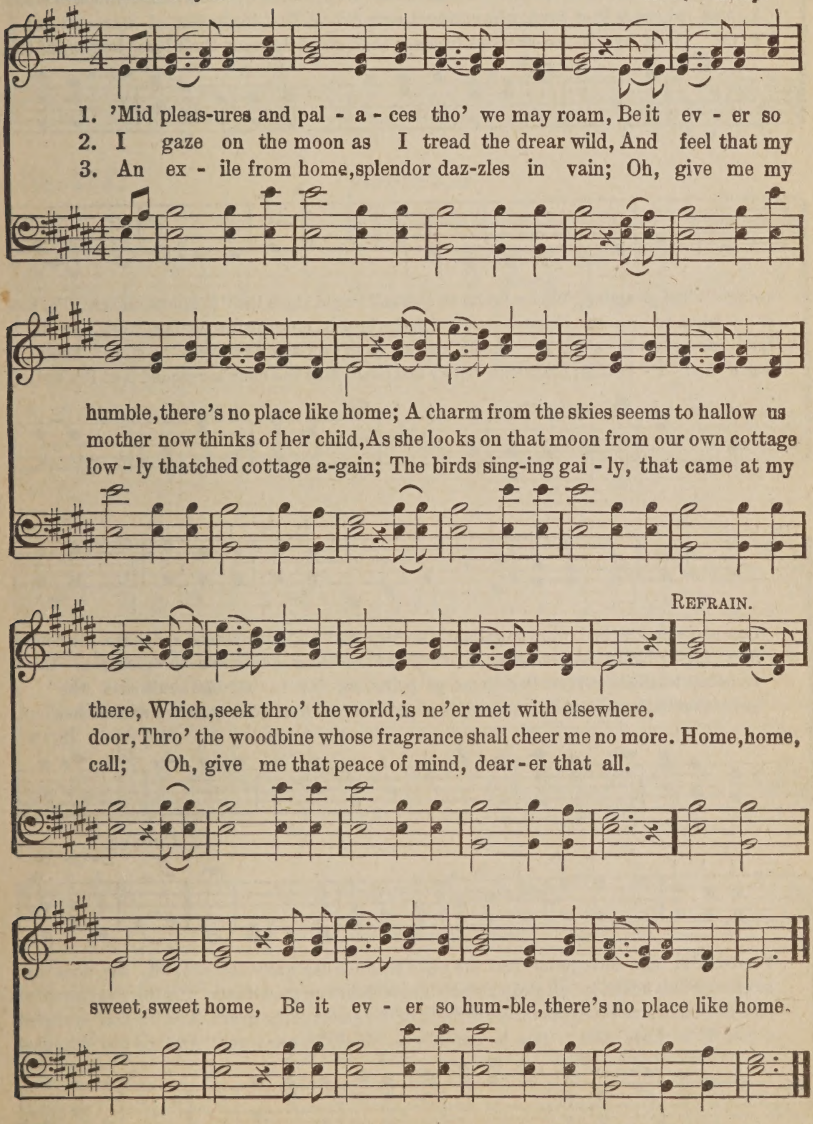
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. E. YOUNG.

John Newton. *Slowly.* Arr. by Ensign Edwin Young.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be-
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the
3. Dear name, the rock ou which I build, My shield and
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my
5. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry
liev - er's ear, In a be - liev - er's ear! It
troub-led breast, And calms the troub - led breast; 'Tis
hid - ing - place, My shield and hid - ing - place; My
warm-est thought, And cold my warm - est thought; But
fleet - ing breath, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; And
soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y,
nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With bound - less stores of
when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I
may the mus - ic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in
rit.
fear, ... And drives a - way his fear.
rest, ... And to the wear - y, rest.
grace, ... With bound - less stores of grace!
ought, ... I'll praise Thee as I ought.
death, ... Re - fresh my soul in death.

Patriotic Selections

No. 171. Home, Sweet Home.

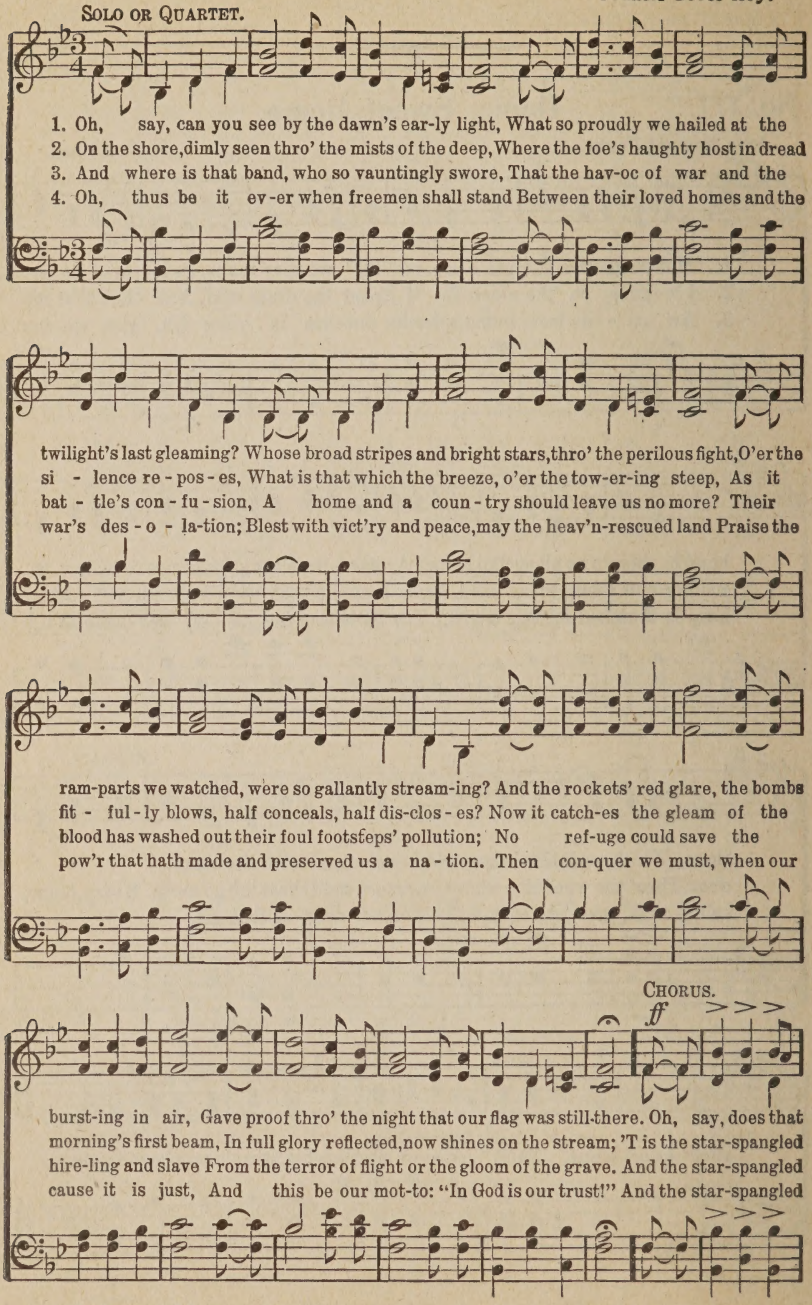
John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.


1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my
humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
low - ly thatched cottage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my
REFRAIN.
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
call; Oh, give me that peace of mind, dear - er that all.
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

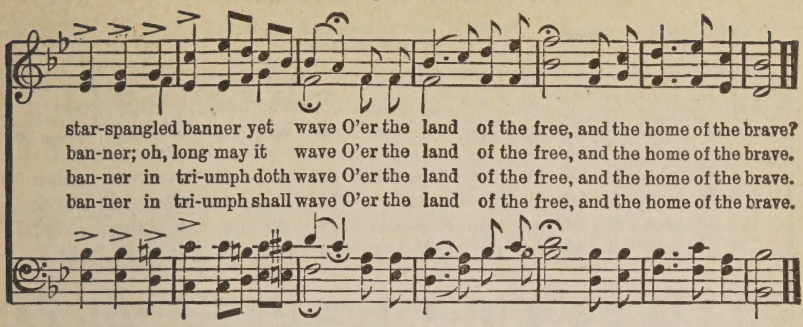
No. 172. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

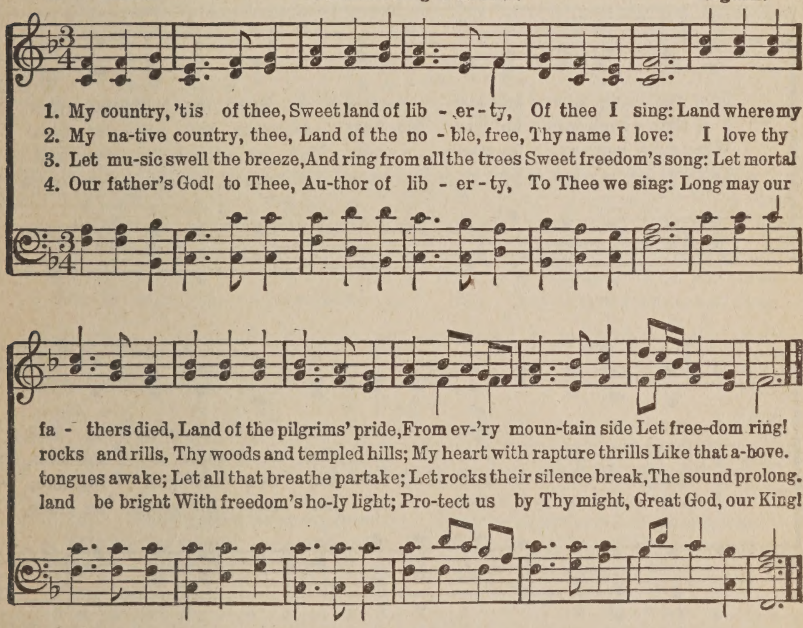

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly stream-ing? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our
CHORUS.
ff
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'T is the star-spangled
hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.


star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 173. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 174. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2.
Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 175. America, the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates.

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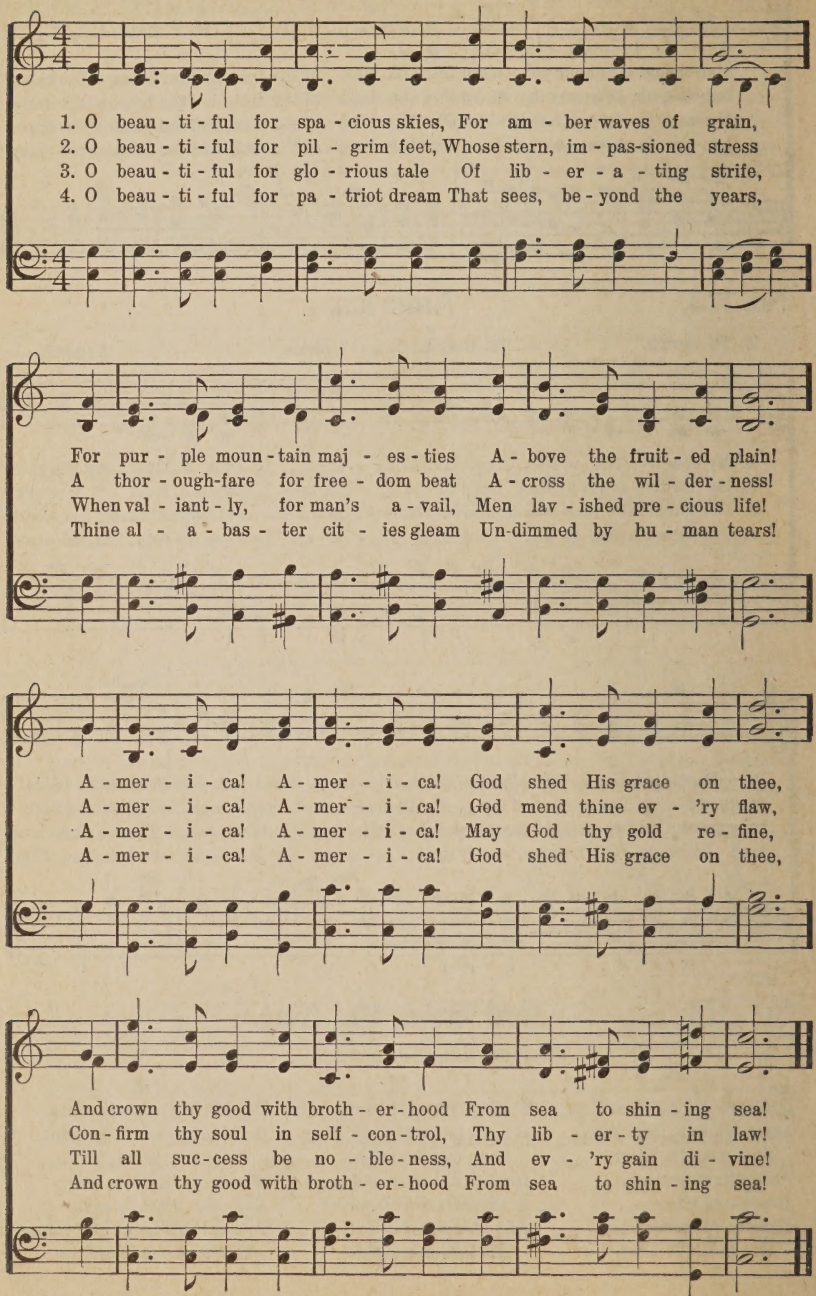
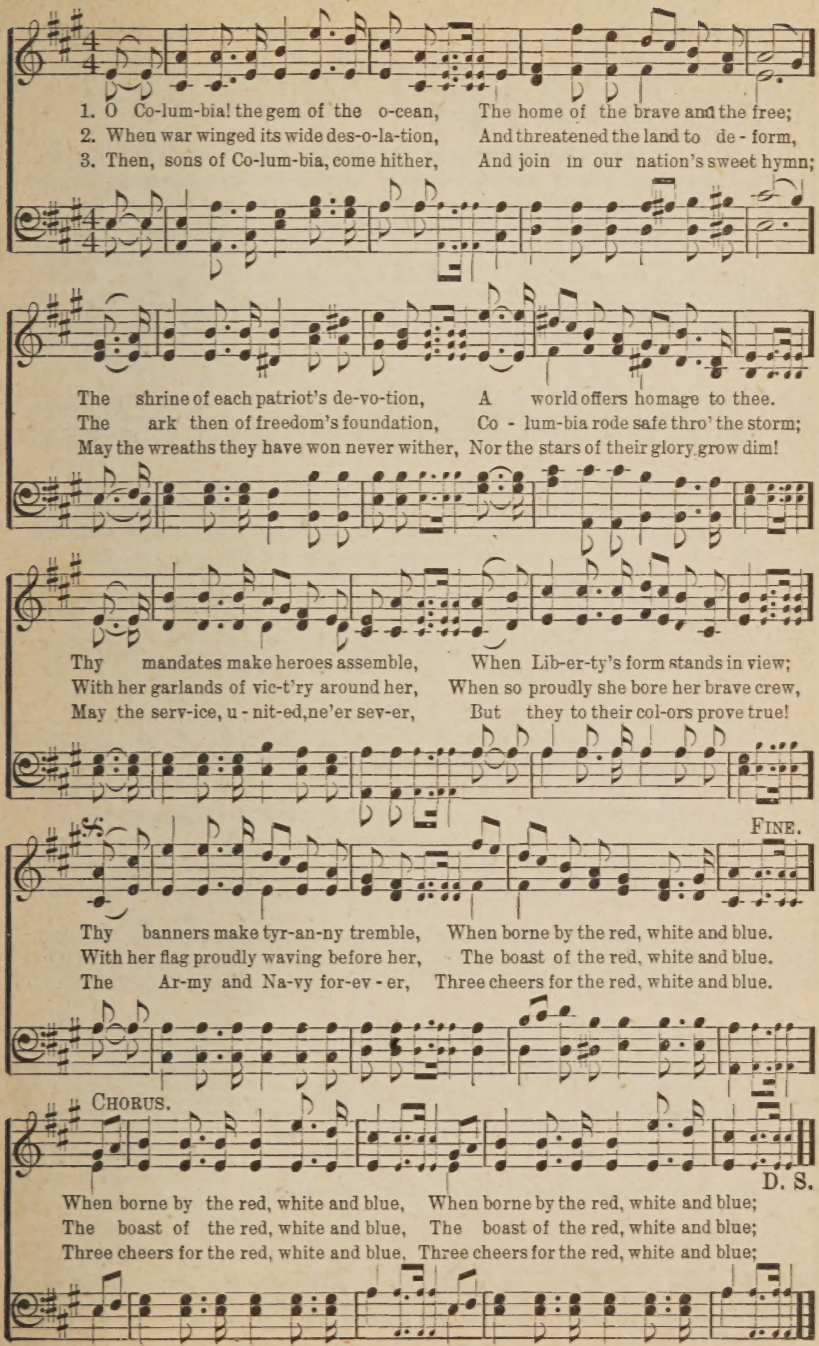
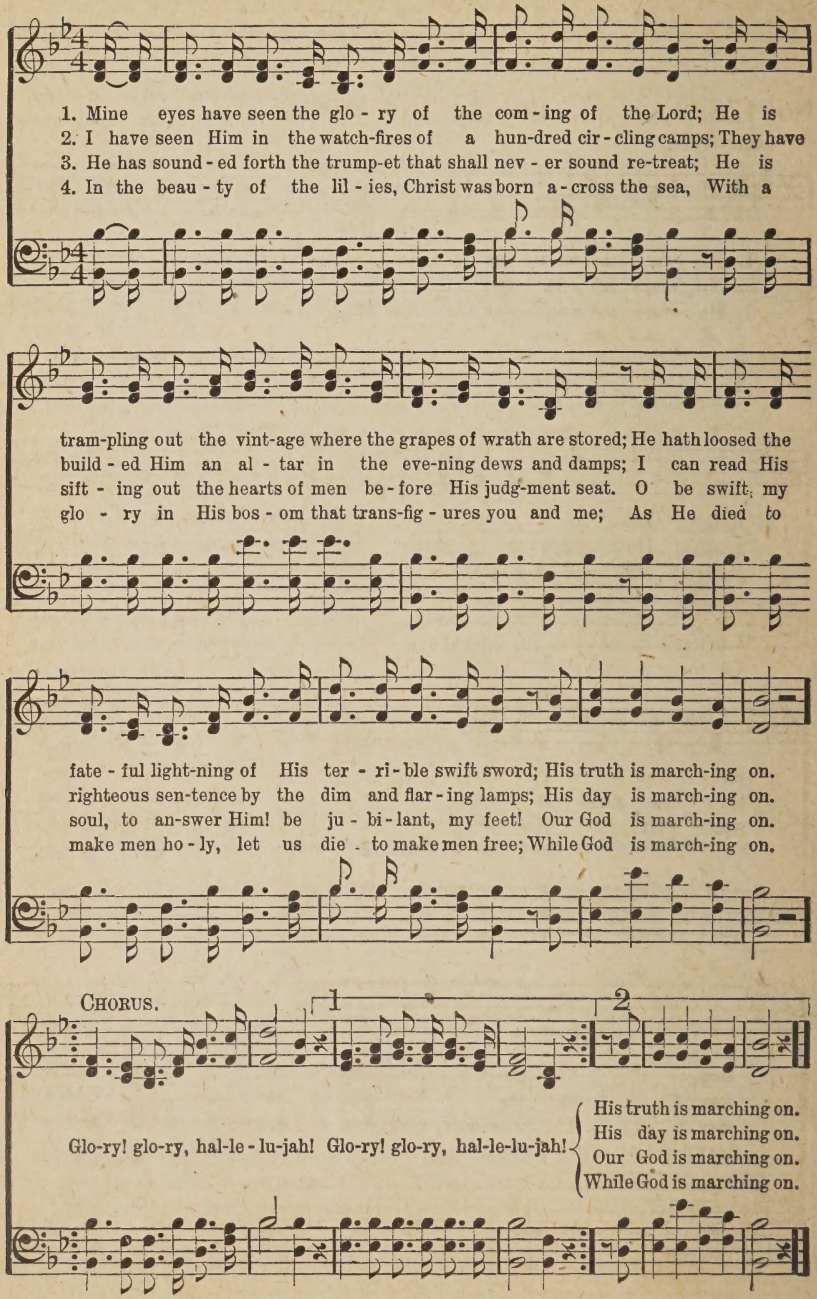
Charles S. Brown.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for glo - rious tale Of lib - er - a - ting strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees, be - yond the years,
For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
When val - iant - ly, for man's a - vail, Men lav - ished pre - cious life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

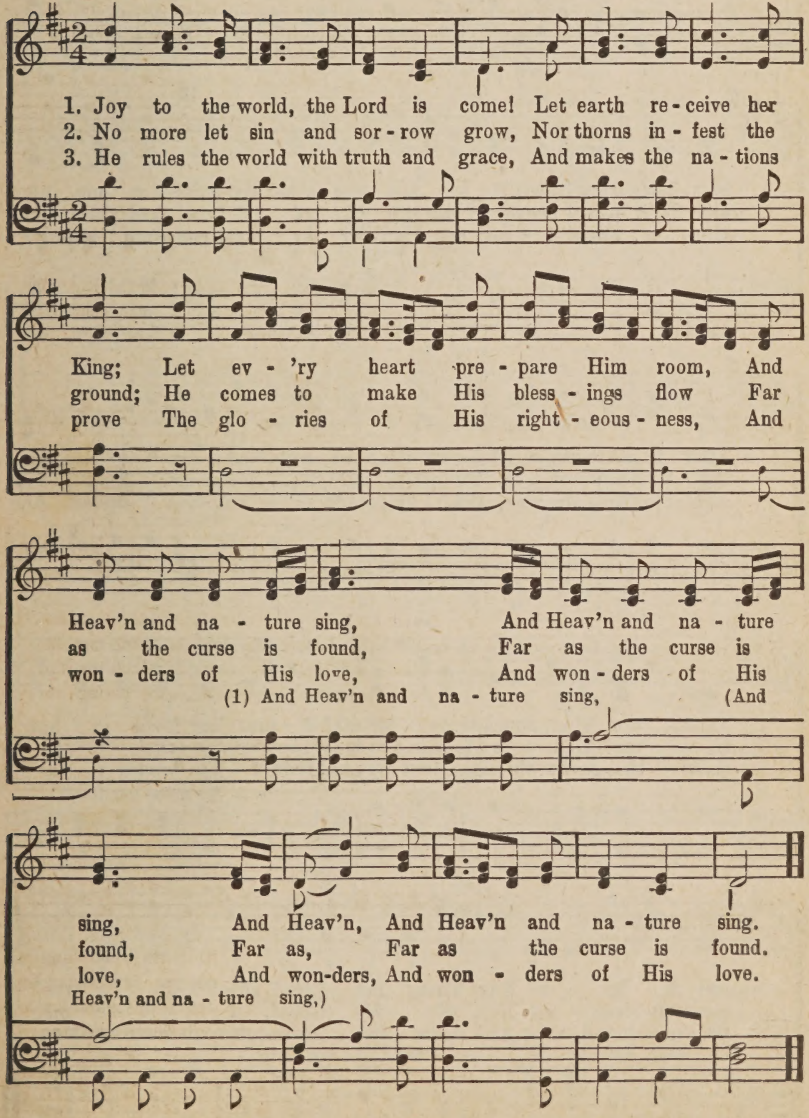
No. 176. The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;
The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u - nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!
FINE.
Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
CHORUS.
D. S.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

No. 177. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die - to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS.
1
2
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

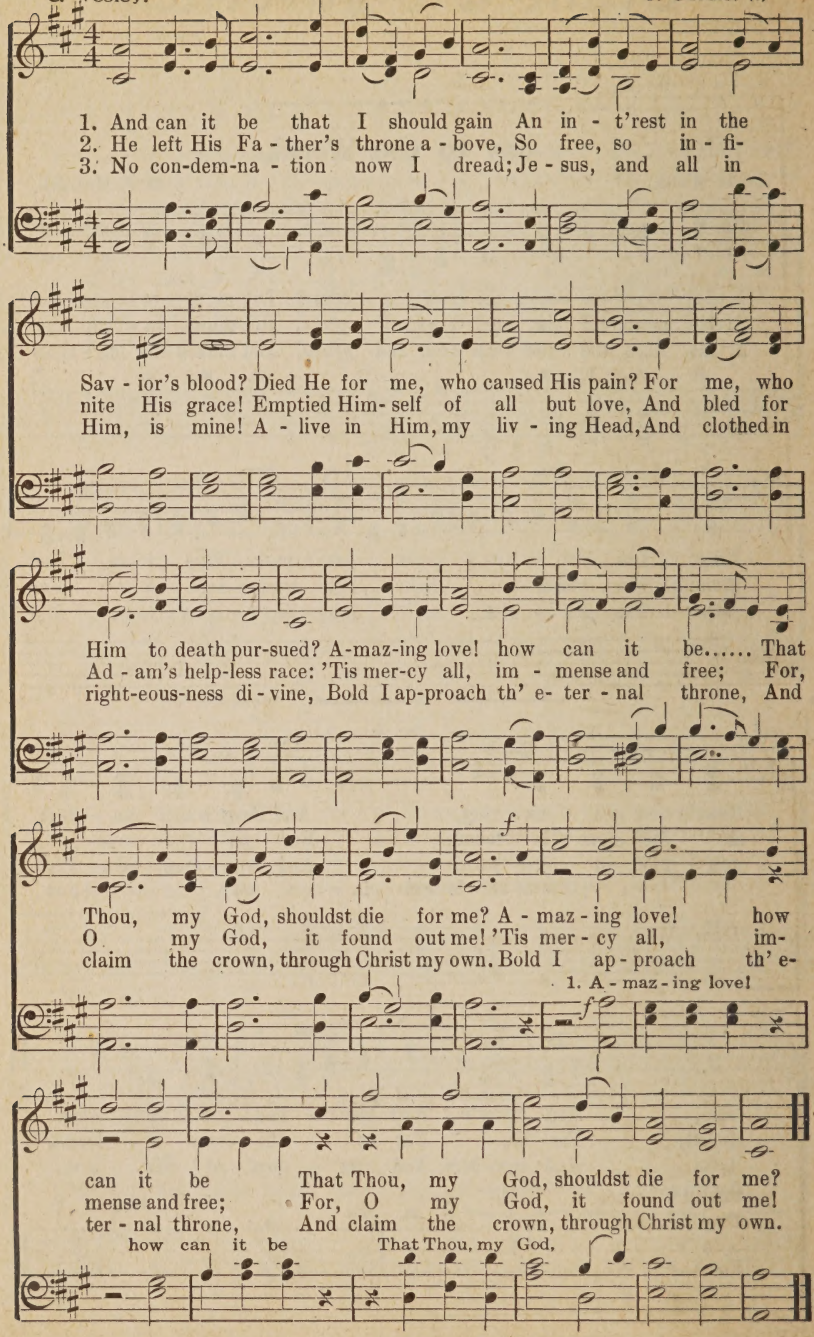
Grand Old Favorites

No. 178. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions
King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And
ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far
prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And
Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture
as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His
(1) And Heav'n and na-ture sing, (And
sing, And Heav'n, And Heav'n and na-ture sing.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders, And won-ders of His love.
Heav'n and na-ture sing,)

No. 179. Amazing Love.

C. Wesley. J. Goldie. (?)


1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the
2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so in - fi-
3. No con-dem-na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in
Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who
nite His grace! Emptied Him- self of all but love, And bled for
Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in
Him to death pur-sued? A-maz-ing love! how can it be..... That
Ad - am's help-less race: 'Tis mer-cy all, im - mense and free; For,
right-eous-ness di - vine, Bold I ap-proach th' e- ter - nal throne, And
Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - maz - ing love! how
O my God, it found out me! 'Tis mer - cy all, im-
claim the crown, through Christ my own. Bold I ap - proach th' e-
1. A - maz - ing love!
can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
mense and free; For, O my God, it found out me!
ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
how can it be That Thou, my God,

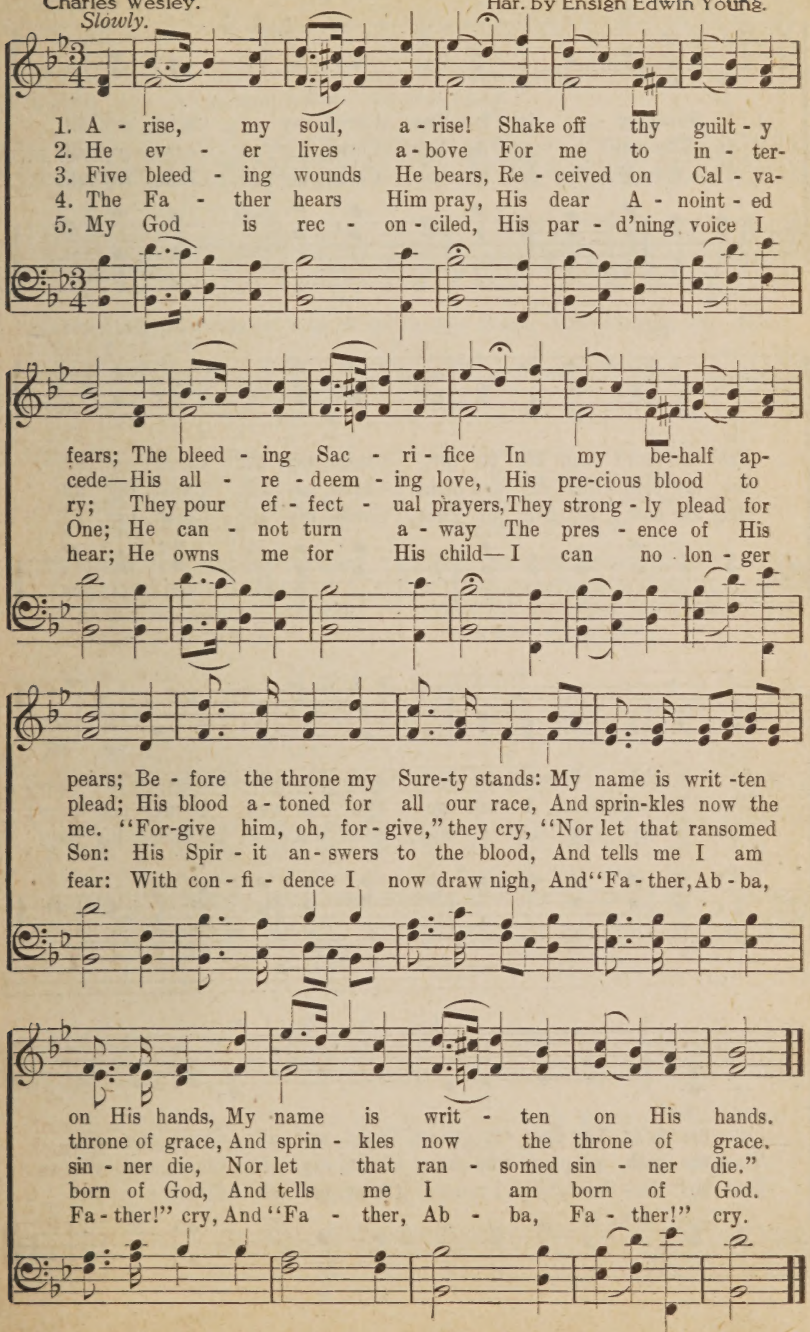
No. 180. Arise, My Soul, Arise!

As sung by Gipsy Smith.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY WM. MCEWAN & E. E. YOUNG.

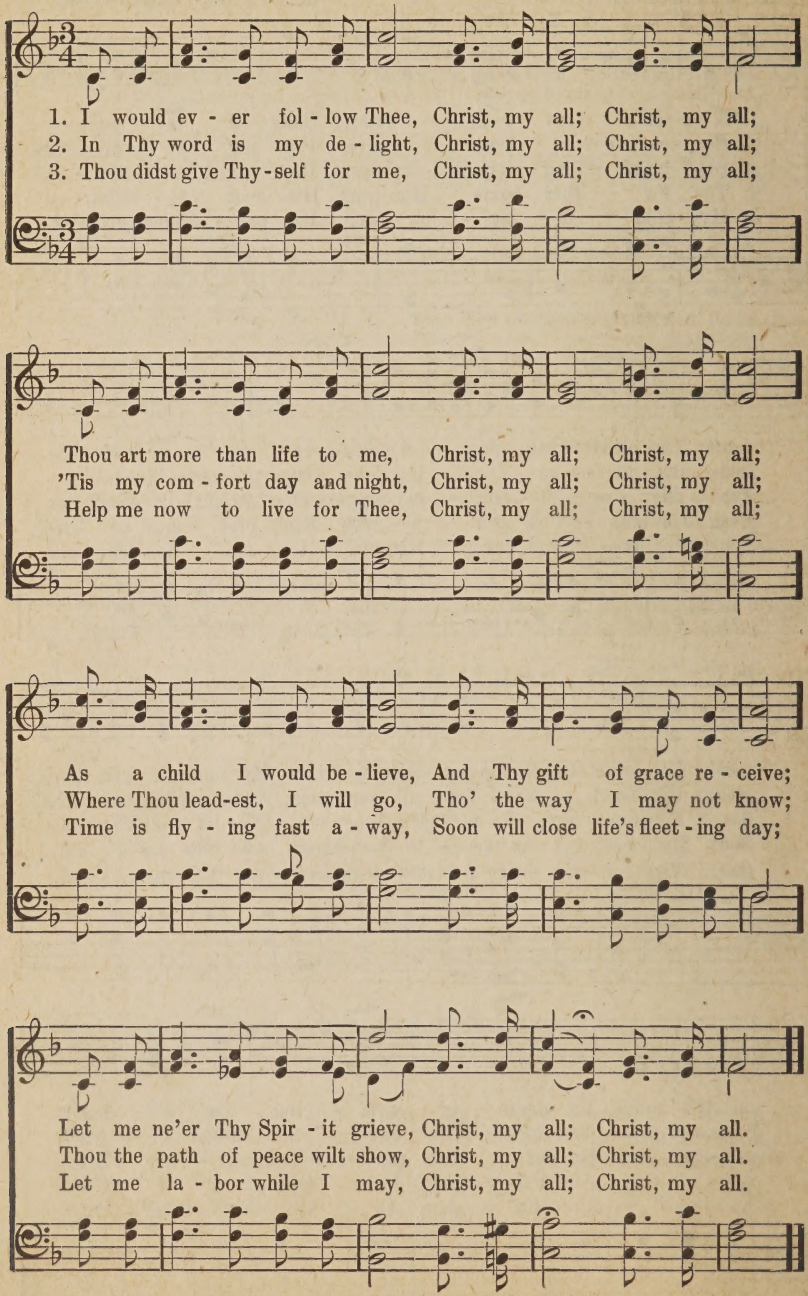
Charles Wesley. Har. by Ensign Edwin Young.

Slowly.


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y
2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter-
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va-
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear A - noint - ed
5. My God is rec - on - ciled, His par - d'ning voice I
fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be-half ap-
cede—His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre-cious blood to
ry; They pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong - ly plead for
One; He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His
hear; He owns me for His child—I can no lon - ger
pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands: My name is writ - ten
plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin-kles now the
me. "For-give him, oh, for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed
Son: His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am
fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba,
on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
Fa - ther!" cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

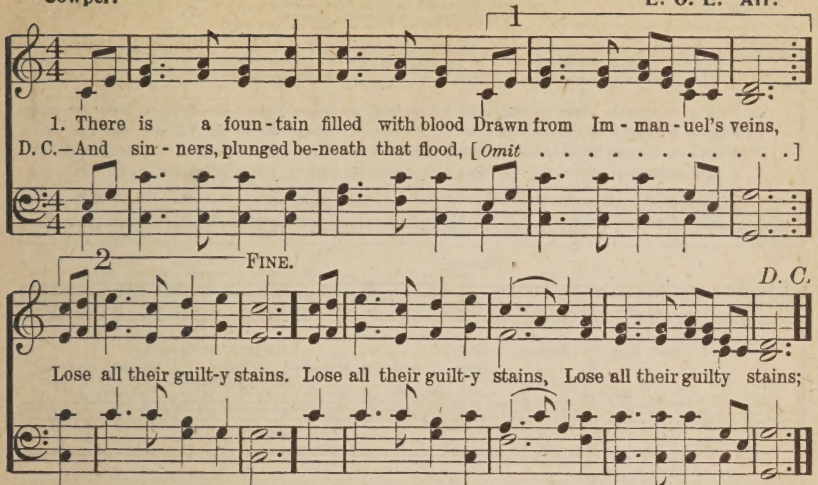
No. 181. Christ, My All.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.

1. I would ev - er fol - low Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
2. In Thy word is my de - light, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
3. Thou didst give Thy - self for me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
Thou art more than life to me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
'Tis my com - fort day and night, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
Help me now to live for Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
As a child I would be - lieve, And Thy gift of grace re - ceive;
Where Thou lead-est, I will go, Tho' the way I may not know;
Time is fly - ing fast a - way, Soon will close life's fleet - ing day;
Let me ne'er Thy Spir - it grieve, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
Thou the path of peace wilt show, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
Let me la - bor while I may, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.

No. 182. There is a Fountain.

Cowper. E. O. E. Arr.


1
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [*Omit* . . . . . .]
2
FINE.
D. C.
Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

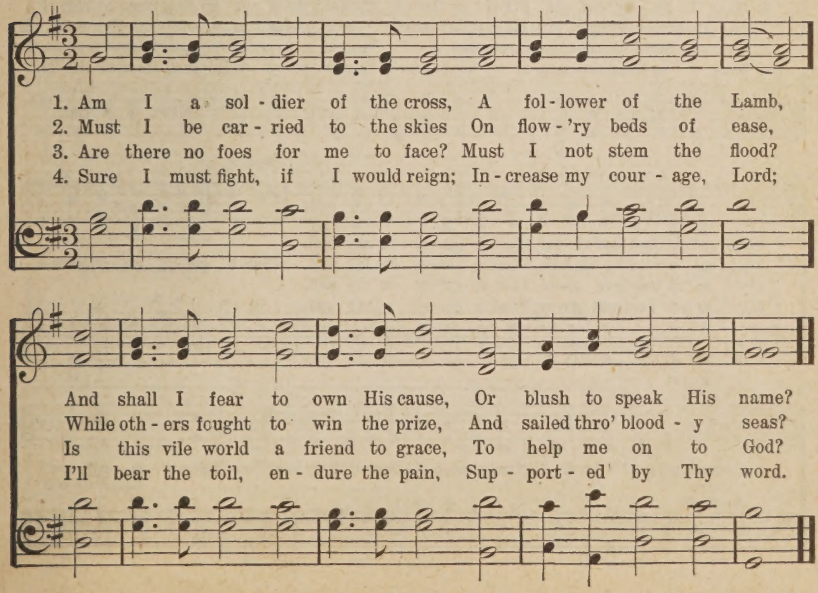
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 183. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. Thomas Arne.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

No. 184. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

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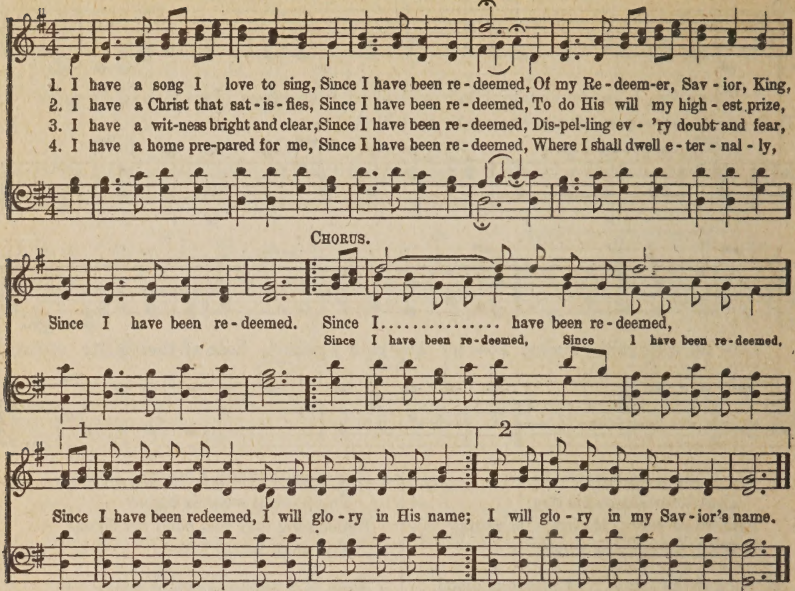
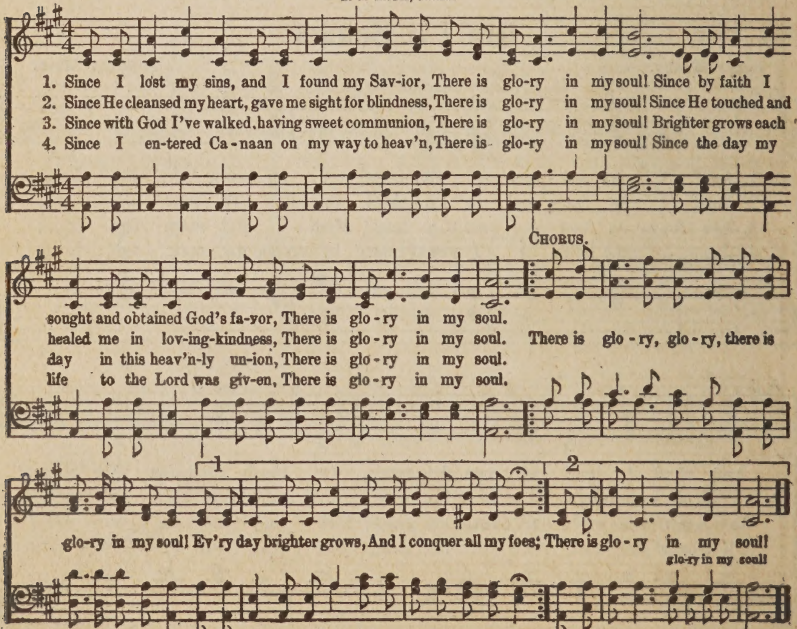
E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed, Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed, To do His will my high - est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed, Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly,
CHORUS.
Since I have been re - deemed. Since I..... have been re - deemed,
Since I have been re - deemed, Since I have been re - deemed,
1
2
Since I have been redeemed, I will glo - ry in His name; I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.

No. 185. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

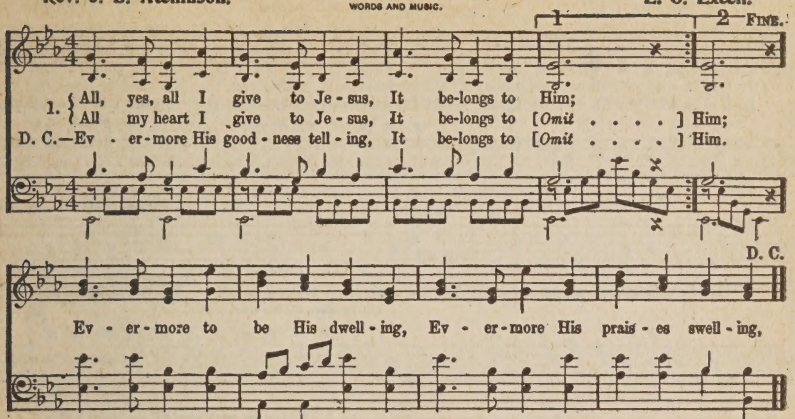
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my
CHORUS.
sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo - ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo - ry in my soul. There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo - ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo - ry in my soul.
1
2
glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 186. All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1
2 FINE.
1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to [Omit . . . .] Him;
D. C.—Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be-longs to [Omit . . . .] Him.
D. C.
Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell - ing,

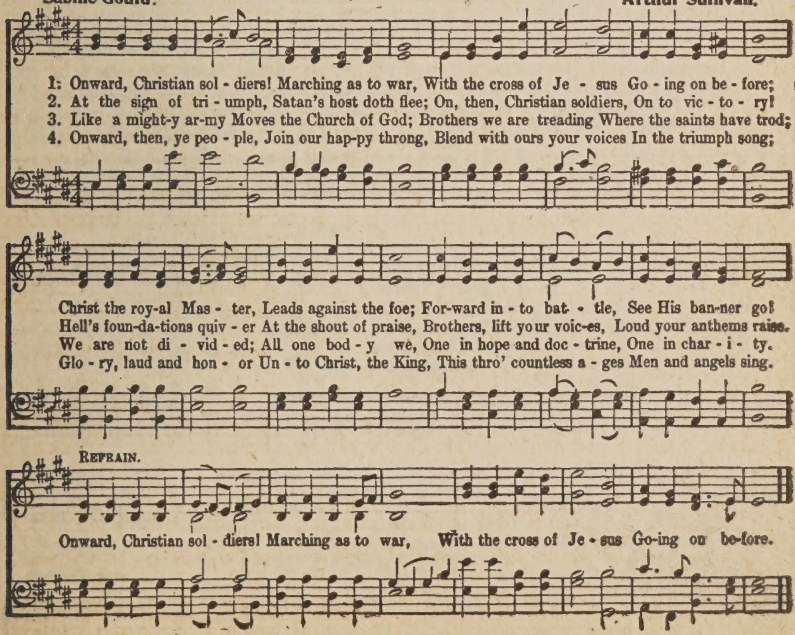
2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Pleading for the young and hoary,
Telling of His power and glory,
Singing o'er and o'er the story,
It belongs to Him.

3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Loving Him for love unceasing,
For His mercy e'er increasing,
For His watch-care never ceasing,
It belongs to Him.

4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
It belongs to Him.

No. 187. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

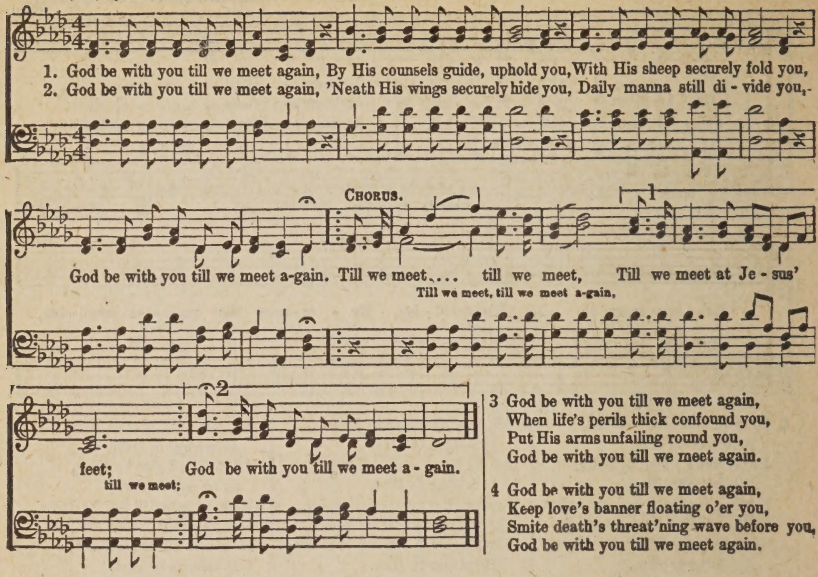

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 188. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,
feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

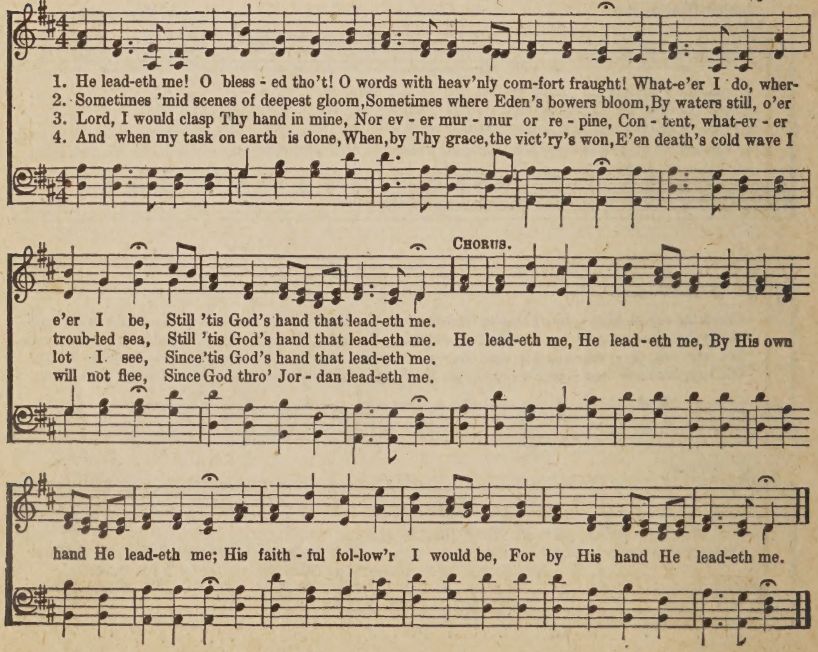
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 189. He Leadeth Me.

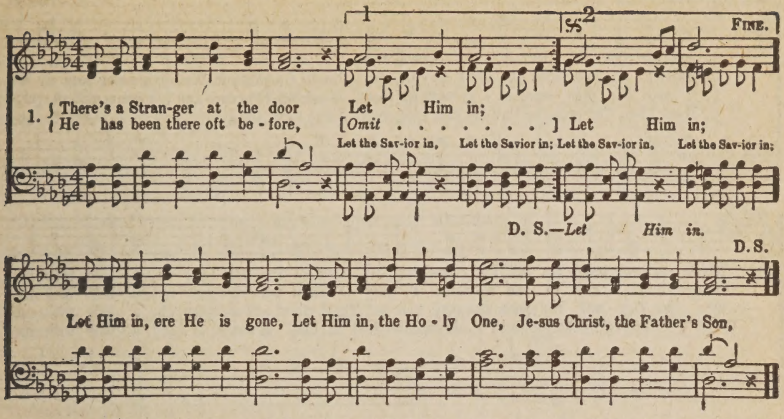
J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 190. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1
2
FINE.
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door Let Him in;
He has been there oft be - fore, [Omit . . . . .] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Savior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
D. S.—Let Him in.
D.S.
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

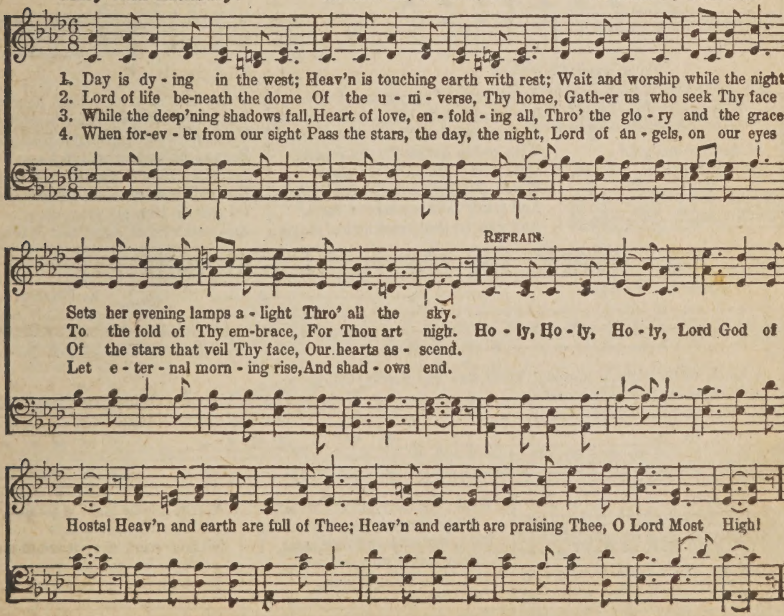
2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

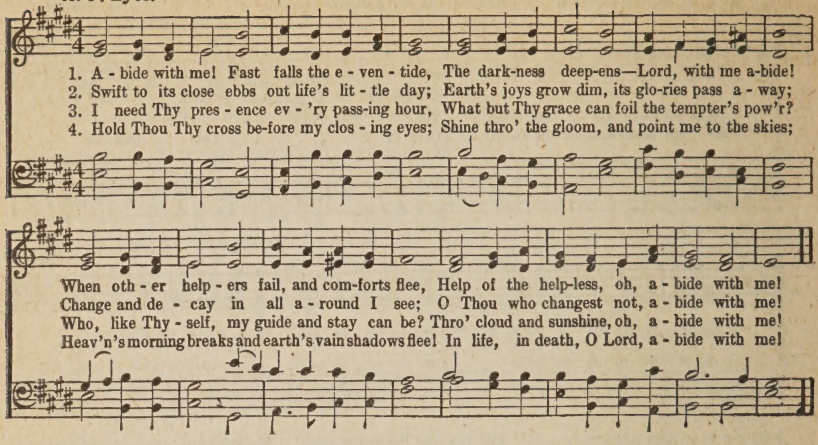
4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 191. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

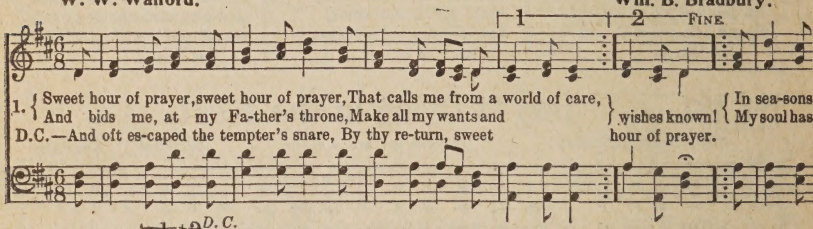

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
REFRAIN
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

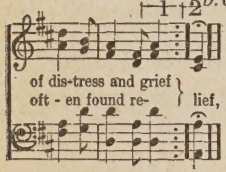
No. 192. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 193. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1 2 FINE.
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known!
In sea-sons
My soul has
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

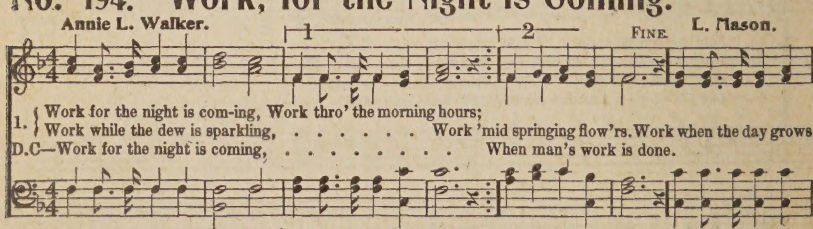


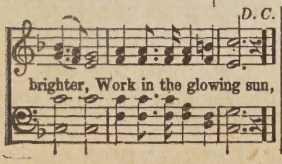
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Sâvior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 194. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.


1 2 FINE.
1. Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.

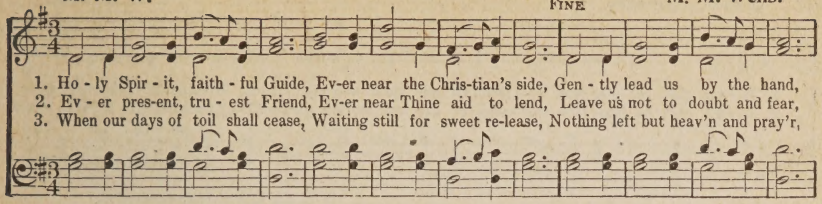


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

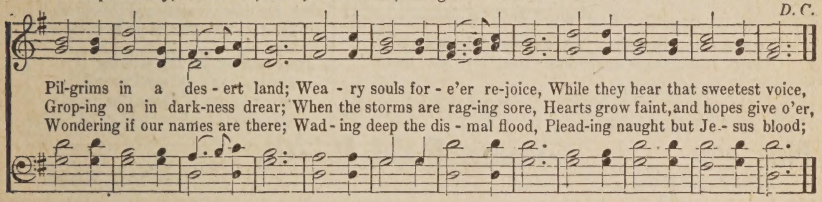
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 195. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. — M. M. Wells.

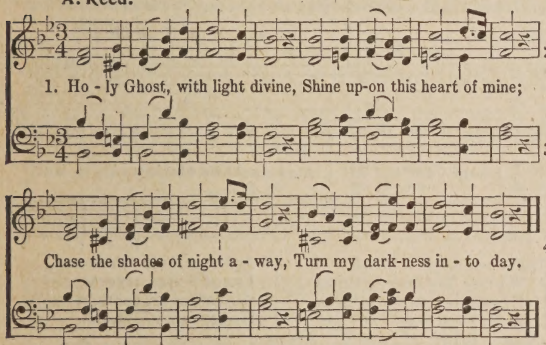

FINE
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."


D. C.
Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je.- sus blood;

No. 196. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. — Gottschalk.



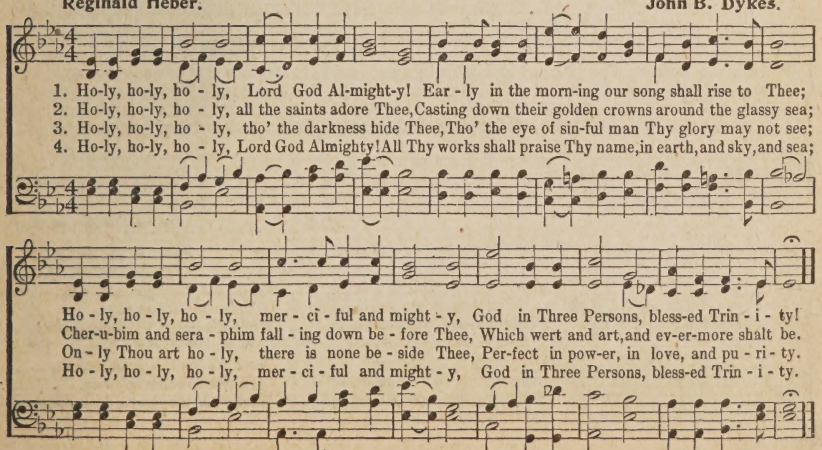
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

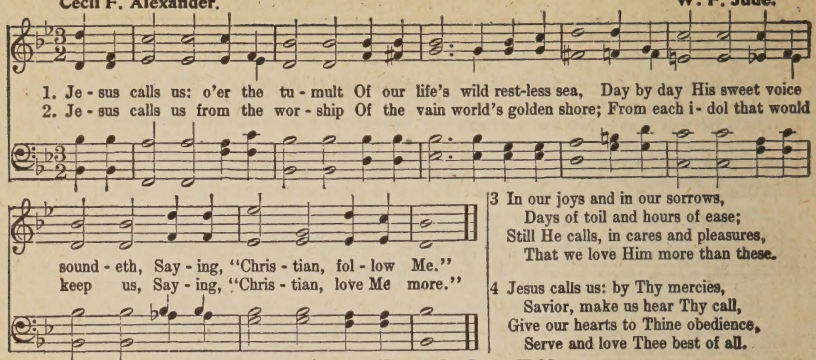
No. 197 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. — John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 198. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

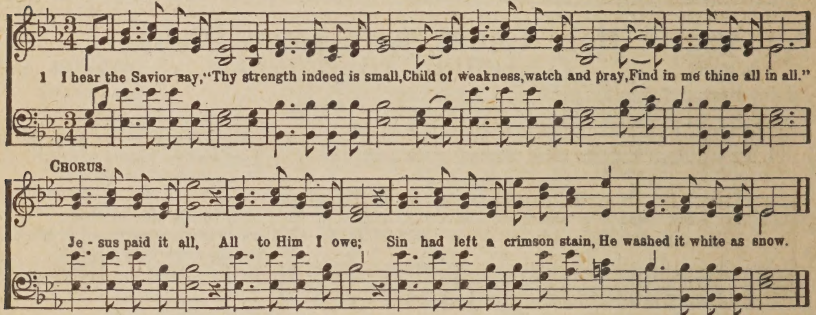

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 199. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

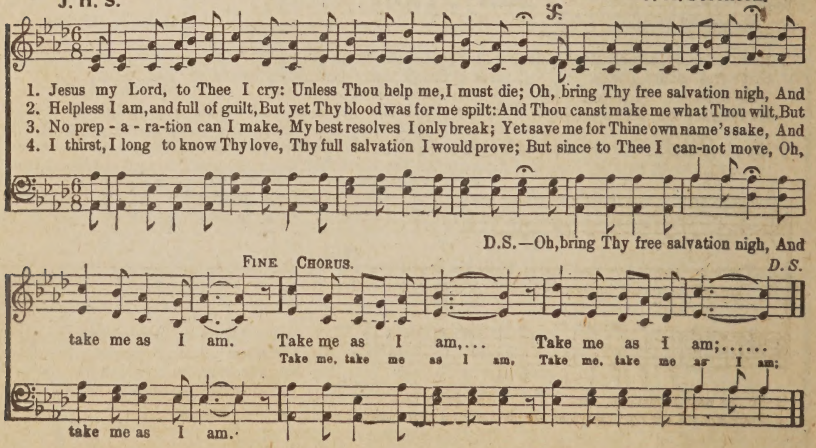

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 200. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,
D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
FINE CHORUS. D.S.
take me as I am. Take me as I am,... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
take me as I am.

No. 201. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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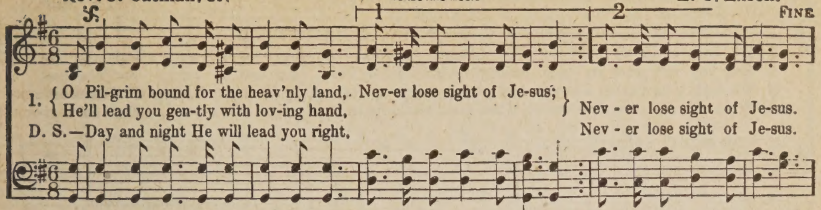
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1
2
FINE
1. O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus;
He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand,
Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right,
Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

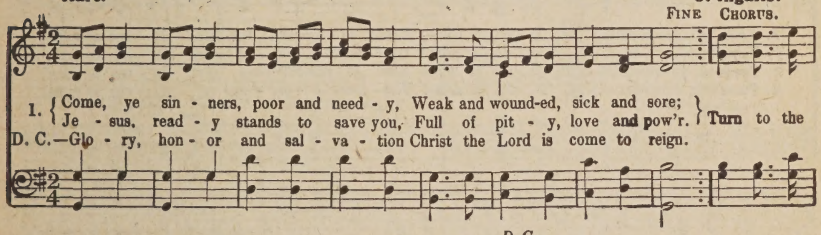
3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 202. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.


FINE
CHORUS.
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
Turn to the
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.
D. C.
Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

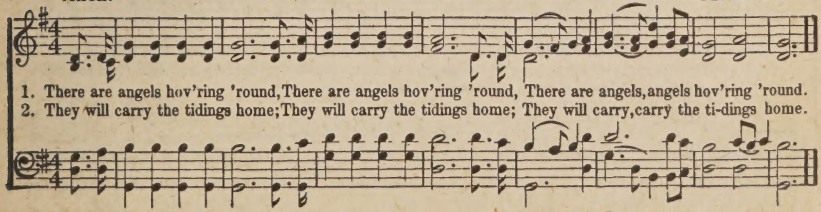
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 203. Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon.

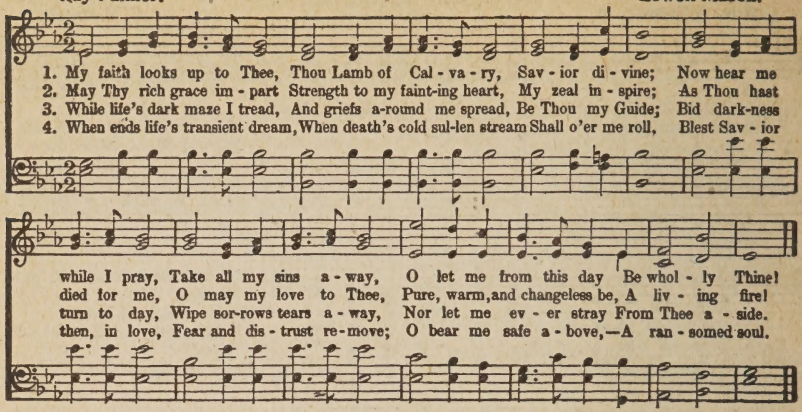
Unknown.


1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

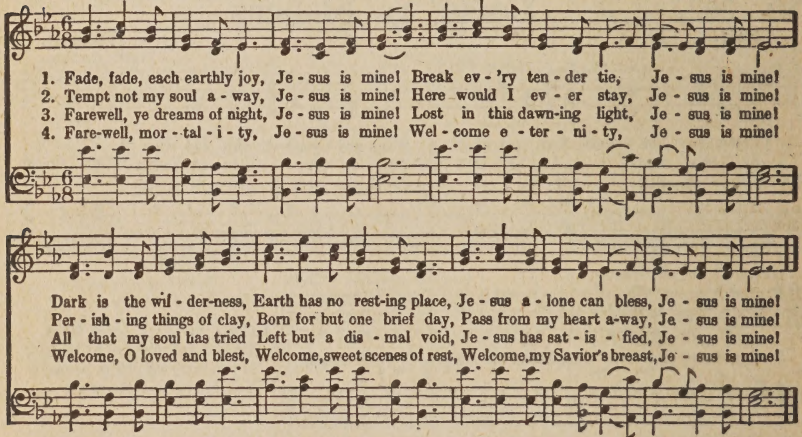
No. 204. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

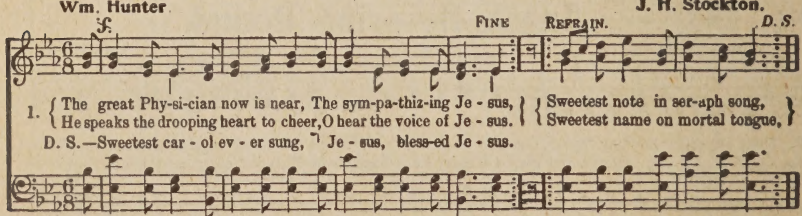
No. 205. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 206. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.


FINE
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, / He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, / Sweetest name on mortal tongue. }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

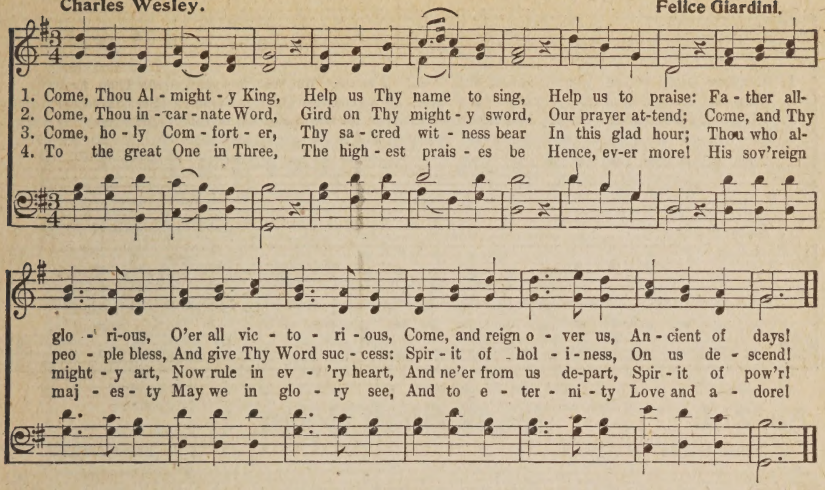
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 207. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 208. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 209. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

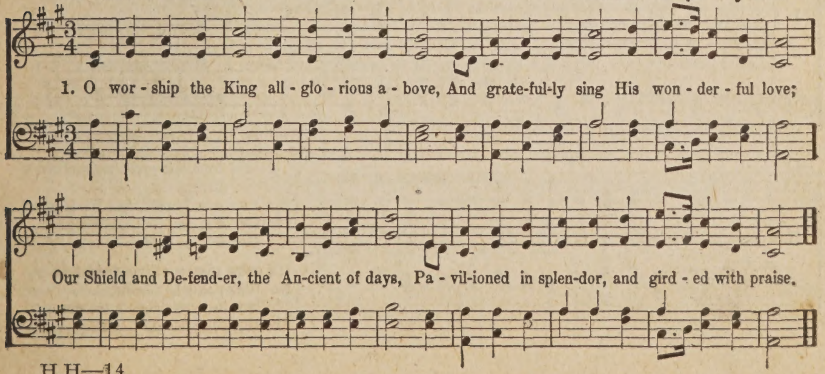
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

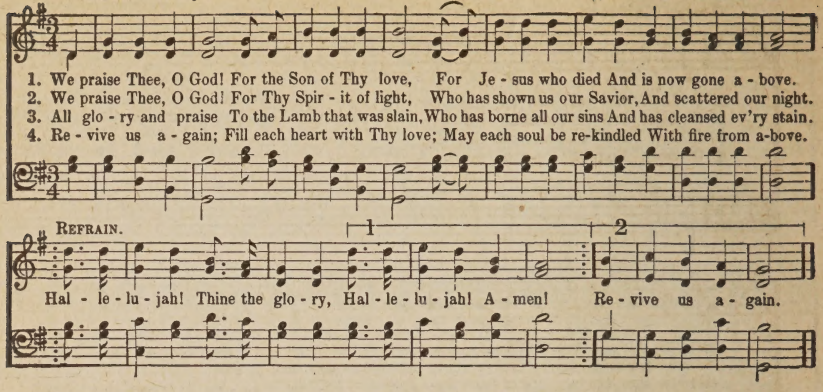
4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 210. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.

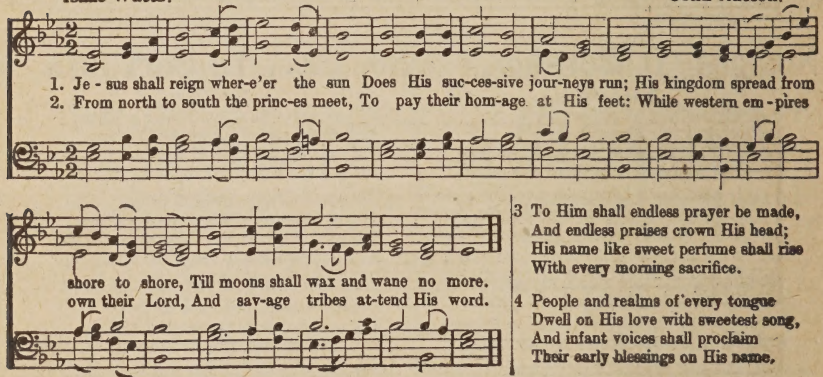

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won - der - ful love;
Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.

No. 211. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 212. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.

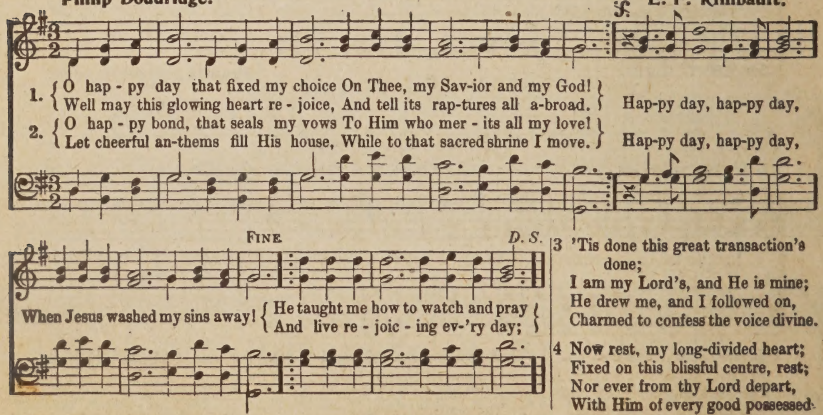

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 213. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

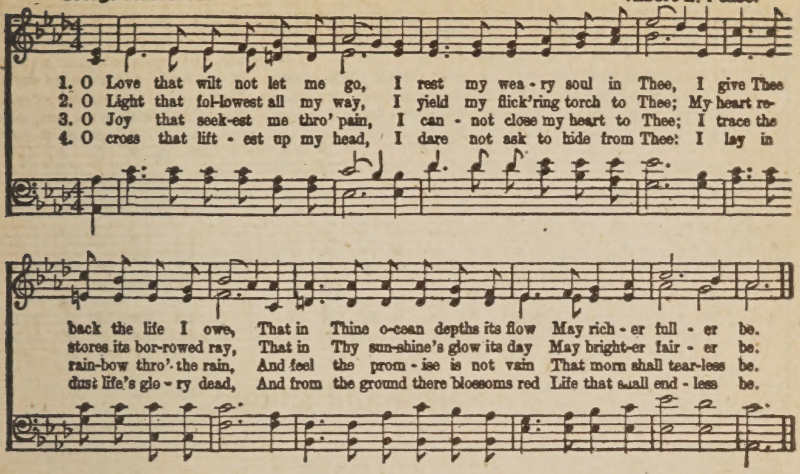

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE.
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

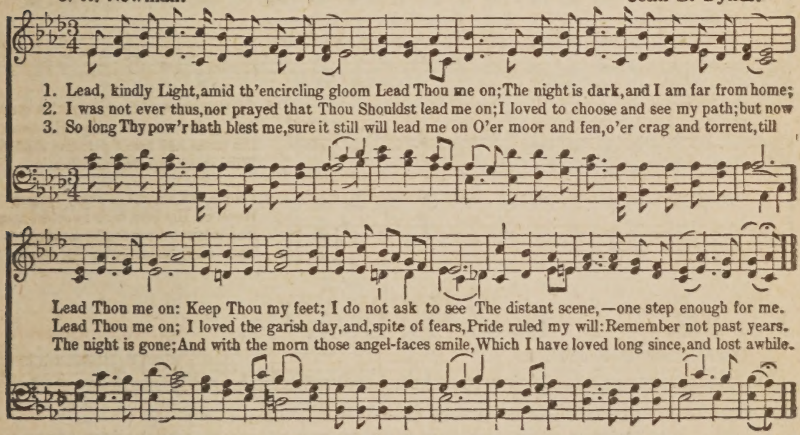
No. 214. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

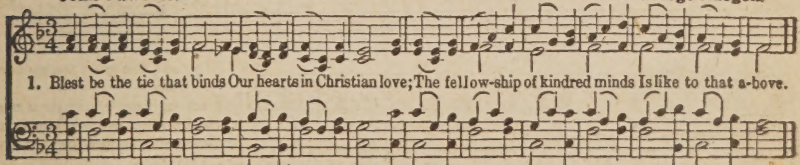

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in
back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
rain-bow thro'-the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 215. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

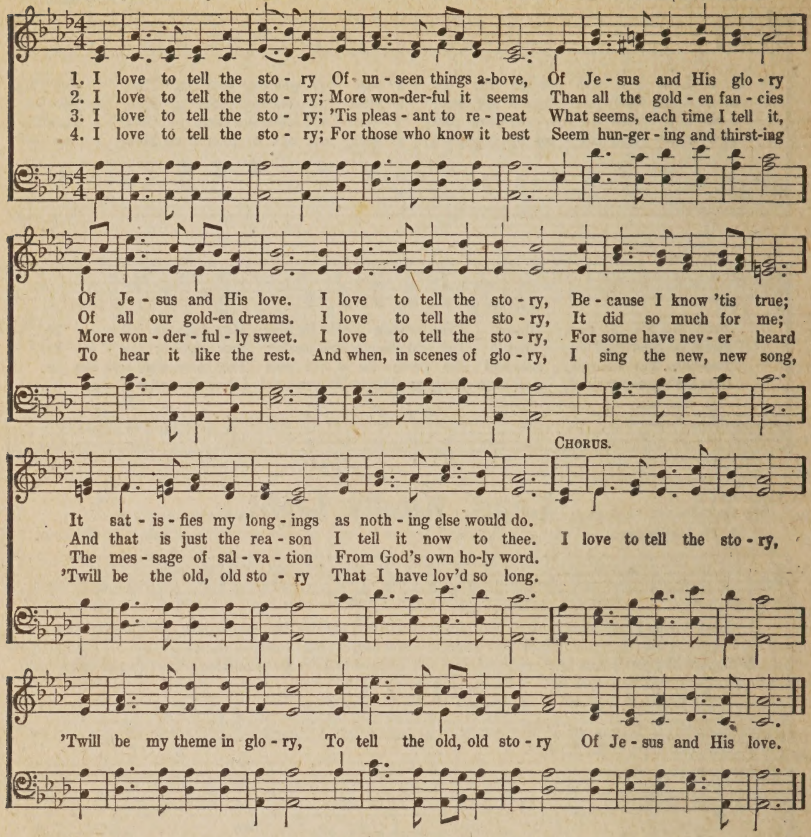
No. 216. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

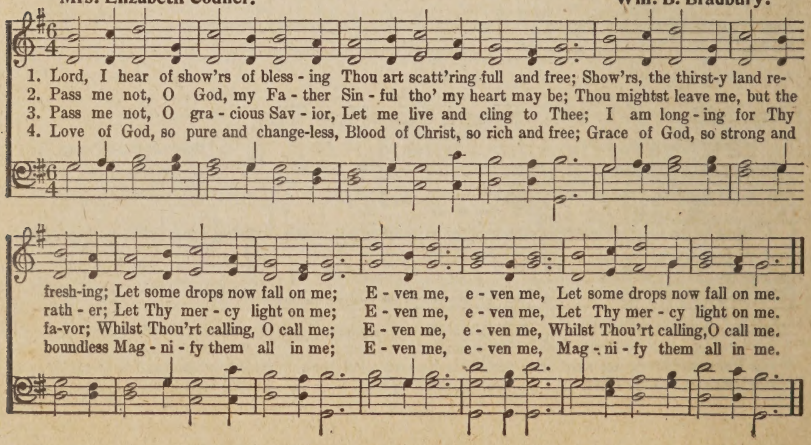
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 217. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. BY PER. OF THE ESTATE OF WM. G. FISCHER. DEC'D. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

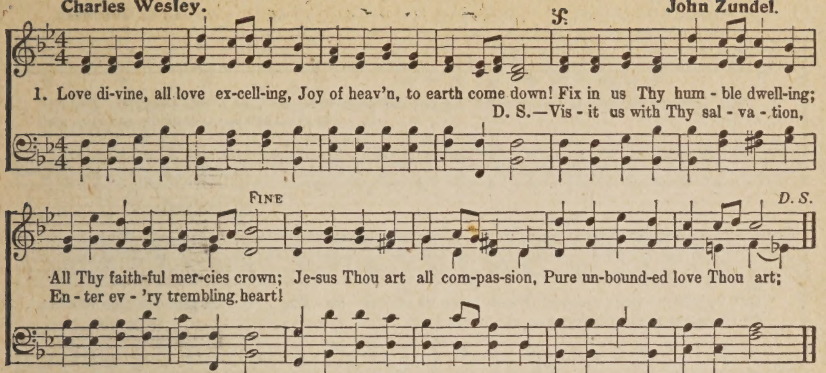
No. 218. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 219. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

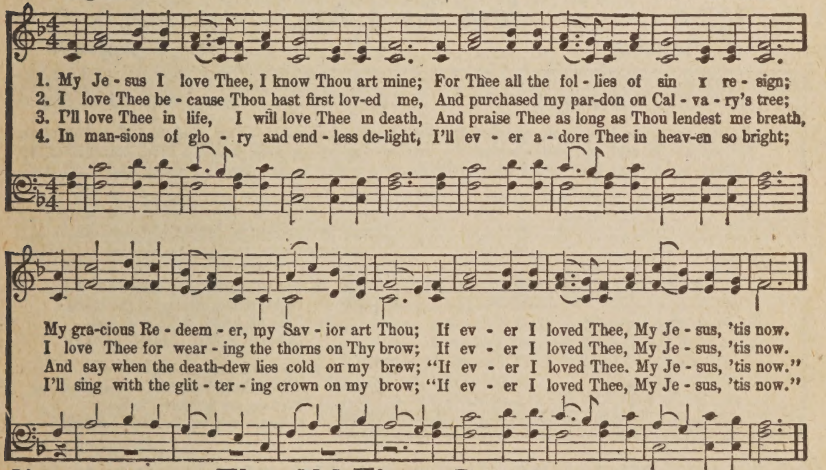
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing.
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

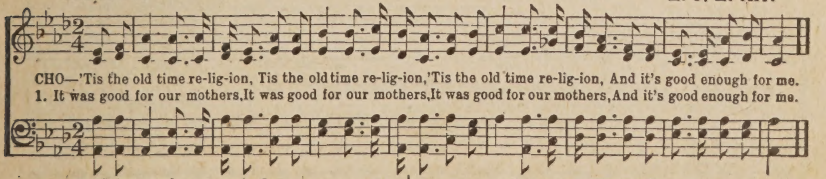
No. 220. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 221. The Old Time Religion.

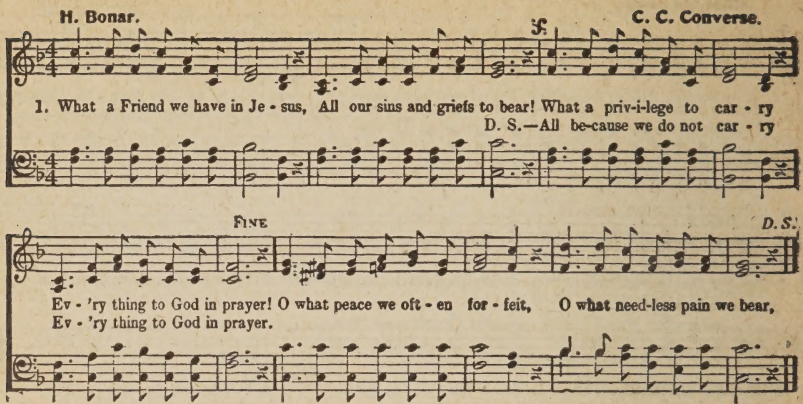
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.


CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 222. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry
FINE
D.S.
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

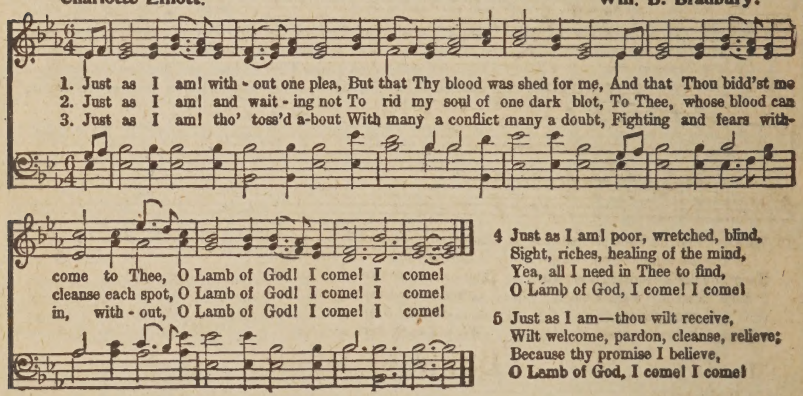
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

No. 223. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

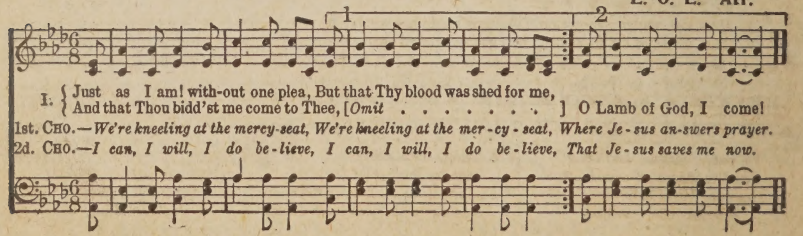

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

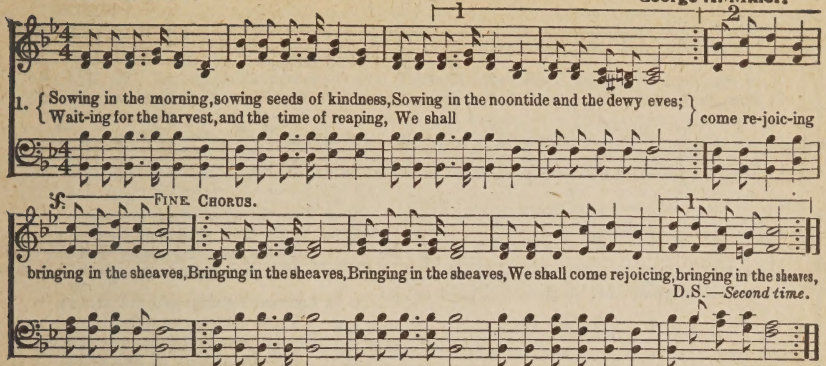
No. 224. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.


1
2
I. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
{ And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit . . . . .] O Lamb of God, I come!
1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.
2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 225. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

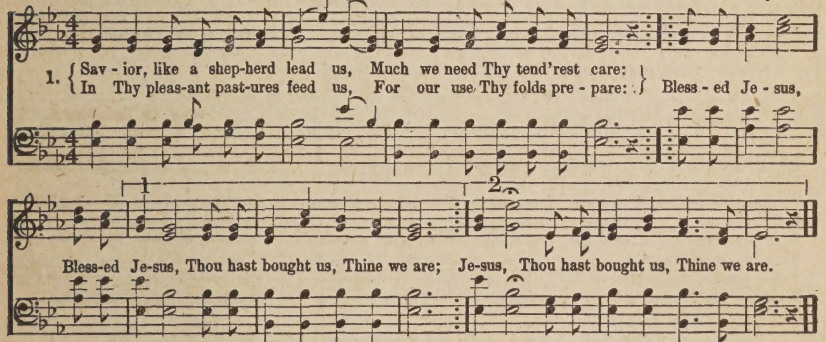

1
2
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic-ing
FINE. CHORUS.
bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
D.S.—Second time.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 226. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care:
In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Bless - ed Je - sus,
1
2
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

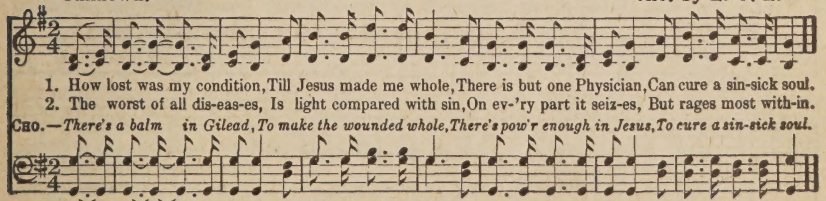
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 227. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
2. The worst of all dis-eas-es, Is light compared with sin, On ev-'ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.
CHO.—There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.

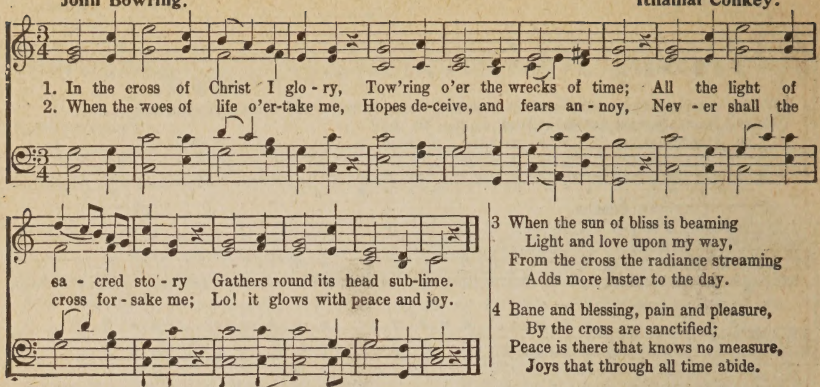
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 228. In the Gross.

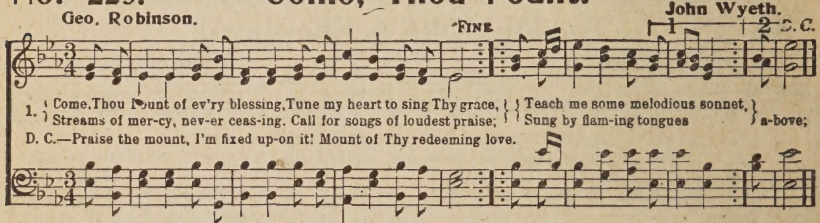
John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
ca - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 229. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.

FINE
1 2 D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

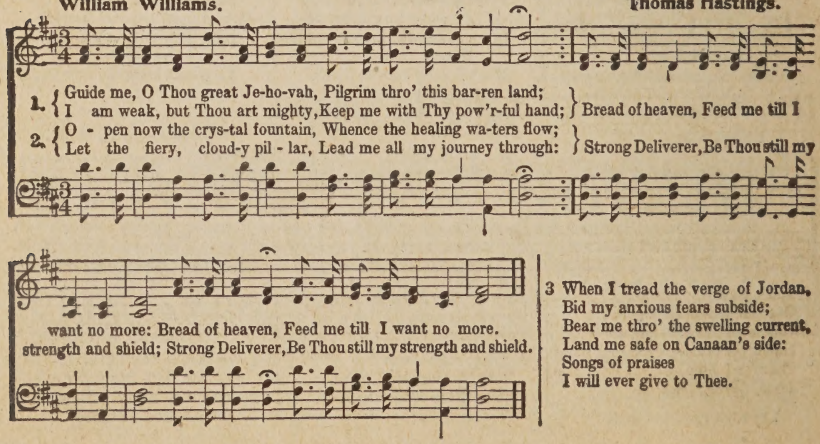
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 230. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

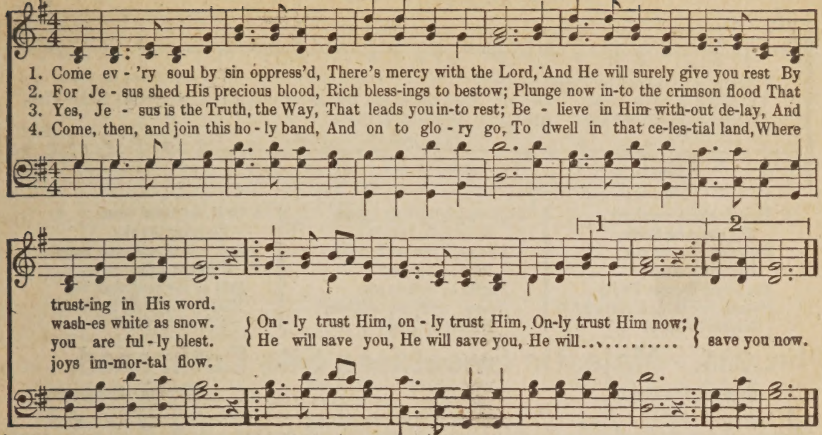
William Williams. Thomas Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

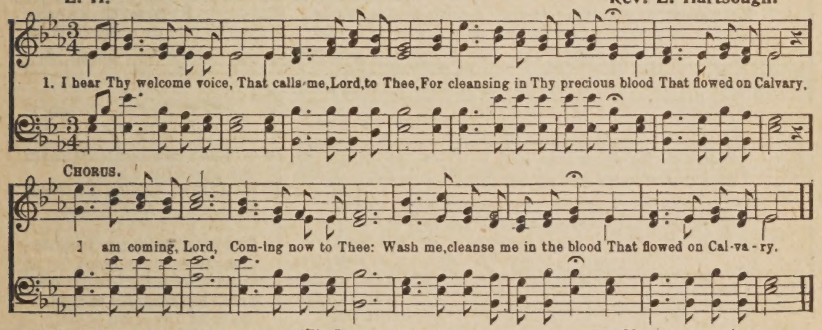
No. 231. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

No. 232. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. — Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
CHORUS.
I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

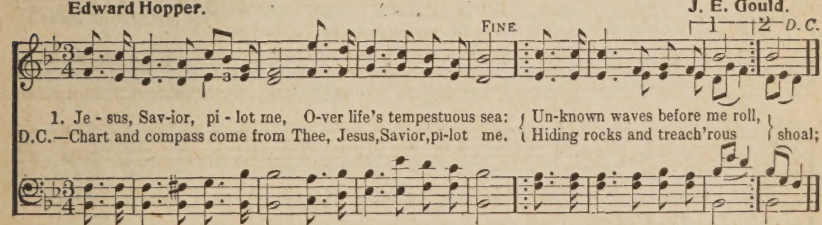
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 233. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. — J. E. Gould.


FINE.
1
2
D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

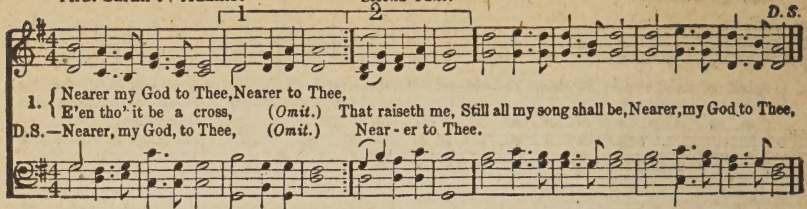
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 234. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.* D.S.


1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

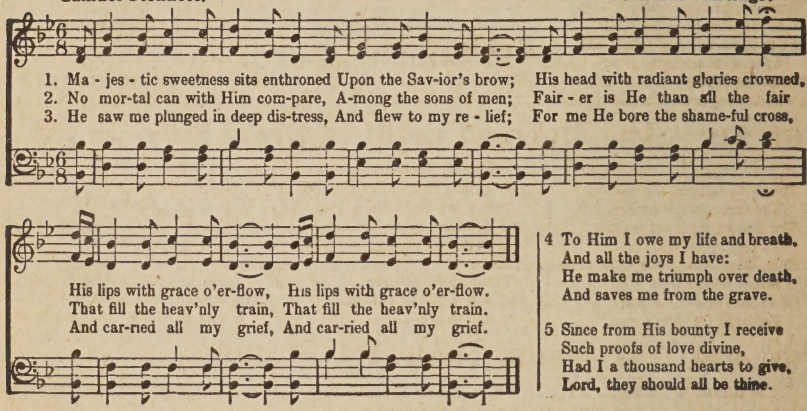
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 235. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

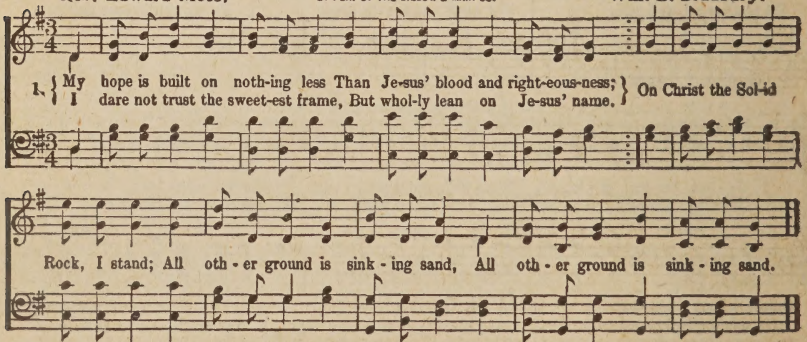

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 236. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

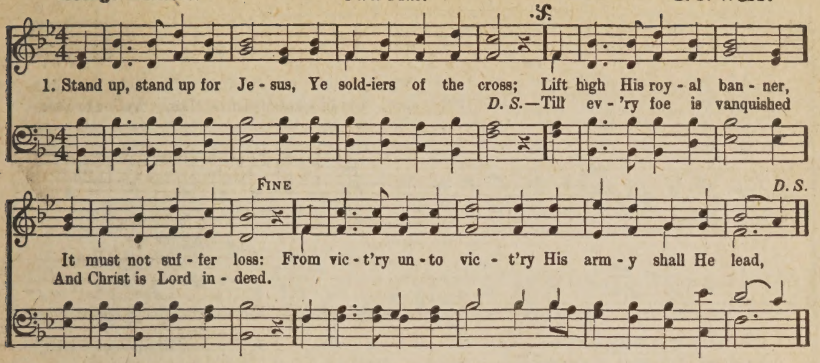
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail,

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 237. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 238. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

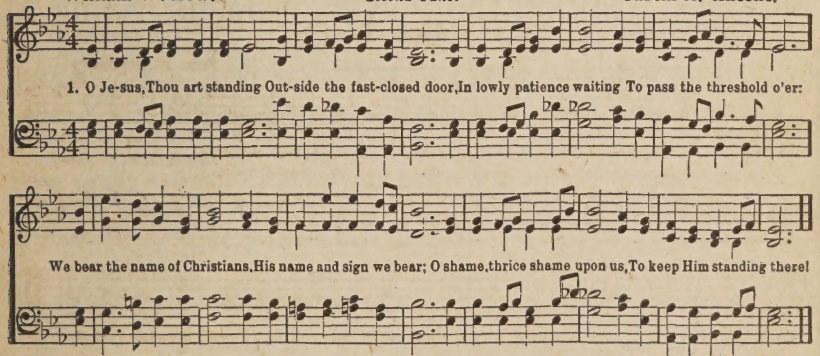
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 239. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.

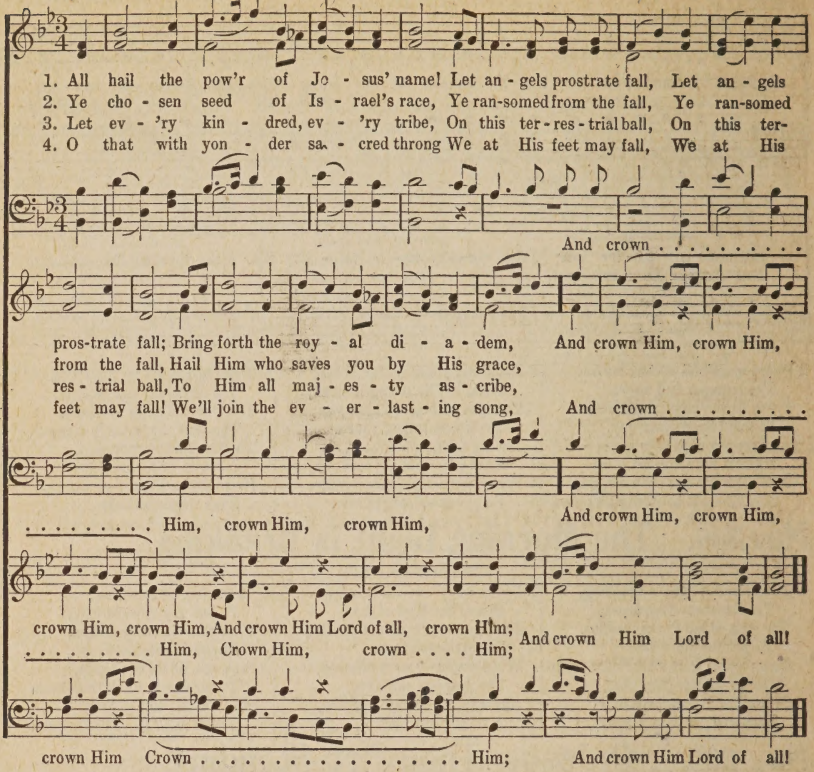

1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

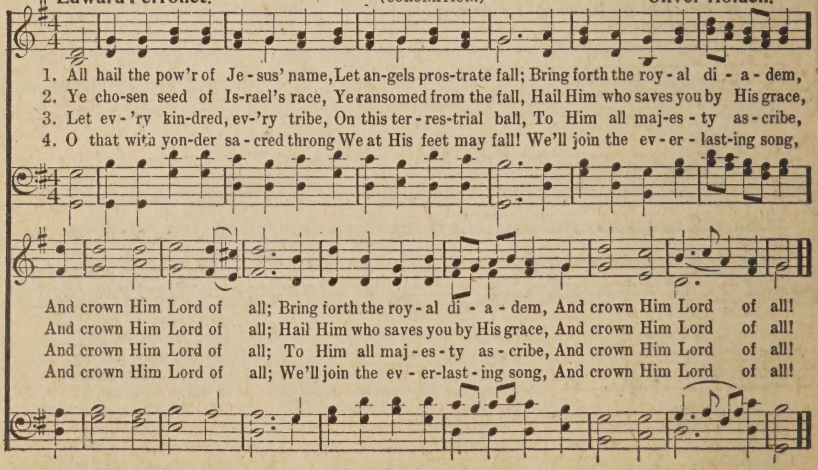
3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 240. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter-
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His
And crown . . . . . .
pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown . . . . . .
. . . . . Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;
. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown . . . . Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!
crown Him Crown . . . . . Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!

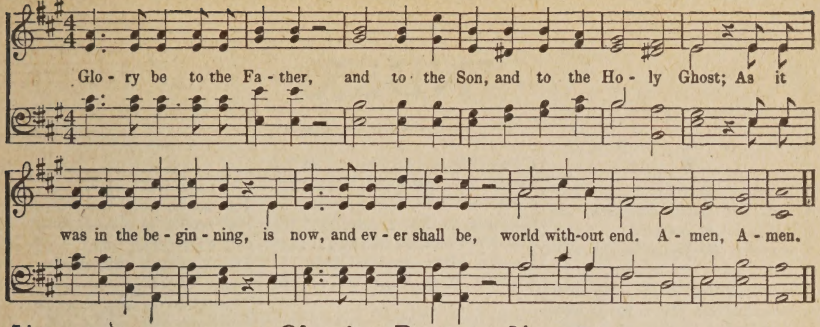
No. 241. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

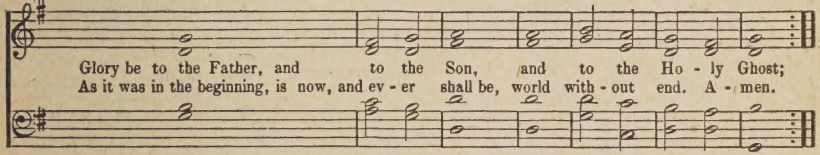
No. 242 Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

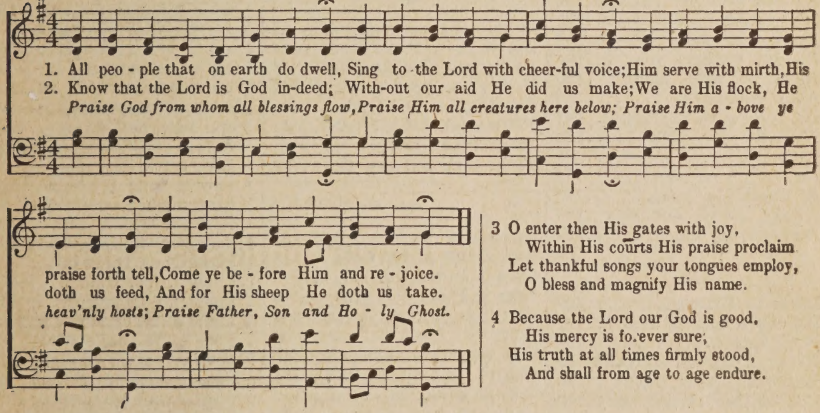
No. 243. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 244. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

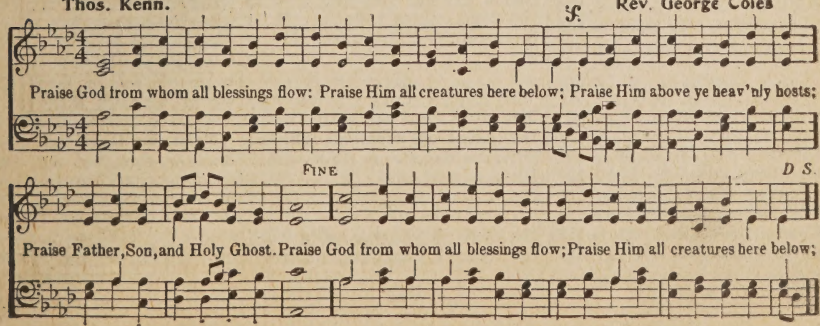
Psalm 100. Louis Bourgeois.


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye
praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 245. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn. Rev. George Coles

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;
FINE
D. S.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

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